

Chorus

A sicker miner every way
Had not been seen for many a day;
The devil it always was to pay,
When I went off to prospect!

When I got there, the mining ground
Was staked and claimed for miles around,
And not a bed was to be found,
When I went off to prospect.
The town was crowded full of folks,
Which made me think 'twas not a hoax;
At my expense they cracked their jokes,
When I went off to prospect.

I left my jackass on the road,
Because he wouldn't carry the load;
I'd sooner pick a big horn toad,
When I went off to prospect.
My fancy shirt, with collar so nice,
I found was covered with body-lice;
I used unguentum once or twice,
But could not kill the grey-backs.

At Deadwood I got on a tight,
At Groundhog Glory I had a fight;
They drove me away from Hell's Delight,
When I went off to prospect.
From Bogus-Thunder I ran away,
At Devil's Basin I wouldn't stay;
My lousy shirt crawled off one day,
When I went off to prospect.

Now all I got for running about
Was two black eyes, and a bloody snout;
And that's the way it did turn out,
When I went off to prospect.

And now I'm loafing around dead broke,
My pistol and tools are all in soak,
And whiskey bills at me they poke—
I'll make it right tomorrow.

No. 595

THE GOLD SEEKER XX

also known as

Farewell! Farewell!

Then Hurrah for Home!

Hurrah for Home!

John A. Stone was not the kind of songwriter who would overlook a good tune, so it is not surprising that he used the tune of the extremely popular Few Days for this song.

For another version, see Dwyer, 175-176.

The Gold Seeker XX

Tune: Few Days

I'm going home to stop awhile,
Farewell! Farewell!
Before I go we'll take a smile,
Then hurrah for home!
These banking thieves I will not trust,
Farewell! Farewell!
And with me take my little dust,
Then hurrah for home!

Although I like the diggings,
Farewell! Farewell!
Although I like the diggins,
I'm going to leave.
For I can't be with you always,
Farewell! Farewell!
For I can't be with you always,
Then hurrah for home!

Oh, won't I have some high-old times,
Farewell! Farewell!
Telling yarns about the mines?
Then hurrah for home!
I'll leave this world of rags and dirt,
Farewell! Farewell!
And wear a plug with ruffle shirt!
Then hurrah for home!

No. 596

THE GOLD SEEKER XXI

also known as

The Miner's Farewell

Sung to the tune of Jeannette and Jeanot (see in MB),
this "farewell" about a miner luck enough to strike
it rich was written by Mart Taylor and published in
his Gold Diggers' Song Book, Marysville, Ca., 1856.
Another version is in Dwyer, 177-178

The Gold Seeker XXI

Tune: Jeannette and Jeanot

I am going far away, far away unto the home
That I left long ago, in the Golden State to roam;
Yet my heart is light and free, and my feeling void
of woe,

For I've made myself a millionaire, and gladly now I go.
And 'tis gladly to the State I will bid a long adieu,
For though I have been a wanderer, my heart was ever
true.

And I'm anxious to return, and to see my friends once
more—

Bear me safely on, ye angry waves, unto my native shore.

Then farewell, my mining friend, you have my pick
and spade,
I have got my pile at last, and no longer need their aid.
I am going to a land where my aged parents dwell,
And the pleasures offered by the sight no strange
tongue can tell.
Then goodbye to heavy bread, and the rugged paths I've
tread;
I'm going to a country where I shall be better fed.
Then goodbye to mouldy beans, and to dismal, dark ravines;
I shall have a better prospect now, for I have ample
means.

'Tis my wish for miners all, that each one may make a
pile,
And be able to come after me, in a very little while.
For their hardships have been heavy, and their trials
very great,
And most of them are guided by a very fickle fate.
I would ask that all my friends might quickly make a
strike;
I wish them bags of gold, that they all might cross the
main,
And meet with friends and relatives, no more to pan again.

No. 597

THE GOLD SEEKER XXII

also known as

California As It Is and Was I Remember, I Remember
The text of this song is from Put's Original California
California Songster and is the work of John A. Stone.
The tune used for the words was borrowed from Mrs. E.
Fitzgerald's popular song, I Remember, I Remember, a
version of which is in Johnson (FS), 14-15.

As pointed out in Dwyer, 184-186, the text of this song "alludes to a great deal of specific history: floods on the American River, Chinese on the Yuba, government land grants to the railroads, and the advent of the Know-Nothings 'lynch law', and Frank Pierce."

This song is not related to Thaddeus W. Meighan's California As It Is, which was set to the tune of Jeannette and Jeanot (see in MB).

The Gold Seeker XXII

I remember, I remember, when once I used to mine,
My cabin still is standing beneath the sugar pine;
From daylight in the morning, till the sun went out
of sight,
Alone I used to dig for gold and mend my clothes at
night.

I remember, I remember, when grub was very high,
We had to live on pork and beans—'twas little pork
indeed—
And miners were very poor, could not afford to buy;
With enough to grease the frying-pan, we thought we'd
struck a lead.

I remember, I remember, when we flumed American River;
The floods came down, swept off our dam, and all hands
damned together.
We lost our time and mining tools, and everything we had;
Instead of leaving a pile we were left without a scad.

I remember, I remember, when the Yuba used to pay,
With nothing but a rocker, five hundred dollars a day.
We used to think 'twould always last, and last with
perfect ease,
If Uncle Sam had only stopped the coming of Chinese.

I remember, I remember, we're compelled to pay a tax,
Which people say is gambled off—I wonder if those
are facts?
And certain ones are trying to give our mineral lands
away,
To build a railroad from the States to San Francisco
Bay.

I remember, I remember, when we hadn't any laws;
We then could live in peace among the diggers and
their squaws.
But now it's Whigs and Democrats, and Know-Nothings
of late,
All fighting after office, with a chance to rob the
State.

I remember, I remember, when Captain Lynch was boss;
We had no use for prison brigs—we hadn't that, old boss.
But now it's thieves on every side, political thieves
in flocks,
And all promised office if they wait till Frank Pierce
buys more rocks.

No. 598

THE GOLD SEEKER XXIII

also known as

The Days of Forty-Nine

Gone Are the Days

Technically, this song is not a gold-rush song; it was written some years after the gold-rush was over. It expressed a longing for the past, just as those songs written during the gold-rush expressed a longing for friends, sweethearts and comforts of homes left behind. The version below is from Dickson Hall's Songs and Stories of the Gold Rush, narrated by Burgess Meredith

on Epic Records.

The Gold Seeker XXIII

Tune: Auld Lang Syne

Those golden days are passed,
The mines have failed at last,
And prospectin' is a waste of time today.
We never more will see
Those days that used to be,
For the stream of time has borne them away.

Chorus

Gone are the days,
the days of Forty-Nine,
Gone are the days,
the days of Auld Lang Syne.

To California's shore
Came people by the score,—
The hills and rivers there were filled
with gold.
The history then made
Will never, never fade
From the minds of men, whether young or old.

No. 599

THE GOLD SEEKER XXIV

also known as

The Days of '49	In the Days of Forty-Nine
The Days of Old	Old Tom Moore
Here You See Old Tom-Moore	Tom Moore

This song is post-Gold Rush, having come into print in
1872, in the Great Emerson New Popular Songster, San

Francisco. The words, by Charley Rhodes (Bensell), were set to the tune of Auld Lang Syne. The song was issued in sheet music form by Sherman & Hyde, San Francisco, in 1876. The text was published in Pioneers of '49, Nicholas, Ball, Lee & Shepard, Boston, 1891, which probably accounts for its traditional existence throughout New England.

REFERENCES

- | | |
|--------------------------|---------------------------|
| Allen (CL-1933), 151-153 | Lengyel (HB), 44-45 |
| Black, 53-55 | Lingenfelter, 558-559 |
| Botkin (WFL), 735-736 | Lomax (CS-1910), 9-14 |
| Clark (CS), 26-27 | Lomax (CS-1938), 378-381 |
| Dwyer, 189-190 | Lomax (USA), 161, 180-183 |
| Flanders (CSV), 38-39 | Lummis, 203-204 |
| Fowke, 253-254 | Randolph, II, 221-222 |
| Frey, 76-77 | Sherwin (SGM), 12-13 |
| Grant (SF), 52-55 | Silber (HSB), 64 |
| Hubbard, 297-299 | Silber (SGAW), 96-98 |
| Lengyel, 58-59 | Silverman, I, 14 |
| | Vitus, 20-21 |

The Gold Seeker XXIV

Tune: Auld Lang Syne

Here I am, Old Tom Moore, a relic of bygone days;
A miner who has dug for gold in many diff'rent ways.
Now heart is filled with grief and woe, for now I
 live and pine
For days of old, the days of gold, in the days of
 Forty-Nine.

I had good comrades then, a rowdy group, I must confess,
But staunch and brave and true as steel, those miners
 of the West.
But like so many other fish they've now used up their
 line;
Yet they were there, and they were fair, in the days
 of Forty-Nine.

Monte Pete I'll ne'er forget—what luck he always had!
He'd deal for you both night and day, or long as you
had scad.

One night a pistol laid him out, his last lay out, in
fine;

It caught Pete sure, right in the door, in the days
of Forty-Nine.

New York Jake, a butcher boy, was fond of getting tight;
Whenever Jake got full of gin he looked to find a fight.
One night he ran against a knife held by old Bob Kline—
So over Jake we had a wake, in the days of Forty-Nine.

There was another chap—Big Ruben was his name—
And in the Square, with time to spare, began a faro game.
He became a millionaire right there all in the course
of time,

But death stepped in and called the tune in the days
of Forty-Nine.

There was Carolina Jess, who never would repent;
He wasn't known to miss a meal, or ever pay a cent.
But poor old Jess, like all the rest, to death had to
resign,

And in his bloom went up the Flume in the days of
Forty-Nine.

Of all the miners I knew then, there's none left but me;
And if I'm good for anything, it's more than I can see.
As I pass by, the people cry, "There goes a travelin'
sign—

That's old Tom Moore, the miner, from the days of
Forty-Nine!"

No. 600

THE GOLD SEEKER XXV

also known as

The Klondike Train

Aside from the tune to which the words are set, I have no information to contribute concerning this song. I rechecked my collections of "gold rush" songs, thinking I had perhaps misplaced or lost notes concerning it, but it was not in any of them.

The Gold Seeker XXVTune: Mustang Gray

Well, I traveled to the Klondike
Way back in 'Ninety-eight;
I thought I would strike it rich,
And be living great.

I'd heard of all that yaller gold,
And that made up my mind;
I told all my friends "goodbye"
And left my home behind.

When I got to the mining camps,
I looked around for gold;
But just like many others there,
I found the weather cold.

I started diggin' right away,
I shoveled and I panned;
While others 'round struck it rich,
I struck snow and sand.

I don't know what you have been told,
Or what you think it's like,
But you're welcome to my share—
So take the whole Klondike!

No. 601

GOOBER PEAS

also known as

Eating Goober Peas

Confederate soldiers apparently maintained a sense of humor even when they felt the war primarily through the stomach. This song is an example of their humor under difficult circumstances. Hungry, bedraggled, and with no hope of victory, they joyfully sang of the delights of a diet of peanuts, or, in their language, "goobers" or "goober peas."

The song was published at New Orleans by Armand E. Blackmar, who is generally believed to have written it. Oliver Ditson, Boston, also published a sheet music version and credited the composition to "A Pender and P. Nutt."

REFERENCES

Agay (1), 24	Leisy (SPS), 60
Arnold, 100	Lloyd, 128-129
Arnett, 82	Loesser, 228-229
Botkin (SFL), 715-716	Lomax (PB), 52
Dolph, 302-304	Silber (HSB), 40
Glass (SS-2), 150-151	Silverman, II, 328
Ives (SA), 301-303	Staton, 41
Leisy (LAS), 55-56	Warner, 85

Goober Peas

I'm sitting by the roadside upon a summer day,
Just chatting with my mess-mates, to pass the
time away.

I'm lying in the shadow, underneath the trees—
Goodness! how delicious, eating goober peas!

Chorus

Peas, peas, peas, peas, eating goober peas!
Goodness! how delicious, eating goober peas!

Now when a horseman passes, the soldiers have a rule:
They cry out at their loudest, "Mister, how's your
mule?"

But another pleasure, enchanting-er than these,
Is wearing out your grinders eating goober peas.

O, just before the battle, the General hears a row;
He says, "The Yanks are coming, I hear those rifles
now."

He turns around in wonder, and what do you think he
sees?

The Georgia militia eating goober peas!

I think my song has lasted almost long enough;
The subject's interesting, but rhymes are mighty rough.
I wish this war was over and free from rags and fleas—
We'd kiss our wives and sweethearts and gobble goober
peas!

No. 602

GOODBYE, MY LOVER, GOODBYE

also known as

Goodbye, My Love,
Goodbye

See the Train Go Round
the Bend

Originally this was an English song; it was written and
composed by H. T. Allen. The tune now in use in America
is the work of an anonymous composer.

Sailors adapted the song to ship-life, calling it Good-
Bye, My Love, Goodbye, and sang:

I'm bound away to leave you,
Goodbye, my love, goodbye.....

Sailors discarded the chorus, however, because it was not suitable shanty material.

On land the song also underwent changes, including two Southern versions in which the ship is replaced by a train. Parodies appeared, too, and one of them, Goodbye, My Money, Goodbye, is given immediately following this version.

The song as now known is available in many commercial songbooks and folios, and the tune is popular as a Square Dance piece, usually as a "singing call." See and compare the Goodbye, My Lover, Goodbye in Botkin (MRF), 591.

REFERENCES

- | | |
|--------------------------|----------------------|
| Best, 132 | Henry (SSSA), 169 |
| Brown, III, 322-323 | Leisy (LAS), 69 |
| Bulletin (TFS), V, 33-34 | Leisy (SPS), 168-169 |
| Chamberlain, 324-325 | Most (PCS), 26-27 |
| Colcord, 62 | Waite, 70-71 |
| Davis (FSV), 197 | Wier (SWWS), 159-160 |
| Durlacher, 76 | Winn (2), 214-215 |
| Ford (TMA), 304-305 | |

Goodbye, My Lover, Goodbye

The ship goes sailing down the bay,
Goodbye, my lover, goodbye;
We may not meet for many a day,
Goodbye, my lover goodbye.

Chorus

Singing, by-low, my baby,
By-low, my bouncing baby boy,
Singing, by-low, my baby,
Goodbye, my lover, goodbye,
Goodbye, goodbye, my lover, goodbye.

My heart will evermore be true, etc.
Though now we sadly say adieu, etc.

I'll miss you on the stormy deep, etc.
Now all I'll do is sit and weep, etc.

O cheer up till we meet again, etc.
I'll try to bear my weary pain, etc.

No. 603

GOODBYE, MY MONEY, GOODBYE
also known as

Bought Me a Rooster

By, O, My Rooster

Some anonymous poet sat down with the above tune and wrote this parody, borrowing a line from She'll Be Coming Round the Mountain in the process. For another version, see Ford (TMA), 442.

Goodbye, My Money, Goodbye

Tune: Goodbye, My Lover,
Goodbye

Bought a rooster for fifteen cents,
Goodbye, my money, goodbye!
He flew right over the barnyard fence,
Goodbye, my money, goodbye!

Chorus

By, O, my rooster! He don't crow like he use-ter!
By, O, my rooster! Goodbye, my money, goodbye!

Mother gave me another dime, etc.
I think I'll buy a hen this time, etc.

No. 604

GOODBYE, SWEETHEART, GOODBYE

also known as

I Heard the Whistle Blowing Off to the War I'm Going

I learned this song from Riley Puckett sometime during the early 1930s. I have seen it in only one collection of traditional material: Henry (FSSH), 425.

Goodbye, Sweetheart, Goodbye

I hear the whistle blowing,
I hear the whistle blowing,
I hear the whistle blowing,
Goodbye, Sweetheart, goodbye.

The train is at the station, (3)
Goodbye, Sweetheart, goodbye.

It's off to the war I'm going, (3)
Goodbye, Sweetheart, goodbye.

A ring of gold I give you, (3)
Goodbye, Sweetheart, goodbye.

One day I'll be returning, (3)
Goodbye, Sweetheart, goodbye.

No. 605

GOOD NEWS IN THE KINGDOM

also known as

I Won't Die No More

This late 19th century spiritual was published by The American Folk-Lore Society in 1895.

Good News in the Kingdom

My Lord and Saviour came and died,
And I won't die no more!
They pierced my Jesus thro his side,
And I won't die no more!

Chorus

Good news in the Kingdom,
And I won't die no more!
No, never!
Good news in the Kingdom,
And I won't die no more!

He saw ol' Peter by the sea, etc.
He said to Peter, "Follow me.", etc.

A Roman soldier pierced my Lord, etc.
They nailed his hands and used a sword, etc.

I heard a rumble in the sky, etc.
I thought I heard my Saviour cry, etc.

I've got the right to sing and shout, etc.
The Lord done cast ol' Satan out!, etc.

No. 606

GOOD NEWS, MEMBER

also known as

I Heard From Heaven Today

This is an old slave spiritual. It was first published in Allen (SSUS), 97-98, or, 153. Also see: Greenway, 79.

Good News, Member

My brother, have a seat and I'll be glad,
Good news, Member, good news!
My brother, see the light and don't be sad,
'Cause I heard from Heaven today.

Chorus

Good news, Member! Good news, Member!
Don't you mind what Satan say;
Good news, Member! Good news,
For I heard from Heaven today!

My Jesus said that He is coming back, etc.
My Saviour's train is rolling down the track, etc.

O brother, put away your cards and dice, etc.
We'll live with Jesus up in Paradise, etc.

No. 607

GOOD NEWS: THE CHARIOT'S COMING

Slave spiritual that has remained popular in certain areas, probably because it is still being sung by professional entertainers.

For variations see: Jackson (WNS), 157, 193; Johnson (BANS), 155; and White, 75, 120. Also see and compare the song in William Henry Smith's Book of Spirituals, Chicago, 1937, pp. 8-10.

REFERENCES

Brown, III, 623; V, 362-363	Leisy, 131-133
Dett, 90-91	Marsh (SJS), 248-249
Hayes, 79-82	Work (FSAN), 49

Good News: The Chariot's Coming

Chorus

Good news, the chariot's coming!
Good news, the chariot's coming!
Good news, the chariot's coming!
I don't want it to leave me behind.

Gonna ride up in the chariot, Lord, I know!
Gonna ride up in the chariot, Lord, I know!
Gonna ride up in the chariot, Lord, I know!
And I don't want it to leave me behind!

There's a long white robe in Heaven, Lord, I know, etc.

There's a golden crown in Heaven, Lord, I know, etc.

Oh! I'll have wings in Heaven, Lord, I know, etc.

No. 608

GOOD OLD CHARIOT

also known as

Don't You Leave Me Behind

This spiritual has much in common with Good News: The Chariot's Coming (see above listing) and Swing Low, Sweet Chariot (see elsewhere in MB), but whether it came first, last, or inbetween is something I haven't been able to determine.

This version is from the repertoire of the Original Fisk Jubilee Singers as printed in Marsh (SJS), 210-211.

Good Old Chariot

Swing low, sweet chariot,
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Don't you leave me behind.

Good old chariot, swing so low, etc.

Good old chariot, take us all home, etc.

Good old chariot, rolling along, etc.

Swing low, sweet chariot, etc.

No. 609

GOOD OLD MOUNTAIN DEW

also known as

Old Mountain Dew

Real Old Mountain Dew

This song has been a staple item in the repertoires of "country music" performers, and it appears to be a re-working of an old song known variously as The Moonshiner and The Kentucky Moonshiner, versions of which are in Bikel (FF), 239; Downes, 218, or 258; Kennedy (TAB), 109; Lloyd, 52; Lomax (FSNA), 257; and Sandburg (AS), 142. A very similar piece, The Real Old Mountain Dew, an Irish street ballad, is in O'Lochlainn, 128-29, which indicates an Irish origin for our song.

The sheet music version of an American Good Old Mountain Dew was written by Bascom L. Lunsford, Lulubelle and Scotty Wiseman and published under a 1939 copyright. I remember hearing the song, however, as early as 1932; it was being sung at the time by an entertainer with a traveling "medicine" show in Wilmington, N. C.

REFERENCES

Best, 103
Botkin (SFL), 736-737
Leisy, 251
Leisy (SPS), 118-119

Lomax (ABFS), 180-181
Silber (HSB), 66
Silverman, I, 276

Good Old Mountain Dew

There is a place that I know down the road
Where you slap down a dollar or two;
If you shut up your mug they will slip you a jug
Of that good old mountain dew.

Chorus

It's called that good old mountain dew,
And them that refuse it are few;
You may think it's a sin, but you'll return again
For some good old mountain dew.

When its fragrance so rare starts to fill up the air
You'll know that they're just about through;
So just pucker up your lips and then take a few sips
Of that good old mountain dew.

There's an old whiskey still up on the still
Run by a hardworking crew;
You can tell by the whiffle whenever you sniffle
It's that good old mountain dew.

The preacher came by with a tear in his eye,
And said that his wife had the flu;
So we told him, "Be smart—just go get her a quart
Of that good old mountain dew."

Oh, what a thrill is that ol' still on the hill
When they run off a gallon or two;
Even birds in the sky they get high flying by
On that good old mountain dew.

My cousin Paul is quite skinny and small,
No taller than about four foot two;
But he thinks he a giant after drinking a pint
Of that good old mountain dew.

No. 610

GOOD OLD TURNIP GREENS

also known as

Greens

Turnip Greens

A lively song that is usually heard as a "hoedown" or country dance piece. In some versions "turnip greens" are replaced by other vegetables. For example, see the Carrot Greens in Cheney, 145-146. Also see Greens in Sandburg (AS), 347.

REFERENCES

Hudson (FSM), 202-203

Randolph, II, 370-371

Good Old Turnip Greens

I had a dream the other night, I dreamed that I could fly,
I flapped my wings like a buzzard, and flew up to the sky!

Chorus

Turnip greens! Turnip greens! Good old turnip greens!
Cornbread and buttermilk, and good old turnip greens!

St. Peter met me at the gate, he stood upon his feet,
Invited me in to dinner, and gave me this to eat:

He asked me where I had come from and I of course replied:

"I flew in from Mississippi where greens are what we
pride."

He said, "You don't belong up here, and you know what
that means!"

And so he kicked me down below for stealing turnip
greens!

No. 611THE GOOD OLD WAY I

also known as

In the Good Old Way

O Halle, Hallelujah!

This song has a long and interesting tradition. Originally a folk hymn (see version A below), it became a revivalist spiritual during the campground revival years (see version B below), and, around the same time, slaves turned it into a black spiritual (see The Good Old Way II which follows the two versions of this one given below). The original hymn dates somewhere between 1775-1806.

REFERENCES

Dover, 56

Jackson (SFS), 103, 182

Hauser (OL), 8

White & King, 213

The Good Old Way I (Version A)

Lift up your heads, Emmanuel's friends,
And taste the pleasure Jesus sends;
Let nothing cause you to delay,
But hasten on the Good Old Way.

Our conflicts here, though great they be,
Shall not prevent our victory,
If we but watch, and strive, and pray
Like soldiers in the Good Old Way.

O Good Old Way, how sweet thou art!
May none of us from thee depart,
And may our actions always say
We're marching in the Good Old Way.

VERSION B

Lift up your heads, Immanuel's friends,
 O halle, hallelujah!
 And taste the pleasure Jesus sends,
 O halle, hallelujh!

Let nothing cause you to delay,
 O halle, hallelujah!
 But hasten on in the Good Old Way,
 O halle, hallelujah!

No. 612

THE GOOD OLD WAY II
 also known as

As I Went Down in the	I Went Down to the Valley
Valley to Pray	Oh, Lord, Teach Me to Pray
Come, Let Us All Go Down	Show Me the Way
Down in the Valley to Pray	

This is a re-working of Good Old Way I (above), but in combination with another revivalist spiritual, Down in the Valley to Pray. Version A is the campground re-working sung by whites and version B is the slave version sung by blacks. Version B is not related to the Show Me the Way given elsewhere in this Master Book. For a parody, however, see White, 132.

REFERENCES

Allen (SSUS), 54, 84, or 136	Jour (AFL), XXV, 233-234
Brown, III, 610-611; V, 348-349	Jubilee (PS), 33
Fisher (NSS), 78	Marsh (SJS), 156
Jackson (SFS), 209	McDowell (SOCG), 44
Jackson (WNS), 166-167	Pike, 196, or 238
	White, 71, 406
	Work (ANSS), 69

The Good Old Way II (Version A)

I went down to the valley to pray,
Studying about the good old way.
Who will wear the starry crown?
Oh, Lord, teach me to pray.

All you sinners had better go pray,
Better start to live the good old way;
Bow your head and to Him say,
"Oh, Lord, teach me to pray."

VERSION B

As I went down in the valley to pray,
Thinking about that good old way,
Wanting to wear a starry crown—
Good Lord, show me the way.

Chorus

Bye and bye we'll all go down,
All go down, all go down,
Bye and bye we'll all go down,
Down in the valley to pray.

I think I heard the sinner say,
Let's go down in the valley to pray;
Gotta have me a starry crown—
Good Lord, show me the way.

I mean to live the good old way,
Thinking on Judgment night and day;
Gotta have me a starry crown—
Good Lord, show me the way.

No. 613

GOOSEY, GOOSEY GANDER

An English nursery rhyme that dates back to at least 1784, the year it appeared in The Nursery Parnassus by Gammer Gurton. It is also in The Tom Tit's Song Book, published by C. D. Piquenit in 1790.

There is reason to believe that the nursery rhyme was brought to America by some of the earliest settlers. However, it does not appear in American folk song collections, probably because versions are in so many of commercial books for children.

REFERENCES

Bertail, 7

Moffat (ISLA), 59

Opie, 191-193

Talley, 75

Wier (YAM), I, 52

Goosey, Goosey Gander

Goosey, goosey gander,
Whither shall I wander?
Up stairs, down stairs,
And in my lady's chamber!
There I met an old man
Who would not say his prayers.
I took him by the left leg
And threw him down the stairs!

No. 614

THE GOSPEL TRAIN

also known as

Get On Board, Children

Git On Board, Little

Children

The Gospel Train Am Leabin'

The Gospel Train is Coming

The Gospel Train's A-Coming
Oh, Run, Mary, Run

That Gospel Train is
Coming

This is a gospel-type spiritual that dates back to the first part of the 19th century. There are numerous versions and variations, several of which have become established as songs in their own right.

For example, see Raise a Ruckus Tonight in this Master Book. Also compare the It Ain't No Harm To Trust In Jesus in White, 65.

The selected title is shared with several other old spirituals using the railroad train as a symbol and theme, but none are related to this song. Two such Gospel Train spirituals are in Odum (NHS), 113 & 114. Version A, below, is from the repertoire of the Original Fisk Jubilee Singers. Version B is not related in a true traditional sense, but it does have the same theme and thought in its make-up and is, therefore, given here as an example of variation.

REFERENCES

- | | |
|--------------------------|----------------------------|
| Agay (2), 174 | Jubilee (PS), 19 |
| Brewer, 150 | Kennedy (BC), 74 |
| Chambers (TNS), 21-23 | Leisy, 133-134 |
| Chappell (FSRA), 145-146 | Luther, 219 |
| Dett, 134 | Marsh (SJS), 150-151 |
| Downes (1943), 204 | Odum (NHS), 114 |
| Fisher (SNS), 52-55 | Pike, 190, or 232 |
| Jackson (WNS), 210-211 | Scarborough (NFS), 254-255 |
| Johnson (BANS), 126-127 | White, 64, 441-442 |

The Gospel Train (Version A)

The Gospel train is coming, I hear it near at hand;
I hear the car-wheels rolling and rumbling thro the
land.

Chorus

Get on board, children, get on board, children,
Get on board, children, there's room for many-a more.

I hear the bell and whistle; it's coming round the curve.
She's using all her power, and straining every nerve.

No other train is running, to follow on the line—
And you'll be lost forever if you get left behind.

It's nearer to the station, O, sinner, don't be vain!
Step up and get your ticket—be ready for the train.

The fare is not expensive, both rich and poor are there;
So bring along the fam'ly—there's no diff'rence in the
fare.

We'll shout o'er all our sorrows, and sing forevermore
With Christ and all his angels on that celestial shore.

VERSION B

also known as

The Train is Coming

Other versions of this spiritual are in Brown, III, 588-589, V, 333-334; Jour (AFL), XL, 299, XLI, 460; Kennedy (M-2), 40-41; Scarborough (NFS), 253-254; Seeger (1), 150-151.

The train is a-coming, oh, yes!

Train is a-coming, oh, yes!

Train is a-coming, train is a -coming,

Train is a-coming, oh, yes!

I am on my mission, oh, yes! etc

Thank God! here's my ticket, oh, yes! etc

Lord Jesus is conductor, oh, yes! etc

On my way to Heaven, oh, yes! etc

Just look at them angels, oh, yes! etc

No. 615

THE GOSPEL WAR

also known as

Die in de Field

We'll Die in the Field

This spiritual dates back to the middle of the 19th century.

REFERENCES

Johnson (BANS), 68-69

Marsh (SJS), 139

Jubilee (PS), 4

Pike, 178, or 221

The Gospel War

O what do you say, seekers?

O what do you say, seekers?

O what do you say, seekers,

About the Gospel War?

Chorus

O, I will die in the field!

I'll die in the field!

I'll die in the field!

I'm on my journey home.

O what do you say, brothers (3)

About the Gospel War?

O what do you say, sisters (3)

About the Gospel War?

No. 616

GO STRAIGHT ACROSS THE HALL

also known as

Across the Hall

Swing on the Corner

Straight Across the Hall

Game song for children. It was once quite popular in the South, but no longer.

REFERENCES

Botkin (APPS), 41

McDowell (FDT), 28-31

Downes (1943), 134

Randolph, III, 334

Go Straight Across the Hall

Go straight across the hall,
To the opposite lady;
Swing her by the right hand,
Right hand round and back to the left,
And balance to your partner.

Go all around the hall,
Walking with your lady;
Take her by the left hand,
Left hand round and back to the right,
And bow low to your partner.

No. 617

GO TELL IT ON THE MOUNTAIN

Well-known campground spiritual that was taken over by Southern Blacks, who promptly made it over. The Freedom Movement of the 1950s and '60s used an adaptation by Carlton Reese and Mrs. Hammer to dramatize its struggle. Adaptation is in Carawan, 100-101.

REFERENCES

Best, 144

Dett, 78

Leisy, 126-127

Leisy (LAS), 139

Leisy (SPS), 200

Silber (HSB), 72

Silverman, II, 100

Work (ANSS), 215

Go Tell It On The Mountain

Down in a lonely manger,
The humble Christ was born,
And God sent out salvation
That blessed Christmas morn.

Chorus

Go tell it on the mountain,
Over the hills and everywhere;
Go tell it on the mountain,
That Jesus Christ is born.

While shepherds were out watching
O'er silent flocks by night,
Behold! throughout the heavens
There shone a holy light!

No. 618

GOT THE BLUES
also known as
Got Them Blues

Traditional "country" blues. For other versions, see:
Sandburg (AS), 232-233; Silverman, II, 16 & (FB), 157.

Got the Blues

Got the blues but I'm too mean, Lordy,
I'm too damn mean to cry.
Got the blues but I'm too damn mean to cry.
Yes, I got the low-down blues
But I'm too damn mean to cry,
too mean to cry.

Gal done gone but I'm too mean, Lordy, etc.

Lost my job but I'm too mean, Lordy, etc.

No. 619

GO 'WAY, OLD MAN!

This is one of those "composite" songs that is made up almost entirely of lines and stanzas belonging to other songs. Its title and chorus line is from I Wouldn't Marry III (see in MB). The first stanza is found in several other songs. The text and music used here is from Chapple (HS), 298.

Go 'Way, Old Man!

Oh, I'll build me a little hut
In the mountains so high
For to gaze on my true love,
As she passes by.

Chorus

Go 'way, old man, and leave me alone,
For I am a stranger, and a long way
from home.

Oh! her eyes sparkle like diamonds,
Like the bright morning star,
And her cheeks are so lovely,
Her face am so fa'r!

Oh, she do look so sweet,
Like de rose on de vine—
Long lib dat lub'ly lady
Dat dwells in my mind!

Then come back to your true love
When de pum'kins am in bloom,
When de hummin' birds am a singin'
In de sweet month of June!

No. 620

GRANDMA GRUNTS

also known as

Boys Can Whistle, Girls
Must Sing

Whistling Girls and
Crowing Hens

A children's song. The notion that "boys can whistle" but "girls must sing" is very old in folklore, and it is expressed in various unrelated songs. For examples, see songs from the Pennsylvania Dutch country, Connecticut, and Ontario, Canada in Jour (AFL), II, 198; XXXI, 31; and XLV, 502.

REFERENCES

Brown, III, 194-195; V, 112-113	Wetmore, 36 Tobitt, 50
Leisy (LAS), 57	

Grandma Grunts

Grandma Grunts said a curious thing,
"Boys can whistle, but girls must sing."
That is what I heard her say,
'Twas no longer than yesterday.

Chorus

Boys can whistle.....(whistle)
Girls must sing..(tra-la, la la la).

Boys can whistle, and of course they may;
They can whistle the live-long day.
Why can't girls whistle, too, pray tell,
If they manage to do it well?

No. 621

GRANNY'S OLD ARM CHAIR

also known as

Grandmother's Old Arm Chair The Old Arm Chair

In reference lists of some folk song collections there is some confusions where this song is concerned. Probably because two English songs with the same title were published in the United States at practically the same time. There are distinct differences in these songs, however, and only one of them was written and composed by Eliza Cooke and Henry Russell. The Cooke-Russell song, The Old Arm Chair, begins:

I love it, I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm chair?
I've treasured it long as a holy prize,
I've bedewed it with tears, and embalm'd
it with sighs.....

A version of that song may be seen in Chapple (HS), 270-271 and Wier (SWWS), 21-22. The tone and approach of the Cooke-Russell song has nothing in common with the song given below, yet Brown and others make references as though the two songs are related. They aren't.

REFERENCES

Brown, V, 411-412
Jour (AFL), LXIX, 456
Quarterly (SFL), IV, 199

Randolph, III, 224-227
Scarborough (SC), 373, 457
Spaeth (WSM), 205-206

Granny's Old Arm Chair

My grandmother, at the age of eighty-three,
One day in May was taken ill and died;
And after she was dead, the will of course was read
By a lawyer, as we all stood by his side.
To my brother it was found,
She had left a hundred pounds;
The same unto my sister, I'll declare.
But when it came to me, the lawyer said, "I see
She has left to you her old arm chair."

Chorus

How they tittered, how they laughed,
How my sister and brother chaffed,
When the lawyer said, "I do declare!
Granny only left to you her old arm chair."

I thought it wasn't fair but I said I didn't care,
And in the evening took the chair away.
The neighbors all came past as my relatives all laughed,
And said, "The chair will be useful someday.
When you're settled down in life,
Take a girl for a wife,
You'll find it very handy, I'll declare,
On some cold and frosty night, when the fire is burning
bright,
To be seated in your old arm chair."

One night the chair fell down. I picked it up and found
The seat had fallen out upon the floor;
And then to my surprise I saw before my eyes
The notes—two thousand pounds or more.

When my brother heard of this, instead of feeling bliss,
He got angry and tore his hair;
But I only said to him, "Now listen to me, Jim,—
Don't you wish you had the old arm chair?"

No. 622

GREAT GRANDDAD

also known as

When Grandpa Was Young

Sheet music versions have been published by several music companies, one of whom attributes the composition to Bob Miller. According to White (GALD), this song "began its career on the pages of the Saturday Evening Post, Feb. 28, 1925, and the original words were written by Lowell Otus Reese, a California journalist." The music, says White, was "composed by Romaine Lowdermilk." For the first version published in a song folio, see White (SHP), 1929, pp. 17-18.

REFERENCES

Brown, II, 621; IV, 297	Larkin, 73-75, <u>or</u> 83-85 Lingenfelter, 557
Clark (CS), 37	Loesser, 204-205
Coleman, 24	Lomax (CS-1938), 302-304
Felton, 64-68	Luther, 131
Frey, 59	Randolph, III, 248
Haywood (FSW), 41	White (GALD), 179-180

Great Granddad

Great granddad, when the West was young,
Barred his door with a wagon-tongue,
For the times were rough and the redskins mocked,
And he said his prayers with his shot-gun cocked!

He was a citizen tough and grim;
Danger was duck-soup to him.
He ate corn-pone and bacon fat—
His great grandson would starve on that!

Great granddad was a busy man,
He cooked his grub in a frying pan;
And he picked his teeth with a hunting knife,
And wore the same suit all his life.

Twenty-one children came to bless
The old man's house in the wilderness;
But great granddad he didn't lose heart;
His dogs hunted rabbits and ketched right smart.

Twenty-one boys, and how they grew!
Tall and strong on the bacon, too;
Slept on the floor with the dogs and cats,
And hunted in the woods for their coon-skin hats.

Twenty-one boys, and not one bad;
They didn't get fresh with my great granddad!
For if they had he'd have been right glad
To tan their hides with ahickory gad.

They all grew strong of heart and hand,—
The firm foundation of our land!
Twenty-one boys!—but his great grandson,
He has a terrible time with one!

No. 623

GREAT GRANDMA
also known as
Old Grandma

Praise was also heaped upon the memory of great grandma.

John White claims the lyric, which was published in his folio; but Edith Fowke said the song dates back to the California gold rush. Unfortunately, it does not appear in any of the old "gold rush" books I have seen. In fact, I haven't been able to find it in any book older than White's folio, 1929.

REFERENCES

Fowke (FSC), 94-95
Luther, 129-130

White (GALD), 184, 186
White (SHP), 19

Great Grandma

Tune: Great Granddad

Back in the days of 'forty-nine,
Great grandma was in her prime;
She packed her things and the kids right glad,
And headed for the West with great granddad.

They joined up with a wagon train
And prodded that ox-team across the plain;
Nothing to see but sage and sand,
Not one hitch-hiker nor a hot dog stand.

One fine day they heard a meadow lark,
Great granddad says, "Here's where we park."
Great grandma says, "Well, I'm game;"
Unloaded the kids and they staked their claim.

Great granddad built a house of sod,
By hustle and tussle and the grace of God;
Just as he was finishing the roof,
A cyclone came and the house went "poof."

She worked hard seven days a week,
To keep granddad well-fed and sleek;
She b'iled the beans and hung out the wash,
And never had time to drink tea, by gosh!

She could ride and plow and shoot,
Boss great granddad and the kids to boot.
Twenty-one boys a-raisin' cane,
Chasin' one another across the plain.

Twenty-one necks she had to scrub,
Wash twenty-one shirts in an old wash tub;
Twenty-one meals three times a day—
That's how she frittered her time away!

No. 624

THE GREAT SPECKLED BIRD

Song with a religious theme, but not a hymn. It is not always sung to the same melody nor credited to the same writer. A 1937 version was published by M. M. Cole, in Chicago, with words credited to Rev. Guy Smith and the music to Roy Acuff. Other publishers credited other writers and composers, which indicates that no one individual has a strong enough claim to legally enforce it.

The melody most used for the song is much older than the words and, therefore, is not the result of composition work by any of the claimants. The melody has also been used for many songs, including Honky-Tonk Angel and I'm Thinking Tonight of My Blue Eyes.

The lyric takes its title and theme from Jeremiah, chap. 12, ver. 9: "Mine heritage is unto me as a speckled bird, the birds round about are against her."

REFERENCES

Benziger, 21
Edwards (CHSB), 136
Leisy, 136-137

Leisy (SPS), 206-207
Randolph, IV, 59-60
Silverman, II, 116

The Great Speckled Bird

What a beautiful thought I am thinking,
Concerning the great speckled bird;
Remember her name is recorded
On the pages of God's shining word.

All the other birds flocking 'round her,
And she is despised by the squad;
But the great speckled bird in the Bible
Belongs to the great church of God.

All the other religions oppose her,
They envy her glory and fame;
They hate her because she is chosen,
And has not denied Jesus' name.

Desiring to lower her standards,
They watch every move that she makes;
They want to find fault with her teachings,
But can't seem to find her mistakes.

I am glad I have learned of her meekness,
I am glad that my name's on the Book,
And I hope to be one never fearing
On the face of my Saviour to look.

When He comes down, descending from heaven,
On a cloud, as He wrote in the Word,
I'll be carried to joyfully meet Him
On the wings of the great speckled bird.

No. 625

GREENBACK DOLLAR

This dance tune doesn't have an exclusive title, but
it is different from those songs sometimes known as
Greenback Dollar.

The title comes from a type of money called "green-backs," which was issued during the Civil War when paper money and the national bank note were put in circulation.

For another song known as Greenback Dollar, see Earnest Love III A in this Master Book.

This piece has no words, and the air is given in the TUNE section, No. 625.

This version is from Thede, 91.

No. 626

GREEN GRASS

also known as

Dossy, Dossy, Green Grass	Sweet Pinks and Roses
Dusty, Dusty Day	Treading on the Green Grass
Green Carpet	Tread, Tread the Green Grass
Here We Come Upon the	Tripping Up the Green Grass
Green Grass	Trip, Trap Over the Green
On the Green Carpet	Grass
Standing on the Green	Walking on the Green Grass
Grass	Walking Up the Green Grass

English-Scottish game song that became, in America, a Play-party song as well. The game, says Gomme, derives from ancient burial rites in which games and songs played an important part. In ancient times hand-clapping instead of bell-ringing was practiced at funereals.

For similar forms and types, see: Green Leaves or Honey in the Gum in Botkin (APPS), 203 B; Brown, I, 124-125 & V, 525-527; Dudley & Payne, I, 25; Morris, 208-209; Owens (ST), 76; Price, 46; Pub (TFLS), XIII, 321-323; Wolford, 49-50; Green Rocky Road in Courlander (NSA), 101 and Taking a Walk in Talley, 183.

As a game, this piece seems to be related to several others, such as Oats and Beans and Barley (in MB). Three versions (A, B & C) are given below.

REFERENCES

- | | |
|-------------------------------|---|
| Botkin (AFL), 807-809 | Halliwell (NRE), 126-127 |
| Botkin (APPS), 32-33, 343-345 | Heck, 29 |
| Broadwood (ECS), 106-107 | Henderson, 27 |
| Brown, I, 98-99 | Jour (AFL), XIV, 297; XXXI, 48, 55, 160 |
| Chambers (PRS), 137-138 | Linscott, 46-47 |
| Clarke, 288 | Newell, 50-51, 226-227 |
| Dudley & Payne, 20 | Northall, 381-382 |
| Gomme, I, 153-166 | Talley, 92 |

Green Grass

(Version A)

Tread, tread the green grass,
Dust, dust, dust,
Come on, you pretty fair maids,
And walk along with us.

If you're a fair maid,
As I suppose you be,
I'll take you by your sweet hand
And lead you o'er the sea.

I will give you pots 'n' pans
If you'll let me pass;
I will give you anything
For a lovely lass.

Tread, tread the green grass,
And make you no demands,
Birds shall sing and bells shall ring,
And we shall all clap hands.

I'll trade you gold and silver,
I will give you pearl;

I will give you anything
For a lovely girl.

VERSION B

On the green carpet here we stand,
Take your true love by the hand;
Take the one that you love best,
Before you close your eyes to rest.

You shall have a duck, my dear,
If you'll stand beside me here;
Here's a nice young man to take
And love forever for his sake.

If this young man should tell a lie,
Fall from grace, get sick and die,
Matters not the kind of weather,
We'll dance and sing and clap together.

On the green carpet where we stand,
Hold your lover by the hand;
Take the time to turn and swing,
Then come and clap your hands and sing.

VERSION C

Walking on the green grass,
Walking side by side,
Walking with a pretty girl,
Who shall be my bride.

Now we form a ring,
The girls are at our sides;
Dancing with the pretty girls,
Who shall be our brides.

Stepping on the green grass
Thus, and thus, and thus;

Now we have the pretty girls,
Come along with us.

Fair maid, pretty maid,
Give your hand to me,
We shall go upon the grass
Dancing merrily.

No. 627

THE GREEN GRASS GREW ALL AROUND

also known as

And the Green Grass Grew	Pretty Bird
All Around	Pretty Pear Tree
Down in the Lowlands There	There Was a Little Tree
Grew a Tree	There Was a Tree Stood in
The Everlasting Circle	the Wood
Green Grass Growing All	Tree in the Mountains
Around	Tree in the Valley-O!
The Green Leaves Grew All	The Tree in the Wood
Around	The Tree in the Woodland Green
On This Hill	With the Green Grass Growing
The Pear Tree	All Around
The Prettiest Little Girl	

This is a cumulative song that originated in England. There are corresponding forms of the song in many European countries. In Brittany, it is called Ar parc caer (The Fair Field); in France, it is known as Le Bois Joli; in Holland, it is called De Boom stond in de Schadwe; and in German, among the Pennsylvania Dutch, we hear it as Was Wachat uff diesen Bam? (What Grows On This Tree?). A version of the latter is in Korson (PSL), 72-77. For the Irish form, Hi! Ho! The Rattlin' Bog, see Langstaff (1), 11-13 and Reeves (EC), 101-104.

Two New York songwriters, William Jerome and Harry Von Tilzer, fashioned a version of this song for the popular music market in 1912, and the commercial version was quite successful. It did not, however, displace or lower the popularity of the traditional versions then in circulation.

REFERENCES

- | | |
|--|-----------------------------|
| Armitage, II, 55 | Karpeles, 249-250 |
| Baring-Gould (BNSR), 33 | Karpeles (EFS), II, No. 340 |
| Baring-Gould (SW), IV,
44-45, No. 104 | Karpeles (FSN), I, 72 |
| Boyer, 46-47 | Leach, No. 107 |
| Broadwood (ECS), 174-175 | Linscott, 79 |
| Brown, III, 184-185; V,
108-109 | Mason, 26-27 |
| Bulletin (HFL), III, 67 | Moore (BFSS), 388-390 |
| Campbell & Sharp, No. 110 | Morris, 419 |
| Creighton (SBNS), 199-200 | Newell, 111-113 |
| Davis (FSV), 186 | Oberndorfer, 116 |
| Emrich (CBF), 16 | Owens (TFS), 141-143 |
| Farnsworth, 28-29 | Randolph, III, 213-215 |
| Fuson, 87-88 | Reeves, 211-212 |
| Gardner (BSSM), 474 | Reeves (EC), 101 |
| Greig, I, art. 87 | Ritchie (SSB), 20-21 |
| Halliwell (NRE), 115 | Roberts (SBS), 188-190 |
| Halpert (GIF), 6-7 | Scarborough (SC), 359-360 |
| Henry (FSSH), 403-405 | Sharp, II, 281-282 |
| Hornby, 110 | Sharp (EFS), II, 12-13 |
| Jour (AFL), VIII, 86-88;
XI, 272 | Sharp (FSFS), II, 12-13 |
| Jour (FSS), III, 276; IV,
52-56 | Sharp (NEFS), 5-7 |
| Jour (WFSS), I, 40 | Sharp (100), 230-231 |
| | Williams (FSUT), 182-183 |
| | Winn (2), 19-21 |

There was a tree stood in the ground,
The prettiest tree you ever did see;
The tree in the wood, and the wood in the ground,
And the green grass grew all around, round, round,
And the green grass grew all around.

And on this tree there was a limb,
The prettiest limb you ever did see;
The limb on the tree, and the tree in the wood,
And the wood in the ground,
And the green grass grew all around, round, round,
And the green grass grew all around.

And on this limb there was a bough,
The prettiest bough you ever did see;
The bough on the limb, the limb on the tree,
And the tree in the wood and the wood in the ground,
And the green grass grew all around, round, round,
And the green grass grew all around.

And on this bough there was a twig, etc.

And on this twig there was a nest, etc.

And in this nest there was an egg, etc.

And in this egg there was a bird, etc.

And on this bird there was a wing, etc.

And on this wing there was a feather, etc.

And on this feather there was some down,
The prettiest down you ever did see;
The down on the feath, the feather on the wing,
And the wing on the bird, and the bird in the egg,
The egg in the nest, and the nest on the twig,
The twig on the bough, and the bough on the limb,
And the limb on the tree, and the tree in the wood,

And the wood in the ground,
 And the green grass grew all around, round, round,
 And the green grass grew all around.

No. 628

GREEN GRAVEL

also known as

Around the Green Gravel
 Green Guava

O Mary, O Mary
 Sweet Gravel

This game song for children is, in many ways, similar to Green Grass (above). Both songs came to America from England, and both are probably derived from the same funereal rite, wherein death was followed by the clapping of hands to ward off evil spirits.

According to Randolph, the tune is Irish.

REFERENCES

- | | |
|----------------------------|------------------------|
| Arnold, 129 | Gardner (SPPG), 100 |
| Babcock, 244 | Gomme, I, 170-183 |
| Balfour, 117 | Halliwel (NRE), 148 |
| Beckwith (FGJ), 62 | Heck, 15 |
| Broadwood (ECS), 26-27 | Jour (AFL), VIII, 254; |
| Brown, I, 56-57; V, 510 | XXVI, 132; XXXIII, |
| Bulletin (TFLS), V, 28 | 100; XL, 13; XLII, |
| Burne, 510 | 220; LIX, 439; LX, |
| Collins, 21 | 42 |
| Cox (SG), 210-212 | Kit, J. 12 |
| Flanders (VFSB), 188 | Linscott, 10-11 |
| Folklore Journal, VII, 214 | MacLagen, 83 |
| Folklore Record, V, 84, 86 | McDowell (FDT), 64 |
| Forbush, 48-49 | Morris, 219 |
| Ford (TMA), 256-257 | Newell, 71, 242 |

Notes (4th series), VII,
415, 523
Owens (ST), 8

Perrow, XXVI, 139
Randolph, III, 322-323
Randolph (Ozarks), 161
Whitney & Bullock, 147

Green Gravel

Green gravel, green gravel
The grass is so green,
And all the young maidens
Are arrayed to be seen.

O Mary, O Mary,
Your true love is dead;
The king sent a letter
Just to turn back your head.

Green gravel, green gravel,
Go kneel by his side;
One touch of your hands
And he'll come back to life.

No. 629

GREEN GROWS THE LAUREL
also known as

The Bonnets So Blue
Can't You Love Whom You
Please?
Green Grows the Wild Isle
Green Grows the Wild Olive
Green Grow the Lilacs

The Green Laurels
I Once Had a Sweetheart
I Wrote My Love a Letter
The Orange and the Blue
Red, White, and Blue

The source of American versions of this song is the
old and popular Irish piece, The Orange and the Blue.

The song came to America as a broadside during the first part of the 19th century, a copy of which is on file in the Harvard Library (25242.2, p. 105). Two stanzas of the song exist in English tradition—see Jour (FSS), I, 246 & V, 70. The first stanza served also as an opening for a gypsy song—see: Gillington (SOR), 8-9. For lines and stanzas found in other songs, see: Forsaken in Jour (AFL), XXXIII, 170; The Green Mountain in Jour (AFL), XXX, 348; The New River Shore in Mackenzie (QB), 162; Streams of Lovely Nancy in Jour (AFL), XXX, 347; and The Wagoner's Lad in Jour (AFL), XX, 269.

The text underwent specific changes in the United States. Very quickly the "orange and the blue" was changed to the "red, white, and blue." In the West, cowboys dropped "laurel" and replaced it with "lilacs." Lynn Riggs, the dramatist, used the cowboy title for his play, Green Grow the Lilacs (see version B below). Riggs' play was later musicalized by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II and re-titled OKLAHOMA.

Version B is now more popular in America than version A.

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|---------------------------------|---|
| Belden (BS), 490-491 | Greig, art. lxx |
| Brown, III, 328-329; V, 198-200 | Henry, No. 165 |
| Campbell & Sharp, No. 64 | Jour (AFL), XX, 269; XXII, 76; XXXIX, 147; LXXII, 310-346 |
| Chappell (FSRA), 136 | Jour (FSS), I, 246 |
| Combs (FSMEU), 222 | Karpeles (EFS), I, 637 |
| Cox (FSS), 417-418 | Kennedy, 358 |
| Creighton (SBNS), 40-41 | Leisy, 137-142 |
| Davis (FSV), 86 | Lloyd, 70 |
| Flanders (VFSB), 113-114 | Lomax (FSNA), 332-333 |
| Fowke (TSSO), 110-111 | Luther, 198-200 |
| Gardner (BSSM), 101-102 | MacColl & Seeger, 212-213 |
| Greenleaf, 74-75 | |

Moore (BFSS), 200-201
Ord, 182
Peacock, II, 454-457
Randolph, I, 272-275
Scarborough (SC), 331, 445

Sedley, 123-124
Sharp, II, 211
Shearin (SKFS), 37
Wilder, 96-97

Green Grows the Laurel

(Version A)

I often have wondered why women love men,
But more times I've wondered how men can love them.
They're men's ru-i-nation and sudden downfall,
And they cause men to labor behind the stone wall.

Then green grows the laurel and so does the rue,
How sad was the day that I parted from you.
But at our next meeting our love we'll renew,
And change the green laurel for the Orange and the Blue.

Now some love a short time, while others love long,
And some love a weak love, while others love strong;
Some hug you and kiss you and give your heart ease,
Then go off and leave you and love whom they please.

On top of yon mountain the green grass does grow,
Way down in the valley the still waters flow.
I met with my old love, who proved to be true—
We changed the green laurel for the Orange and the Blue.

VERSION B

also known as

GREEN GROW THE LILACS

For other versions, see: Agay (1), 20; Emrich (CBF), 39;
Leisy (IAS), 29; Leisy (SPS), 68; Luther, 199-200; Lynn
(CS), 6; Patterson (SRR), 17-18; Silber (SGAW), 49-51;
Silverman, II, 318; Whitman, 133.

I used to have a sweetheart, but now I have none;
Since she's gone and left me, I care not for one.
Since she's gone and left me, contented I'll be,
For she loves another far better than me.

Chorus

Green grow the lilacs, all sparkling with dew,
I'm lonesome, my darling, since parting from you;
And by the next meeting I hope to prove true,
To change the green lilacs to the red, white and blue.

I passed my love's window both early and late,
The look that she gave me, it made my heart ache.
The look that she gave me was hurtful to see,
For she loves another far better than me.

I wrote my love a letter in red rosy lines,
She sent me an answer all twisted in twines,
Saying, "Keep your love letters and leave me behind;
You write to your sweetheart and I'll write to mine."

No. 630

GREEN GROW THE RUSHES, O!

also known as

Green Grow the Rashes, O!

Scottish song with words by Robert Burns, who set his lyric to a tune found in Walsh's Country Dances, published in 1740. Song was immediately popular in the United States, as was many of Burns' works. American soldiers sang it during the War with Mexico, and, as soldiers have always done, added some words of their own. One such stanza came as a result of the resentment of Mexican girls, many of whom found the frivolous advances of American soldiers insulting. So the soldiers sang:

Green grow the rushes, O!
Red are the roses, O!
Kiss her quick and let her go,
Before you get the mitten, O!

The song was heard so often in Mexico that the Mexicans referred to American soldiers as "Green grow," an expression which soon became "Gringo."

The song is derived from a form of a game song known as Green Grows the Willow Tree. Newell recorded it as a game song in the 1880s. Linscott printed it as a Play-party song from New England.

Actually, the song has survived in a variety of forms in America, and, as is the case with many other songs, the title is sometimes used for unrelated pieces. For example, Leisy, 138-139, has a cumulative religious song called Green Grow the Rushes which seems to be a version of The Twelve Apostles (see in MB).

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| Best, 32 | Macfarren, 66-67 |
| Broadwood (ECS), 158 | Newell, 56 |
| Creighton (FSNB), 203 | Okun, 81-82 |
| Ford (TMA), 72, 184,
394 | Scott (BA), 97-99 |
| Johnson (FS), 406-407 | Sedley, 65 |
| Knight, 201 | Shekerjian, 52-53 |
| Leisy (SPS), 164-165 | Silverman, I, 316 |
| Linscott, 11-13 | Woodgate, 104-105 |

Green Grow the Rushes, O!

There's naught but care on ev'ry hand,
In ev'ry hour that passes,
Oh! what signifies the life of man,
And 'twere not for the lassies, oh!

Chorus

Green grow the rushes, O!
 Green grow the rushes, O!
 The sweetest hours that e'er are spent
 Are spent among the lassies, O!

The worldly race may riches chase,
 And riches still may fly them, Oh!
 And though at last they catch them fast,
 Their hearts may ne'er enjoy them, Oh!

Give me a quiet hour at eve'n,
 My arms about my dearie, Oh!
 And worldly cares and worldly men
 May all go topsy-turvey, Oh!

For you so prim you sneer at this,
 You're naught but senseless asses, Oh!
 The wisest man the world e'er saw,
 He dearly loved the lassies, Oh!

Old Nature swears the lovely dears
 Her noblest works she classes, Oh!
 Her 'prentice hand she tried on man,
 And then she made the lassies, Oh!

No. 631

GREENLAND FISHERY

also known as

Greenland	The Whale
Greenland Fisheries	The Whale Catchers
The Greenland Whale Fishery	The Whale-Fish Song

An old whaling song, and one that is known in several differing versions and variants. According to Baring-

Gould, the earliest version "is the black letter ballad reprinted in A Collection of Old Ballads, vol. III (1725), 172, which is in a different metre, and was set to the tune of Hey to the Temple." Perhaps. But the way I read it, the two ballads are so widely different that making one the derivative of the other is hardly more than private fantasy.

This ballad was used as a forecastle song in the English whaling trade, and goes back to at least 1824, the year mentioned in the Pitts broadside which, as Eckstorm points out, was "probably contemporary with the date of the song." On the other hand, the date mentioned varies from version to version, depending upon the singer; the date being changed to match the sailing time or voyage of the vessel under consideration.

Broadsides were published by Such and by Catnach as well as by Pitts. The text has been quoted in novels and reproduced in Magazines and Songbooks, including the Pocket Book of Poems and Songs for the Open Air, published by E. P. Dutton & Company, 1907.

For a WWI adaptation, see the Whale Song in Niles (SS), 10-11. Also see: Greenland in Greig-Duncan, No. 10 and Greenland's Icy Shores in Trident, 76-77.

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| Ashton (MSB), 265-267 | Greig & Duncan, No. 9 |
| Ashton (RSS), 83 | Harlow, 225-230 |
| Baring-Gould (GCS), 56-57 | Huntington, 9-12 |
| Beck (FLS), 174-175 | Ives (SA), 80-81 |
| Belden (BS), 104-105 | Ives (SB), 168-169, or |
| Best, 127 | 148-149 |
| Botkin (AFL), 832-833 | Jour (FSS), I, 101; II, |
| Colcord, 76-77, or 151-152 | 243; VII, 228; VIII, |
| Eckstorm, 226-230 | 279 |
| Edwards (CHSB), 118 | Karpeles, 157-158 |
| Friedman, 401-403 | Karpeles (EFS), II, No. 292 |

Laws (AB), K 21, 150
Leach (BB), 707-708
Lomax (FSNA), 61
Lomax (OSC), 214-215
Peacock, I, 147-148
Quiller-Couch, 841-842
Reeves (EC), 134-136

Scott (BA), 142-144
Sharp (FSFS), III, No. 74
Sharp (SS), No. 202
Silverman, II, 241
Trident, 120-121
Whall (SSS-1920), 69-71
Williams (EFS), 50-51
Yolen, 170-171

Greenland Fishery

It was eighteen hundred and twenty-four,
On a quiet and beautiful day,
That our gallant ship, her anchor weighed,
And for Greenland sailed away, brave boys,
And for Greenland sailed away.

Now Greenland is a barren land,
For nothing there grows green;
But the ice and snow, and the wild whale-fish blow,
And the daylight's seldom seen, brave boys, etc.

The boatswain at the crosstrees stands,
A spy-glass to his eye,
"There's a whale! a whale! There's a whale fish,"
he cried.

"She blows on every hand, brave boys, etc."

Our captain was walking the quarter deck,
And a wily old man is he;
"Overhaul, overhaul, let your davit tackles fall,
And launch your boats to sea, brave boys, etc."

Our boats were launched with the men aboard,
And the whales were still in view.

Resolved, resolved, was each whaler so bold,
To steer where that whalefish blew, brave boys, etc.

When the whale was struck, our lines played out,
And he gave a fluke with his tail;
Then the boat capsized, and we lost five men,
And we never caught that whale, brave boys, etc.

When the sad news to our captain came,
He said, "It grieves me sore.
But to strike and lose a hundred barrel whale—
That grieves me even more, brave boys, etc. "

No. 632

GREENSLEEVES

also known as

Lady Greensleeves

This song shows no sign of losing its popularity. According to Chappell (OEPM), I, 239, "The earliest mention of the ballad of Green Sleeves in the Registers of the Stationers' Company, London, is in September, 1580, when Richard Jones had licensed to him 'A new Northern Dittye of the Lady Greene Sleeves.'"

In those times, however, the date of the entry is not always the date of the song. Greensleeves had obviously attained some popularity prior to September, 1580, because on the same day of Jones' entry an Edward White had a license to print, "A ballad, being the Ladie Greene Sleeves Answers to Donkyn his frende." Four years later, the same Richard Jones brought out "A new courtly sonet of the Lady Greensleeves." This tells us that both words and music were not always the same.

The song's popularity is demonstrated by references to it in Beaumont and Fletcher's The Loyal Subject and

Shakespeare's The Merry Wives of Windsor. At the time of England's Civil War no fewer than 14 songs against the Roundheads were sung to the tune of Greensleeves.

The tune is as popular today as ever it was.

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Agay (2), 10-11	Leisy (LAS), 94-95
Bantock, 27	Leisy (SPS), 100-101
Best, 25	Luther, 22
Bikel (FF), 40-41	Okun, 110-111
Chappell (OEPM), I, 239-241	Silber (HSB), 125
Cole, 16-17	Silverman, I, 226
Ives (SA), 24-26	
Ives (SB), 34-36	

Greensleeves

Alas, my love, you do me wrong
To cast me off discourteously,
And I have loved you so long,
Delighting in your company.

Chorus

Greensleeves was all my joy,
Greensleeves was my delight,
Greensleeves was my heart of gold,—
And who but Lady Greensleeves?

I bought thee petticoats of the best,
The cloth as fine as could be;
I gave thee jewels for thy chest,
And all this cost I spent on thee.

Thy smock of silk, both fair and white,
With gold embroidered georgeously,

Thy petticoat so soft and light,
And these I bought thee gladly.

Well, I pray to God on high,
That thou my constancy mayst see,
And that yet once before I die,
Thou wilt vouchsafe love to me.

Greensleeves, now farewell, adieu!
God I pray will prosper thee!
For I am still thy lover true,
Come once again and love me.

No. 633

THE GREY GOOSE

This song got a nationwide workout during the 1950s and 60s when professional folk-singers were everywhere. Leadbelly sang it and Lomax printed it. Lomax (ABFS) produced a version taken down from the singing of Iron Head, without giving any other identity. That version was reproduced by Botkin (AFL), who said that it was "used on the Texas prison farms for hoeing." Burl Ives recorded the song for Columbia Records and included it in two of his song books.

The version below was taken down from the singing of Red Foley, Chicago, Ill., in 1946.

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Greenway, 109-110	Lomax (USA), 20-21
Ives (SA), 126-127	Seeger (3), 38-39
Ives (SB), 246-247, or 224-225	Warner, 49
Langstaff (1), 89	Yolen, 152-153

The Grey Goose

Last Sunday morning, Lord, Lord, Lord!

Last Sunday morning, Lord, Lord, Lord!

My Papa went a-hunting, Lord, Lord, Lord! (2)

He took along his rifle, Lord, Lord, Lord! (2)

Well, along came the grey goose, etc.

Well, Papa raised his rifle, etc.

He pulled back on the trigger, etc.

The rifle went a-boom-bang, etc.

He brung a-down the grey goose, etc.

He was six weeks a-falling, etc.

We put 'im on to parboil, etc.

He was ten weeks a-cooking, etc.

We put him on the table, etc.

The knives they couldn't cut 'im, etc.

We took him to the saw-mill, etc.

The blade it couldn't cut 'im, etc.

Last time I saw the grey goose, etc.

He was a-flyin' o'er the ocean, etc.

With a long string of goslings, etc.

And he was singin' "Quink, Quank!", etc.

No. 634

GROUND HOG

also known as

Groun' Hawg

Old Ground Hog

Old Aunt Sally

The Whistle Pig

This song is still very popular in the Southern states, particularly as a fiddle piece. The tune probably originated in England, or, perhaps, in Ireland, but it isn't likely that the words did. The text obviously grew out of Southern frontier life and environment, as did many of the traditional animal songs. Habitat of the Groundhog alias Whistlepig, and known in the Northern states as a Woodchuck, extends from Canada to somewhere near the Gulf of Mexico.

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| Brown, III, 253-255; V,
140-142 | Lomax (USA), 26-27 |
| Coleman, 56 | Randolph, III, 150-153 |
| Combs (CFBB), 246-250 | Richardson (AMS), 92-93 |
| Cox (FSS), 498 | Ritchie (SSB), 68-69 |
| Davis (FSV), 246 | Roberts (IP), 294-296 |
| Downes (1940), 212-213 | Roberts (SBS), 181-183 |
| Downes (1943), 252-253 | Roberts (TSCF), No. 86 |
| Emrich (CBF), 11 | Scott (FSS), 38 |
| Gainer, 182-183 | Seeger (3), 22-23 |
| Gainer (100), No. 41 | Sharp, II, 340 |
| Henry (BMFS), 38 | Shearin (SKFS), 38 |
| Henry (FSSH), 388-392 | Silverman, II, 134 |
| Henry (SSSA), 5-6 | Wheeler (KMFS), 26-32 |
| Ives (SA), 120-121 | White, 160 |
| Jour (AFL), XLV, 175 | Wilgus (FSUS), 220 |
| Kincaid No. 2, 31 | Winn (1), 46 |
| Lomax (ABFS), 271-274 | Wyman (LT), 30-33 |
| Lomax (FSNA), 254 | Yolen, 98-99 |

Ground Hog

Whistle up your dog and load your gun,
Whistle up your dog and load your gun,
We're going to the hills to have some fun.

Ground-hog!

Big old fellow a-sittin' on a log, (2)
I heard him whistle and know'd it was a dog.

Ground-hog!

Big old fellow, as big as a bear, (2)
The meat we'll eat, the hide we'll wear.

Ground-hog!

Come here, John, with your great big pole, (2)
And twist this ground-hog outta his hole.

Ground-hog!

Work, boys, work for all you earn, (2)
Skin him after dark and tan him in a churn.

Ground-hog!

Dragged him home, put him in to boil, (2)
You could smell that hog for a dang-gone mile!

Ground-hog!

Come here, Mama, make John quit, (2)
If he keeps eatin', I won't get a bit!

Ground-hog!

The children laughed until they cried, (2)
They love that ground-hog baked and fried.

Ground-hog!

Old Aunt Sally came skippin' down the hall, (2)
We got enough whistle pig to feed 'em all!

Ground-hog!

No. 635

GUN FIGHT AT THE O. K. CORRAL

also known as

The Clanton and McLowry Boys

The gun-fight at the O. K. Corral occurred in Tombstone, Arizona, Oct. 26, 1881, and it was the Clanton's and McLowry's versus the Earp's and Doc Holliday. In less than three minutes the most famous and controversial gunfight in western history was over. Ike Clanton was the only survivor of the losing side, having run away when the shooting began.

The song is from one of the twelve in Dickson Hall's Outlaws of the Old West (MGM Records, 1951), and is used here with the author's permission.

Gun Fight at the O. K. Corral Tune: Erie Canal II

The Clanton and McLowry boys
Together they did ride,
And every time they rode to town
The people stayed inside.
The marshal of old Tombstone town
Warned them to stay away,
But the outlaws said, "We'll see you dead!
'Cause we intend to stay! we intend to stay!"

Oh! what a fight they had that day!
Forget I never shall!
The marshal and the outlaws met
At the big O. K. Corral.
You should have seen them walking there—
My goodness, what a sight!
Four men dressed neat, out in the street,
A-walking to a fight! walking to a fight!

The Clanton and McLowry boys
Had ridden into town,
And told the people they had come
To shoot the marshal down.
The marshal and his deputies
They started throwing lead—
Ike Clanton ran when the fight began,
The others soon lay dead! the others soon
lay dead!

Oh, what a fight they had that day!
Forget I never shall!
The Clanton and McLowry's died
At the big O. K. Corral!
The people who stood watching there
All said the fight was fair—
But no one cried when the outlaws died,
And no one seemed to care! no one seemed
to care!

No. 636

GWILM'S DELIGHT

I haven't seen this old hoedown in any of the published
collections, but remember it from my early radio days
when fiddler Clarence Ashley played it on our programs.
There is no words, only music. See under TUNES in MB.

No. 637

GYPSY DAVY

also known as

Bill Harman	Gypsy Davey, or Davie
Black Cat Davy	The Gypsy Laddie
Black-Eyed Davey	The Gypsy Lover
Blackjack Daley, or	The Gypsy Rover
David, Davie, Davy	The Gyptian Laddie
The Dark-Clothed Gypsy	Harvey Walker
The Dark-Eyed Gypsy	The Heartless Lady
Davie Faw	How Old Are You, My Pretty
The Egyptian Davy O	Little Miss?
Gyp's Come Tripping O'er	Johnnie, or Johnny Faa
the Plain	The Lady and the Gypsy
Gypsey Davey, or Davie	Lady's Disgrace
Gypsia Song	A Neat Young Lady
The Gyps of Davy	Oh, Come and Go Back, My
Gypsum Davey	Pretty Fair Miss
Gypsy Daisy	Seven Gypsies in a Row
	The Three Gypsies

This is obviously one of those songs that accumulates titles as it travels. Singers simply give the leading character a different name and thereby create a new title. Originally a Scots ballad, the song crossed the border into England and took on differences that finally launched it on a traditional career across the Atlantic, in America, where innumerable versions and variations developed.

In discussing Gypsy Davy, Child IV, p. 63 states: "The earliest edition of the ballad styles the gypsy Johnny Faa, but gives no clue to the fair lady. Johnny Faa was a prominent and frequent name among the gypsies."

Baring-Gould (SW), II, No. 50 and Quiller-Couch, 781-783 both give a two part version of a ballad called The

Gipsy Countess, and part II contains much of the text of Gypsy Davy. Unfortunately, there is nothing of Part I surviving in American tradition and seems to have been forgotten in England.

In America the gypsy was frequently discarded, to be replaced by Blackjack Davy, or some other more English-sounding name. One variation retained the gypsy motif, however, and became established as a song in its own right (see Wraggle Taggle Gypsies, O! in this Master Book).

Even though this ballad is believed to be much older than the earliest recorded version, the fact remains that no version has been located earlier than the latter half of the 18th century.

For further information about Johnny Faa and various traditional stories surrounding this ballad in Europe. see Child, IV, pp. 61-74.

For an Irish variation known to American tradition, see Gypsy Rover in this Master Book. For an interesting adaptation found in Pennsylvania, see Harrison Brady in Korson (PSL), 52.

To learn how extensively this ballad has pervaded American tradition, one need only count the number of folk collections in which one or more versions of it appears. For example, Bronson, III, gives one hundred and twenty-eight different airs to which as many texts are sung.

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84-91 |
| Belden (BS), 73-76 | Brown (BLNC), 9 |
| Botkin (WFL), 785-786 | Burne, 550 |

- Cambiaire, 59-60
Campbell & Sharp, No. 27
Chappell (FSRA), 37
Chase (TBS), 40
Child, IV, 61-74
Coffin, 120-124
Cox (FSS), 130-133, 524
Cox (TBFS), 40
Creighton (FSNB), 12-13
Creighton (TSNS), 71-72
Davis (MTBV), 253-261
Davis (TBV), 423-431, 590
Dean-Smith, 69
Eddy, 67-69
Flanders, III, 193-229
Flanders (GGMS), 78-79
Flanders (VFSB), 220-221
Fowke (TSSO), No. 3
Friedman, 105-109
Gainer, 72-73
Greenleaf, 38-39
Greig, II, art. 110
Greig & Duncan, No. 278
Greig & Keith, 126-129
Henry (FSSH), 110-112
Henry (SMFL), No. 18
Herd, II, 95
Hubbard, 26-27
Hudson (FSM), 117-119
Hudson (SC), 9
Johnson (SMM), No. 181
Jour (AFL), XVIII, 191;
 XIX, 294; XXII, 80;
 XXIV, 346; XXV, 173;
 XXVI, 353; XXX, 323;
 XLVIII, 385; LII, 79
Karpeles, 81-84
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Kincaid No. 1, 33
Kinloch MSS, V, 331
Kinsley, 249-250
Korson (PSL), 52
Leach (BB), 543-544
Linscott, 207-209
Lomax (OSC), 156-159
Lomax (PB), 112
Lunsford, 4
McGill, 14-17
Moore (BFSS), 97-100
Morris, 304-307
Motherwell, II, 223-236
Neely, 140-141
Niles (BB), 280-284
Ord, 411
Owens (TFS), 29-31
Peacock, I, 194-197
Pound (SFSN), I, 6
Pub (TFLS), XXII, 47-49
Quarterly (SFL), VIII, 156;
 XI, 130-131
Raine, 119
Ramsay (TTM), 427
Randolph, I, 152-160
Reeves (EC), 141-145
Ritchie (FS), 86
Roberts (IP), 69-71
Sandburg (AS), 311
Sanders, 106-107
Scarborough (SC), 215-225;
 411-413
Sedley, 69-70

Sharp, I, 233-239

Sharp (100), 13

Shellans, 36-37

Silber (HSB), 21

Silverman, I, 213

Smith (AA), 44

Stout, 11

Thede, 51

Wells, 116-117

Whiting (TBB), 21-23

Whitman, 93

Williams (FSUT), 120

Gypsy Davy

Gypsy Davy came over the hill,
The way was cool and shady;
He sang until the echoes rang,
And charmed the heart of a lady,
And charmed the heart of a lady.

Come go with me, my pretty miss,
Come go with me, my honey;
We'll sail across the deep blue sea,
And you'll never want for money. (2)

O she took off her high-heeled shoes,
All made of Spanish leather,
And then put on a pair of boots,
And they rode off together. (2)

When her husband came home late that night,
He asked about his lady.
Her maid was there to answer him:
"She's gone with Gypsy Davy." (2)

"Go saddle up my fastest horse,
The black I call my Sonny,
And I'll ride east, and I'll ride west,
And overtake my honey." (2)

At last he came to the deep blue sea,
And in a camp so shady
The tears came running down his cheek,
For there he saw his lady. (2)

"Will you forsake your house and lands,
Will you forsake your baby?
Will you forsake us all, my love,
To go with Gypsy Davy?" (2)

"Yes, I'll forsake my house and lands,
And I'll forsake my baby;
And I'll forsake the world I know,
To go with Gypsy Davy. (2)

"I never loved you in my life,
I never loved the baby;
I married you against my will,
But I love Gypsy Davy."

"O come, go back, my own true love,
O please come back, my honey;
I'll give you everything I own,
Including all my money!" (2)

"I won't go back and be your love,
Nor will I be your honey;
I wouldn't trade sweet Davy's lips
For all your lands and money. (2)

"Last night I slept on a feather bed,
I slept beside my baby;
Tonight I'll sleep upon the ground,
And roll with Gypsy Davy."

No. 638

THE GYPSY ROVER
also known as
The Whistling Gypsy

This is an Irish re-working of Gypsy Davy (see above), and is a fairly recent song. Words and music are credited to Leo Maguire, and the sheet music was published by Walton's Piano and Musical Instrument Galleries, Ltd., Dublin, 1951. The song was published in the United States by Box & Cox, Inc., under an agreement with the Irish copyright owners.

The version below was taken down from the singing of Sonny Cox, a partner in the American-English firm of Box & Cox, Inc., in August, 1953.

Leisy printed a version that was recorded by Tommy Makem at the Newport Folk Festival, 1960 (Vanguard, VRS 9083). Another version is in Silber (HSB), 120.

The Gypsy Rover

The gypsy rover came over the hill,
Down through the valley so shady,
He whistled and sang till the greenwoods rang,
And he won the heart of a lady.

Chorus

Ah de doo ah de doo da day,
Ah de doo ah de day dee,
He whistled and sang till the greenwoods rang,
And he won the heart of a lady.

She left her father's castle gate,
She left her fair young lover,
She left her servants and her state,
To follow the gypsy rover.

Her father saddled up his fastest steed,
 He ranged the valleys over;
 He sought his daughter at great speed,
 And the whistling gypsy rover.

He came at last to a mansion fine,
 Down by the river Clady,
 And there was music and there was wine,
 For the gypsy and his lady.

"He is no gypsy, father dear,
 But lord of these lands all over.
 I'm going to stay 'til my dying day
 With my whistling gypsy rover."

No. 639

THE GYPSY'S WARNING, ANSWER, AND DECISION also known as

Decision in the Gypsy's Warning	Gipsy's Warning
Do Not Trust Him, Gentle Lady	Trust Him Not

The age, origin, and name of the author of this song is not known. According to Cox (FSS), 439, it was published in 1864 with a music arrangement by Henry A. Coard.

A published song with "music arranged by" usually means that the song is much older than the version arranged. Here we have three songs with one melody. Version A, The Gypsy's Warning, occupies a unique place in America's history of communication. Alexander Graham Bell, at a public demonstration of his invention, the telephone, persuaded his associate, Thomas Walton, to sing

this song into the transmitter. The text of Gypsy's Warning contains the first words ever publicly heard over a telephone.

The song was so popular that it spawned an "answer" version and several imitations (see versions B and C below). In 1899, H. Rosenfeld, a well-known song-writer, copyrighted and published his spin-off called Trust Him Not (see Randolph, IV, 222). Rosenfeld's spin-off has been forgotten, but the original song is still afloat. If the tune seems vaguely familiar, it is probably because of a remarkable similarity between it and the tune of HIGH NOON, title song of a motion picture starring Gary Cooper and Grace Kelly, sung by Tex Ritter.

The Gypsy's Warning was published in broadside and in many early songsters. Broad sides were issued by De Marsan (New York), List 18, No. 26; Partridge (Boston), No. 1022; Wehman (New York), No. 95; and others.

Songsters in which it appeared, include: The Gipsy's Warning Songster, 1867, p. 5; The Pretty Little Sarah Songster, 1867, p. 7; The Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines Songster, 1868, p. 33; Dan Bryant's "Shoo Fly" Songster, 1869, p. 45; The Daisy Deane Songster, 1869, p. 8; The Vocalists' Favorite Songster, 1885, p. 183; and De Marsan's Singer's Journal, I, p. 11.

REFERENCES

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|-------------------------|--------------------------|
| Arnold, 73 | Pound (SFSN), XIII, 43 |
| Belden (PLSB), No. 35 | Randolph, IV, 219-220 |
| Brewster (BSI), 271-273 | Roberts (IP), 208-209 |
| Cox (FSS), 439-440 | Shoemaker (MMP), 111-112 |
| Cox (TBFS), 201 | Shoemaker (NPM), 94, 108 |
| Finger (FB), 116-118 | Spaeth (REW), 20-21 |
| Ford (TMA), 378-379 | Staton, 109 |
| Henry (SSSA), 154 | Stout, 76-77 |
| Hubbard, 125-126 | Wilgus (FSUS), 220 |
-

The Gypsy's Warning (Version A)

Trust him not, Oh, gentle lady,
And though his voice be low and sweet,
Heed not him who kneels before thee,
Gently before thy feet.

Your young life is in its morning,
Cloud not this your happy lot—
Heed you now the gypsy's warning:
Gentle lady, trust him not.

Lady, once there lived a maiden,
Pure and kind and bright and fair;
But he came and wooed and won her,
Filled her loving heart with care.

O, he heeded not her weeping,
Nor did he care her life to save.
Soon she died, and now lies sleeping
In a cold and silent grave.

Do not turn so coldly from me,
For I speak to save your youth;
Of his stern and withering power,
I would only speak the truth.

Let me shield you from the danger,
Save you from his tempting snare.
Lady, shun that dark-eyed stranger—
Heed my warning and beware.

Keep your gold, I do not want it;
Lady, I have prayed for this—
For the time when I might foil him,
Rob him of expected bliss.

Gentle lady, do not wonder
At my words so strange and wild,
In that green grave over yonder
Lies this gypsy's only child.

VERSION B

Gypsy's Warning: an Answer

also known as Reply to the Gypsy's Warning

This follow-up, sung to the same tune as version A,
was also quite popular. Versions were recovered from
traditional sources by: Brewster (BSI), 273; Hubbard,
127; Randolph, IV, 220-221; Roberts (IP), 209-210;
Shoemaker (MMP), 112; and Shoemaker (NPM), 94, 109.

.....

Gentle Lady, do not listen;
Trust me, for my love is true—
Constant as the light of morning,
I will ever be to you.

Lady, I will not deceive you,
Nor leave you a heart of woe;
Trust me, lady, and believe me,
And no sorrow shall you know.

Down beside the flowing river,
Where the dark green willows weep,
Stands a grave not yet forgotten,
Where the gentle maiden sleeps.

Every morn a lonely stranger
Comes to linger many hours,
For he loved the gypsy's daughter,
And he strews her grave with flowers.

Lady, do not heed the gypsy—
Lay your soft white hand in mine; De
Dear, I seek no fairer laurel
Than the constant love of thine.

VERSION C

also known as

Decision in the Gypsy's Warning

The same story continues, this time with the young girl speaking. In a sense, what we have here is "an answer" to "an answer" in which the girl informs the would-be lover that she believes not him but the gypsy mother. For other versions, see: Belden (PLSB), No. 35 and Randolph, IV, 221-222.

.....

Down beside yon flowing river,
There bereft, where willows weep,
There must lie that fair one ever,—
Stranger, who those vigils keep?

Why go there alone so early,
All those morning flowers to strew?
Do you love in truth so dearly,
Do you grieve as others do?

Stranger, I've been thinking sadly,
How you promised, wooed and won,
How her innocent love gladly
Heard fair words, built hopes thereon.

Now she's in the cold ground sleeping,
By the river's moaning wave,
And the willows now are weeping
O'er that maiden's early grave.

Warnings from that grave do tell me,
And a living voice I hear
Of a wooer who would seek me,
Pleading by a love sincere.

Says without me life is sorrow,
Wants this hand and heart of mine,
Promise bliss for every morrow,
Then forsake me, let me pine.

Stranger, I will heed the warning
Coming from the river's side;
Flowers you strew there in the morning
I'll renew at eventide.

There we'll walk, but not together,
For the gypsy tells me true,
Mourns her child in tears that smother
Every kindly thought of you.

No. 640

HALLELUJAH, I'M A BUM

also known as

Hallelujah, Bum Again

This song has been attributed to and claimed by several writers, including Joe Hill. Some claim that the words were written by Harry McClintock, a hobo. Carson J. Robison, who made a recording of it in the 1930s, is credited with authorship by the publisher of his version. Botkin (AFL), 882, reports that Budd L. McKillups informed him that "the song was found scribbled on the wall of a Kansas City jail cell where an old hobo, known as 'One-Finger Ellis', had spent the night, recovering from an overdose of rotgut whiskey." I don't know who wrote the words, but I know the tune was borrowed from an old hymn, Hallelujah, Thine the Glory. A song of identical title was written by Lorenz Hart and Richard Rodgers as the title song of a motion picture starring Al Jolson, who sang it in 1933.

REFERENCES

- | | |
|------------------------|------------------------|
| Best, 18 | Leisy (SPS), 78-79 |
| Botkin (AFL), 882-884 | Lingenfelter, 529 |
| Clark (CS), 77 | Lomax (ABFS), 26-28 |
| Dobie (CG), 39 | Lomax (PB), 129 |
| Downes (1940), 330-331 | Milburn, 97-101 |
| Downes (1962), 386-387 | Ohrlin, 32-33 |
| Fowke (SWF), 126-127 | Sandburg (AS), 184-185 |
| Glazer (SW), 6 | Siegmeister, 54-55 |
| Greenway, 197-202 | Silverman, I, 380 |
| Kornbluh, 71-72 | Toelken (NTB), 15 |
| | Whitman, 84-85 |
-

Hallelujah, I'm a Bum

Oh, why don't I work like other men do?
How the hell can I work, when there's no work
to do!

Chorus

Hallelujah, I'm a bum! Hallelujah, bum again!
Hallelujah, give me a hand-out to revive us again.

The springtime has come, and I'm out of jail;
Without any money, I'll go riding the rail.

I went to a house, and I knocked on the door;
A lady came out, says, "You've been here before!"

I went to a house, and I asked for some bread;
A lady said, "Bum! Bum! the baker is dead!"

Oh, I ride box cars and I ride fast mails,
When it's cold in the winters I sleep in the jails.

If I was to work, and save all I earn,
I could buy me a bar and have money to burn!

No. 641HAND-CART SONG I

also known as

Handcarts

Our Handcarts

This song is a reminder of just how harmful religious prejudice and animosity to the ideas other than our own can be, even in a democratic society. The Mormons suffered both the prejudice and animosity of their neighbors until it became virtually impossible for them to live among Americans of different beliefs.

Between 1855 and 1860, a total of 1600 men, women and children, broken down into ten companies, departed the United States en masse and headed West. They settled, finally, in what was then Indian Territory and is today the state of Utah. The Indians, themselves the victims of prejudice and animosity, welcomed the Mormons.

The two hand-cart songs (I and II) given here are based upon the fact that many of the Mormons literally pushed their belongings across country in wheelbarrow-like carts.

For a third handcart song—one that deals with the 1857 call that sent seventy-six missionaries pushing handcarts from Salt Lake City to Florence, Nebraska—see Cheney, 66-67 and Lingenfelter, 200-201.

REFERENCES

- | | |
|------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Botkin (WFL), 753-754 | Hubbard, 399-407 |
| Carter (SCS), 513-514 | Ives (SA), 180-181 |
| Cheney, 64-66 | Ives (SB), 268-269, <u>or</u> |
| Davidson (MS), 278-279 | 244-245 |
| Durham (PS), 21 | Pioneer Songs (1932), 21 |
| Fife (SSS), 67-70 | Silber (SGAW), 80-82 |
| Glass (SW), 26-27 | Warner, 107 |

Hand-Cart Song I Tune: King of the Cannibal Islands

The lands that boast of modern light
We know are all as dark as night,
Where poor men toil and want for bread,
And rich men's dogs are better fed.
The land that boasts of liberty
I never again wish to see.
Then you from Europe make a start,
And we'll cross the plains in our handcarts.

So on the roads the carts were spurred.
It surely must surprise the world
To see the old and feeble dames
Thus lend a hand to pull the same.
Young maidens too will dance and sing,
Young men more happier than kings;
And children too will laugh and play,
Their strength increasing day by day.

And long before the valley's gained
We will be met upon the plains
With music sweet and friends so dear,
And fresh supplies our hearts to cheer.
O, then with music and with song,
How merrily we will march along!
And we'll bless that day we made our start,
For we crossed the plains in our handcarts.

No. 642

HAND-CART SONG II

also known as

Hurrah for the Camp of Israel!

For information concerning the subject matter of this
song, see headnotes to Hand-Cart Song I above.

REFERENCES

Beadle (4), 137-138

Hubbard, 403

Davidson (MS), 279

Lingenfelter, 199

Hand-Cart Song II

Tune: A Little More Cider

Oh, our faith goes with the handcarts,
And they have our hearts' best love;
'Tis a novel mode of traveling,
Devised by the God above.

Chorus

Hurrah for the Camp of Israel!
 Hurrah for the handcart scheme!
 Hurrah! Hurrah! 'tis better far
 Than the wagon and ox-team.

Old Brigham's their executive;
 He told us the design,
 And the Saints are proudly marching on,
 Along the handcart line.

Who cares to go with the wagons?
 Not we who are free and strong!
 Our faith and arms, with right good will,
 Shall pull our carts along.

No. 643

HANGMAN JOHNNY

also known as

Hanging Johnny, or Johnnie

Singing Johnny

Halyard shanty. Song may have traveled from land to sea, or from sea to land. No one seems to know. Practically every collector has an opinion concerning it, but not too much information. Doerflinger said, "The tune seems related to Shenandoah." Masefield said, "It has a melancholy tune that is one of the saddest things I have ever heard." Sharp said, "In character the tune recalls The Wearing of the Green."

For an English adaptation, Let Us Walk Along Together, see Farnsworth, 20-21. For a work song sung by Southern blacks, Call Me Hangin' Johnny, see Parrish, 203.

The A version below is a land treatment and version B is how sailors sang it.

REFERENCES

- | | |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| Armitage, II, 85 | Masefield (SG), 358 |
| Brown, V, 499-500 | Masefield (SS), 69-70 |
| Bullen & Arnold, 23 | Meloney, 18 |
| Colcord (1924), 27-28 | Parrish, 204 |
| Colcord (1938), 72-73 | Patterson (SA), 231 |
| Davis (SSC), 54-55 | Robinson, 72 |
| Doerflinger, 31 | Samson, 40 |
| Emrich (FAW), 460-461 | Sharp (EFC-2), 56 |
| Farnsworth, 102 | Shay (ASSC), 54 |
| Harlow, 253-254 | Shay (IMWS), 81 |
| Harlow (C), 47-48 | Smith (BOS), 44 |
| Hugill (1), 284-285 | Terry, I, 40 |
| Hugill (2), 192-193 | Whall (SSS), 97 |
| King, 6 | |

Hangman Johnny (Version A)

Oh, my name is Hangman Johnny—
You know what people say:
I'll hang a man for money—
That's how I earn my pay.
That's how I earn my pay.

Oh, I hung a man in Pittsburgh
Just as the sun went down;
I ate a hearty supper,
And then got out of town. (2)

Oh, they say I'd hang my mother,
But that is not quite true;
'Cause if I had a mother,
It's one I never knew. (2)

VERSION B

Oh, they call me Hanging Johnny,
Away, my boys, away!
Because I hang for money,
Away, my boys, away!

At first I hanged me father, etc.
It wasn't such a bother, etc.

Oh, then I hanged me mother, etc.
Me sister and me brother, etc.

I'd hang all mates and skippers, etc.
I'd hang 'em by their flippers, etc.

A rope, a beam, a ladder, etc.
The victim doesn't matter, etc.

We'll hang 'em to the yard-arm, etc.
Then quit and buy a pig-farm, etc.

No. 644

HANG ME, O HANG ME
also known as

Blue Stone Mountain	My Father Was a Gambler
The Gambler	Tommy's Hanging Day
My Daddy Was a Gambler	

This is a "goodnight" or "farewell to life" song; it is similar to the old blues-spiritual, I Don't Mind Dying, If Dying Was All.

REFERENCES

Belden (BS), 472-473	Randolph, II, 80-82
Friedman, 232	Sandburg (AS), 216
Pound, 130-131	White, 78

Hang Me, O Hang Me

My father was a gambler,
And he taught me how to play.
My father was a gambler,
And he taught me how to play.
He said, "Never go a-beggin'
While you hold the Ace and Trey,
Hold the Ace and Trey."

Chorus

Hang me, O hang me,
An' I'll be dead and gone.
Hang me, O hang me,
An' I'll be dead and gone.
Oh, I wouldn't mind the hangin',
But it's layin' in the grave so long,
Lord, Lord, so long.

I've got a younger brother
Who thinks the world of me.
I've got a younger brother
Who thinks the world of me.
He's comin' to the death house
Just to see the last of me,
See the last of me.

If I had minded mama—
She taught me how to pray.
If I had minded mama—
She taught me how to pray;
If I had listened to her then
I wouldn't be in jail today,
Be in jail today.

All round the world I've traveled,
And I've been here before.

All round the world I've traveled,
And I've been here before.
But when I go tomorrow
I'll be gone forevermore,
Gone forevermore.

No. 645

HANGTOWN GALS

A parody on a popular song that struck gold in the California gold fields. Words are by John A. "Old Put" Stone. The tune was taken from New York Gals.

REFERENCES

Arnett, 97

Sherwin (SGM), 22-23

Dwyer, 126

Silber (SGAW), 123-124

Luther, 132-133

Hangtown Gals

I come from the state of Arkansas,
To see the sights that can be saw;
But I've seen nothing on sea or sod
To beat them Hangtown gals, by God!

Chorus

Hangtown gals are lovely creatures,
Think they'll marry wealthy preachers!
Heads thrown back to show their features,
Ha! Ha! Ha! Hangtown gals!

Hangtown gals are plump and rosy,
Hair in ringlets mighty cosy;
Painted cheeks and gassy bonnets,
Every one can sting like hornets!

They're kind of shy of forty-niners,
Turn their noses up at miners;
Promenade in silk and satin,
Cannot talk and murder latin.

On the street they're always grinning,
Modest like they lift their linen;
Petticoats all trimmed with laces,
Matching well their painted faces.

To church they very seldom venture—
Hoops so large they cannot enter;
Go it, gals, you're young and tender,
Shun the pick and shovel gender.

No. 646

HAPPY LAND OF CANAAN I

also known as

Revolutionary War Song

This song is frequently referred to and sometimes orint-
ed as a Revolutionary War Song. But I think it came into
existence considerably later, sometime during the first
quarter of the 19th century. The opening line, "I'm
nearly ninety and nine, but I still remember the time,"
indicates that the writer is referring to "a memory of"
the Revolution, and is not speaking as a direct witness
to, or participant in, an ongoing action.

Without question, this song inspired a later one using
the same title (see Happy Land of Canaan II), although
I have seen no mention of such a connection in print.
For another version, see Morris, 22-23.

Happy Land of Canaan I

I'm nearly ninety and nine, but I still remember the
time

When the country was invaded by the British.
One of freedom's noble sons, our brave George Washington,
Made them skee-daddle from the happy land of Canaan.

Chorus

Ha, ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha. ha! Bound for the happy
land of Canaan.

One of freedom's noble sons, our brave George Washington,
Made them skee-daddle from the happy land of Canaan.

No. 647

HAPPY LAND OF CANAAN II

also known as

Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha!

A Pocket Full of Money

This is clearly a derivative of the foregoing song,
though "reworking" may be a more appropriate term.
Belden, who printed a Confederate version (see B, below),
said it was "evidently a minstrel-stage song remade to
catch the favor of Confederate sympathizers..." Version
A was the Union's way of looking at the same situation.
It is difficult to say which version was the first one,
and, in this case, it really doesn't matter too much.

REFERENCES

Belden (BS), 363-364

Randolph, II, 280-283

Cox (FSS), 270

Sharp, II, 201

Happy Land of Canaan II (Version A)

When the war is ended, the boys will have some fun;
They'll march thro' the South with their ladies.
I'll march mine thro' some Southern Union clime,
And I'll raise me some little Union babies.

Chorus

Ha! ha! ha! Don't you hear me now?
The Black Horse caval'ry is coming;
The ladies in the town all dressed in fancy
gown,
The hoop-skirts they are a honey!
It takes forty yards of alapac to cover up
the hoops,
And something like a pocketful of money.

VERSION B

also known as

Over the Happy Land of Canaan

Down at Harper's Ferry the Yankees were quite merry,
Old Brown thought the niggers would sustain him;
But old Governor Wise put the spectacles on his eyes
And sent them over to the happy land of Canaan.

Chorus

Ha! Ha! Ha! See them all a-runnin'!
The time of our glory is a-comin';
We yet will see the time when all of us
will shine,
And drive the Dutch from the happy land
of Canaan.

There were some Japanese came here to raise a breeze,
And they brought little Tommy to entrain 'em;
But he fell in love with a little Dixie Dove,
And they sent him over the happy land of Canaan.

The ladies every day promenade Broadway,
The size of their hoops are a-gaining;
If they stop for a talk, they cover-up the whole sidewalk,
Till there is no room in the happy land of Canaan.

No. 648

HARD OF HEARING

also known as

The Deaf Woman's Courtship

Old Woman, Old Woman

This is (or was once) a nursery rhyme. Version is found in Wheeler's Mother Goose Melodies, Boston, 1878, p. 92. Someone with a sense of humor and an ability to write, rewrote the nursery rhyme into a piece for adults.

REFERENCES

Belden (BS), 265

Halliwell (NRE), 56

Brown, II, 458; IV,

Hecht, 205

245-246

Moore (BFSS), 223-224

Chambers (PRS), 158

Randolph, III, 39-40

Chappell (FSRA), 79-80

Ritchie (SSA), 72-73

Chase (AFTS), 136-137

Scott (FSS), 40

Creighton (TSNS), 243-244

Sharp, II, 252

Eddy, 299

Winn (2), 75

Hard of Hearing

"Old woman, old woman, will you go a-shearing?"

"Speak a little louder, sir, I'm rather hard of hearing."

"Old woman, old woman, are you fond of spinning?"

"Speak a little louder, sir, I only see you grinning."

"Old woman, old woman, will you go a-walking?"

"Speak a little louder, sir, I barely hear you talking."

"Old woman, old woman, are you fond of weaving?"

"Speak a little louder, sir, my hearing is deceiving."

"Old woman, old woman, will you hug and kiss me?"

"Thank you very kindly, sir, that time I heard you
clearly!"

No. 649HARD TIMES I

also known as

Song of the Times

This song has its roots deep in English history and tradition. To the poor, the expression "hard times" has always and everywhere seemed the best way to describe their condition. Lacking a real power to change that condition, except in specific cases, the poor sought relief through humor. They "poked fun" at themselves and satirized the occupations, professions and life-style of those who, at least to them, seemed to enjoy "easy times" at their expense. Condition, expression and attitude all combined to create a rich soil for song-makers.

An early form of this song, Chapter of Cheats, or The Roguery of All Trades, was issued in broadside by Bradford, Catnanch, Pitts, Spencer, and others in England. A derivative, Here's First To Those Farmers, collected and printed in the first quarter of the 20th century, can be seen in Williams (FSUT), 104.

The precise date of this song's arrival in America is unknown, but we do know that it thrived as well here as in its homeland. Many versions and variations have been recovered from oral sources; and some of them have combined and fused with other songs.

The expression "hard times" was regularly employed by American songwriters to serve as title and theme for a wide variety of songs. One such piece, Negro Soldier's Civil War Chant, or In These Hard Times, (see Talley, 15), begins:

Ole Abe (God bless 'is ole soul!)
Got a plenty good victuals,
an' a plenty good clo'es;
Got powder, an' shot, an' lead,

To bust in Adam's liddle Confed'
In dese hard times.

American publishers printed versions of the English Hard Times, with three of the earliest being preserved in Beadle's Dime Song Book No. 1 (1860, 24, De Marsan broadside, List 10, No. 30, and Ford (BB), No. 3160. Two versions (A and B) are given below, but with little difference between them. However, a real difference exists between these two versions and Hard Times II, which follows this one.

REFERENCES

Belden (BS), 433-434	Hudson (FSM), 215-216
Brown, III, 385-387; V, 231-233	Lomax (ABFS), 332-334
Flanders (VCB), 38_45	Lomax (CS-1919), 103-105
Gardner (BSSM), 443-445	Owens (TFS), 113-114
Hubbard, 353-357	Peacock, I, 57-59

Hard Times I (Version A)

Come listen awhile and give ear to my song,
It's all about hard times, and it won't take long:
I will sing of how people all struggle and fight,
And in cheating each other they think they do right.
They think they do right—
And so it's hard, hard times wherever you go.

The baker will cheat you in bread that you eat,
So will the butcher in the weight of the meat;
He'll tip up his scales and then make them go down,
And he'll swear to the weight the it lacks half a pound,
It lacks half a pound—
And so it's hard, hard times wherever you go.

The miller will tell you he'll grind for your toll
And do the work as well as he can for his soul;
But when your back is turned, the dish in his fist,
He'll give you the toll and himself keep the grist,
Himself keep the grist—
And so it's hard, hard times wherever you go.

The landlord will feed your horse oats and hay,
And when your back's turned, he'll take them away;
For oats he'll give chaff, for corn he'll give bran,
And yet he will holler, "I'm too honest a man,
Too honest a man!"—
And so it's hard, hard times wherever you go.

And now for the ladies, those sweet little dears,
So fine at the ball and the grand parties appear,
With whalebones and corsets themselves they will squeeze,
Till you'll have to unlace them before they can sneeze,
Before they can sneeze—
And so it's hard, hard times wherever you go.

The doctor will tell you he'll cure all your ills
With his puffs and his powders, his syrups and pills;
He'll give you a dose that will make you grow fat,
And his fee it will leave you your shoes and your hat,
Shoes and your hat—
And so it's hard, hard times wherever you go.

You've listened awhile and have heard all my song,
Therefore you can't say I've sung anything wrong:
If there's anyone here who has taken offense,
They can go to the devil and seek recompense,
And seek recompense—
Because it's hard, hard times wherever you go!

VERSION B

Come all you good people, I'll sing you a song
About the poor people, how they get along.
The times are so bad folks are hard put to live;
They have nothing to ask for and nothing to give,
And it's hard, hard times.

From sister to sister, from brother to brother,
They've all learned to cheat, and they're cheating
each other.

Since our leaders cheat us without hesitation,
The habit might spread all over the nation,
And it's hard, hard times.

Young men will rise up and to church they will go,
They'll ruffle and scuffle and make a fine show;
They'll stop at the tavern and have beer or wine,
Then try to make out with your daughter or mine,
And it's hard, hard times.

The ladies will rise at the dawning of day,
They'll ruffle and scuffle and try to look gay;
They'll paint up their faces, appear nice and sweet,
And swear that they love you but secretly cheat,
And it's hard, hard times.

The blacksmith earns pay by the sweat of his brow,
And so does the farmer who follows his plow;
No finer two men are you lifely to meet,
But when they start dealing, they're likely to cheat,
And it's hard, hard times.

Then there's the doctor who tells you and me,
He'll cure all our ailments for just a small fee;
He'll take only half of the things you possess,
And if he don't kill you he'll take all the rest,
And it's hard, hard times.

There goes the old preacher, always on the stage,
He'll open his Bible and read you a page;
He'll give you commandments to live your life by,
But business is business, and in business he'll lie!
And it's hard, hard times.

Well, folks, I have come to the end of my song,
But wish to remind you before moving on:
The bigger the sinner the bigger the fall,
If God doesn't take you the devil gets all!
And it's hard, hard times.

No. 650

HARD TIMES II

also known as

Courting the Widow's Daughter Johnny McCardner

Here we have a combination of two songs in one: the first being a description of a courting affair, the second being a description of certain people and how they behave.

REFERENCES

Belden (BS), 248-249

Lemax (OSC), 124-125

Cox (FSS), 511-513

Hard Times II

Last Saturday night I went to her house,
And through the dark window I crept like a mouse;
I knocked at her door, and my love let me in,
And to her dark bedroom I soon entered in.
And it's hard times.

We talked and we laughed and made a mistake;
The next thing we knew, her Ma was awake!
She came in the room and she said, angrily:
"What impudent scoundrel is this that I see?"
And it's hard times.

I offered my hand and said to her, "Mam,
Please hold your temper till you know who I am.
I'm Jimmy DeVore, and that's really my name,
And courting your daughter is the reason I came."
And it's hard times.

"O daughter," she cried, "O why must it be,
You choose a man who is old enough for me?"
"O mother, dear mother, why show such alarm?
The man I have chosen is a man of great charm."
And it's hard times.

"Old lady," I said, "if you'll hold your tongue,
I'll tell you the reason why your daughter's the one.
I'm older, it's true, but that isn't a sin—
And surely you know young girls prefer older men?"
And it's hard times.

She turned to me then and said, "She's too young!
You will be suited and my daughter get stung.
You are too old, and I think you're a bum!"
And grabbing a brromstick, at me she did come.
And it's hard times.

I dove thro the window, into the snow,
The gate I flung open and away I did go!
I ran and I ran, and I cursed and I swore;
I'd never been beaten with a broomstick before.
And it's hard times.

Now all you young men, come listen to me:
Be careful of the young girls you go to see.
There's always the chance, if you get in her room,
That all you will get is the end of a broom.
And it's hard times.

O there's a young man, as all of you know,
A-courting young girls he was bound for to go;
Her parents will simper, they'll complain and grieve,
And when she is willing, they'll invite him to leave.
And it's hard times.

And there's the young miss, a nice little dear,
Attends the parties that are given all year;
Whale-boned corset her ribs tightly squeeze—
She'll have to unlace them before she can sneeze!
And it's hard times.

O there is the judge, who thinks himself true;
He sits on the bench and he stares down at you.
For twenty-five cents he'll send you to a cell,
For five dollars more he will send you to hell.
And it's hard times.

O there's the doctor, I almost forgot—
I really believe he's the worst of the lot!
He says he will cure you for half you possess,
And then he will kill you and take all the rest.
And it's hard times.

No. 651

HARD TIMES III

also known as

Times Gittin' Mighty Hard

An expression like "Hard Times" was certain to wind-up
in the language of the rural American population, and

it is not surprising to find it as a title for "country blues" pieces such as this one. It is also a partly compounded song, having in it entire stanzas borrowed from other songs. For example, the opening stanza from Old Bee Makes De Honey Comb in Uncle Remus, His Songs and His Sayings (New and revised edition, New York, 1920), p. 195. It is also in White, p. 382. The second stanza, the "White Man goes to college," is a floater (see Perrow, XXVIII, 140). Also see and compare, Gellert (NSP), p. 9. Brown, III, 549, gives a version of this song, the chorus of which is quite similar to the Times Gettin' Hard, Boys in Sandburg (AS), p. 242.

Hard Times III

Big bee makes the honey comb,
Little bee gets the honey;
Black man grows the cotton an' corn,
White man gets the money.

Chorus

Times gettin' mighty hard,
Livin' on two skinny dimes;
If I only had a dollar bill,
I'd lose these hard, hard times.

White man goes to college,
Black man goes to the field;
White man learns to read and write,
Black man learns to steal.

Black man by the kitchen stove,
White man's food good an' hot;
One eye on the table, boys,
T'other one on the pot.

Hunger makes my belly growl,
Wrinkles up my face;
If I had me a dollar bill,
I'd leave this no good place.

No. 652

HARD TIMES IV

also known as

Hard Times in the Mill

This song originated around the beginning of the 20th century, and most likely in the South. According to Scott (BA), it "arose out of the open shop conditions of textile mills in the South...when the 12 hour day, starvation wages, and child labor were still the rule." I think the song came from the Southern lumber-mill workers and was then borrowed by textile workers. A variation, with several identical lines, is a version of The Durant Jail in Lomax (CS-1938), 176-177.

REFERENCES

Arnett, 145

Greenway, 142

Berger, 47-48

Scott (BA), 274-275

Hard Times IV

Tune: Prisoner's Song IX

Rise an' shine at half-past four,
The cook is yellin' thro' the door.

Chorus

It's hard times at the mill, O Lord,
Hard times at the mill.

Whistle blows, you know it's five;
It's rise and shine, dead or alive!

Breakfast comes at six o'clock;
Four cold pancakes hard as a rock!

Sawmill boys don't make enough,
Just grin an' bear 'cause times are rough!

Every night when I get home,
It's grits and gravy an' old cornpone!

Work like a dog to earn my pay,
But I'm always broke after payday!

No. 653

HARD TIMES COME AGAIN NO MORE

Source song, with words and music by Stephen Foster.
Part of the song is given here, to show its relationship to a parody of it given as version B.
The original manuscript of this song is at Foster Hall, Indianapolis, Indiana. Like most of Foster's compositions, this one is available in dozens of song-books and folios.

REFERENCES

Chapple (HS), 82-83
Luther, 154
Oberndorfer, 102

Staton, 42
Whitman, 87
Wier (SWWS), 202

Hard Times Come Again No More

VERSION A

Let us pause in life's pleasures,
And count its many tears
While we all sup sorrow with the poor;
There's a song that will linger
Forever in our ears:
Oh! hard times come again no more.

Chorus

'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary;
Hard times, hard times, come again no more.
Many days you have lingered around my cabin
door;
Oh! hard times come again no more.

While we seek mirth and beauty,
And music light and gay,
There are frail forms fainting at the door;
Though their voices are silent,
Their pleading looks will say:
Oh! hard times come again no more.

VERSION B

also known as

Hard Crackers Come Again No More

This is a Civil War parody of version A. Other versions are in Dolph, 320-322; Glass (SS-2), 142-143; and Luther, 178.

Let us close our game of poker,
Take our tin cups in hand
While we gather round the dook's tent door,
Where dry mummies of hard crackers
Are given to each man—
Oh! hard crackers come again no more.

Chorus

'Tis the song and the sigh of the hungry,
Hard crackers, hard crackers, come again no
more!
Many days have you lingered upon our stomachs
sore—
Oh! hard crackers come again no more.

There's a hungry, thirsty soldier,
Who wears his life away,
With torn clothes, whose better days are o'er;
He is sighing now for whiskey,
And, with throat as dry as hay,
Sings, "Hard crackers come again no more."

'Tis the song that is uttered
In camp by night and day,
'Tis the wail that is mingled with each snore;
'Tis the sighing of the soul
For spring chickens far away—
Oh! hard crackers come again no more.

No. 654

HARRISON VS CLEVELAND

also known as

Benjamin Harrison

Grandfather's Hat

1888 was an American Presidential election year. The Democratic incumbent, Grover Cleveland, was up for re-election. His Republican opponent was Benjamin Harrison of Ohio, a Union Army General during the Civil War. More importantly, perhaps, is the fact that Benjamin was the grandson of William Henry Harrison (see Harri-son vs Van Buren I thro XIV), one time President. This campaign song dwelled upon the candidate's famous ancestor, even using one of the same tunes employed so successfully in grandpa's 1840 Whig campaign. Of course there were other songs, pro and con, in the 1888 campaign, but this seems to be the only one that made a lasting impression. For two others, see:

Hip, Hip, Hurrah, Harrison! in the Harrison & Morton Campaign Songster, or in Silber (SAVB), 136, and

Let's Have a Change (Pro-Cleveland
song of the 1884 campaign) in the
Cleveland and Hendricks Songster,
or in Silber (SAVB), 126.

When the 1888 campaign was over, and the votes were
counted, Benjamin Harrison was the 23rd President of
the United States.

A text of this song is also in Luther, 269.

Harrison vs Cleveland

Tune: Rosin the Bow

You jolly young lads of the nation,
And all of you Democrats too,
Come out from the free traders' party,
And vote for our Tippecanoe.
And vote for our Tippecanoe!
And vote for our Tippecanoe!
Come out from the free traders' party,
And vote for our Tippecanoe!

Old Tippecanoe, in the 'forties,
Wore a hat that was then called the bell;
His grandson, our leader, now wears it,
And it fits him remarkably well!, etc.

His granddad, when all thro' with fighting
Had no leisure in which to grow fat;
Went back to work at his farming,
On Sundays he wore that old hat., etc.

Remember November is coming!
Free traders begin to look blue.
They know there's no chance for fat Grover,
For grandfather's hat will sail through., etc.

So vote for our Tippecance, boys,
Go vote for our Tippecanee!
Come out of the free traders' party,
And vote for our Tippecanee!, etc.

No. 655

HARRISON VS VAN BUREN I
also known as

All of the Olden Time The National Whig Song (1840)

The Presidential campaign of 1840 brought a new tone to American politics, but not necessarily improvement. It was, however, the first "rip-roaring" presidential campaign conducted in the United States. It was the first time that a major political party had no platform at all.

The Whig party had only a name, several slogans, a willingness to misrepresented facts and to lie about their own candidate as well as the opposition. Other than this, all they had were several excellent songwriters.

On the other side, the Democrats had an incumbent President who suffered from a severe case of indecision. He could not even decide on a running mate at the national convention. Worse, following the panic of 1837, he faced hard times and a steady decline in popularity. Martin Van Buren, 8th President, was the right man in the right place at the wrong time. His opponent, William Henry Harrison, was the wrong man in the right place at the right time. It was a no-win position for the country as well as for Van Buren, and it's doubtful the Whigs could have lost the election with a totally unknown candidate.

Harrison was an aristocrat, not the rough frontiersman he was supposed to be. He was, in fact, a demigod; a soldier—undoubtedly heroic, but not, so far as anyone knew, qualified to be President of the United States. Nevertheless, he was the Whig candidate. He and the party unfairly painted Van Buren as a man of great wealth who was out of sympathy with the common man. And it worked. At the close of the campaign, Van Buren explained his defeat in these words: "We have been sung down, lied down, drunk down."

Harrison won an empty victory. He rode to the inauguration on horseback, then stood for two hours or more in freezing weather minus an overcoat, delivered an inaugural address composed chiefly of classical allusion and quotations, celebrated at not one, but three, lavish inaugural balls on March 4, 1841. Exactly one month later he was dead.

In no other American presidential campaign have political ballads and songs played so important a role. We will not attempt to give versions of all the songs produced during that campaign, only the fourteen known to have been the more popular and believed to have been the most influential.

The song below is the first of the fourteen, though not necessarily the first to appear in the campaign. It was written by William Hayden, published in sheet music form by Parker & Ditson, Boston, 1840, and distributed and sung throughout the nation by the Whig Party. See: Lawrence, 266.

Harrison vs Van Buren I

Tune: Fine Old English
Gentleman

I'll sing you now a new Whig song,
Made to a good old rhyme,
Of a fine, true-hearted gentleman,
All of the olden time.

By birth and blood, by kith and kin,
A sound, true Whig was he,
For his father signed the charter
That made our country free,
Like a fine, true-hearted gentleman,
All of the olden time.

In youth, upon the tented field,
His laurels he did gain,
No Chief so many battles fought,
That never fought in vain.
In peace, the quiet statesman he,
But when grim war arose,
He buckled on his armor then,
To meet his country's foes,
Like a fine, true-hearted gentleman,
All of the olden time.

And when he'd served his country well,
In Senate and in field,
The honors that awaited him
Most freely did he yield.
He turned him to his home again
And sought a farmer's toils;
For, though he filled the offices,
He never took the spoils,
Like a fine, true-hearted gentleman,
All of the olden time.

Let every sound, true-hearted Whig
Now raise his voice on high,
And, for the triumph of the cause,
Join Freedom's loudest cry:
Come to the fight! We'll win in the field!
Away with doubts and fears!
The People's man is Harrison—

Let's give him three good cheers!
For he's a fine, true-hearted gentleman,
All of the olden time.

No. 656

HARRISON VS VAN BUREN II

also known as

The Harrison Song

A Long Time Ago

Professional songwriters usually know a good thing when they see it, and they saw it in the 1840 Presidential campaign. This song, with words by T. Power and music by Sporle, was published in sheet music form and distributed as a "pop" song. Even so, it proved less popular with the public than many of the amateur creations.

For a facsimile of the sheet music, see Jordan, 125.

Harrison vs Van Buren II

In days of old, as we've been told,
Was one to valor dear,
Whose plough-share was a falchion once,
His pruning-hook a spear.
When notes of war were heard no more,
He laid his falchion down,
And since most worthily he bore
A verdant laurel crown,
With heart and voice we'll gaily sing,
And tell Columbia's Foe
Of the days when he went soldiering,
A long time ago.
Of the days when he went soldiering,
A long time ago.

From stately hall and cabin wall
Let paeans loud arise;
The people's choice is Harrison,
The dauntless and the wise.
O'er every hill he echoed still
The watchword of the brave—
A knell to every tyrant ear,—
The hero comes to save!
With heart and voice we'll gaily sing,
And tell Columbia's Foe
Of the days when he went soldiering,
A long time ago.
Of the days when he went soldiering,
A long time ago.

No. 657

HARRISON VS VAN BUREN III

also known as

Tip and Ty

Tippecanoe and Tyler Too

The words of this extremely popular song were written by Alexander Coffman Ross, who set them to the tune of Little Pig's Tail. What the Marseilles Hymn was to Frenchmen, this song was to the Whigs of 1840. It is one of the most popular and famous political campaign songs in American history. It not only swept the country but literally swept Harrison into office.

REFERENCES

Johnson (FS), 473

Lloyd, 112

Kennedy (TAB), 56

Luther, 105

Lawrence, 268

Silber (SAVB), 37

Harrison vs Van Buren III

Oh! what caused this great commotion, motion, motion,
Our country through?

It is the ball that's rolling on, for Tippecanoe and
Tyler too.

For Tippecanoe and Tyler too;
And with them we'll beat little Van, Van, Van,
Oh! he's a used up man!
And with them we'll beat little Van.

Like the working of the mighty waters, waters, waters,
On it will go;
And its course will clear the way for Tippecanoe and
Tyler too.

Now you hear the Van-jacks talking, talking, talking,
They look quite blue;
For all the world seems turning round for Tippecanoe and
Tyler too.

Let them talk about hard cider, cider, cider,
And Log cabin too;
It will only help to speed the ball for Tippecanoe and
Tyler too.

Little Marty's days are numbered, numbered, numbered,
And out he must go!
And in his place we'll put the good old Tippecanoe and
Tyler too.

No. 658

HARRISON VS VAN BUREN IV

also known as

The Farmer of North Bend

The Whigs made a very hard sell in 1840, and one of their slogans tells exactly how hard: We Stoop to Conquer. They stooped, too. When President Van Buren and the Democrats pointed out that Harrison consumed considerable amounts of "hard cider," the Whigs replied with such songs as The Best Thing We Can Do, which begins:

The times are bad and want curing,
They are getting past all enduring;
Let us turn out Martin Van Buren,
And put in Old Tippecanoe.

For a complete version, see Jackson (ESUS), 105.

When the Democrats asked for information regarding Harrison's qualifications, or attempted to show that he was not qualified to be President, the Whigs replied with another song, The Hero of Tippecanoe:

They ask us who Harrison is,
And what he has ever done, too;
The soldier, the patriot, the states-
man, and sage—

Hurrah, then, for Tippecanoe,

Hurrah for Old Tippecanoe!

For a complete version, see Jackson (ESUS), 108.

In short, the entire Whig campaign was a musical one. A large number of their songs praised Harrison by way of attacking Van Buren, as in the song given below.

The "John, Levi, Joel and Jim" mentioned in the text were members of Van Buren's cabinet: John Forsyth, Levi Woodbury, Joel Poinsett, and James K. Pauling.

The "Amos" referred to in the text is Amos Kendall, the Postmaster General, who resigned to devote full time to the Democratic campaign. For other versions, see: Belden (BS), 335 and Lawrence, 276.

Harrison vs Van Buren IV

A farmer there was that lived at North Bend,
Esteemed by his neighbors and many a friend;
And you'll see on a time, if you follow my ditty,
How he took a short walk up to Washington city.

Chorus

Ri tu, di nu, di nu, di nu,
Ri tu, di nu, ri tu, di nu, ri tu na.

The farmer walked on, and arrived at the door,
And he gave such a thump as was ne'er thumped before.
Master Van thought his rap was the sound of a flail,
And his heart beat with fear as he turned deathly pale.

"Run, John, and run, Levi! run, Joel and Jim,"
Said Van, "but leave Amos, I cannot spare him.
There's only one living dares make such ado,
That's the sturdy old fellow called Tippecanoe."

Says Tip, "My fine fellows, get out of my way;
I've routed whole armies like you in my day.
My mind is made up to take over that chair,
Where Van takes his wine with a swaggering air."

"Oh! pray mister Farmer, just walk up this way.
We hardly expected to see you today.
So many stout swiggers are here at this time,
There's but one bottle left, but you'll find it prime."

"I tell you what, Amos, I see what you're at—
I won't touch a glass of champagne, and that's flat!
But a mug of hard cider will answer my turn;
It's getting in fashion up here, you'll soon learn."

Then Amos and Van searched the table all round,
Not a drop of hard cider was there to be found;
So the farmer advised them to lay in a store
By the fourth of next March, if they couldn't before!

No. 659

HARRISON VS VAN BUREN V

also known as

Little Vanny

The singing campaign of the Whig party continued like a waterfall, supported by a flood of songsters and sheet music. The song that follows is a contradiction of the whole Whig singing campaign; the opening line is proven ridiculous by the large number of songs made-up about Van Buren.

For other versions, see Lawrence, 287 and Silber (SAVB), 35.

Harrison vs Van Buren V

Tune: Rosin the Bow

You can't make up a song to Van Buren,
Because his long name will not do;
There's nothing about him alluring,
As there is about Tippecanoe.

As there is about Tippecanoe,
As there is about Tippecanoe;
There's nothing about him alluring,
As there is about Tippecanoe.

He never was seen in a battle,
Where bullet and cannon shot flew;
His nerves would be shocked with the rattle
Of a contest with Tippecanoe!, etc.

While Harrison march'd to the border,
Sly Van stay'd at home as you know,
Afraid of the smell of gun-powder.
Then hurrah for Old Tippecanoe!, etc.

And now with his gold spoons and dishes,
He lives like a king with his crew;
He'll feast on the loaves and the fishes,
Till we put in Old Tippecanoe!, etc.

No. 660

HARRISON VS VAN BUREN VI

also known as

The Abortive Van Buren Convention Pretty Little Martin

This song is a lampoon of the Democratic convention at Baltimore, in May, 1840. The convention became a target because the delegates failed to nominate a candidate for vice-President.

The "Polk" mentioned in the text is James K. Polk, who became President at a later date. The "Tecumseh" was nothing more than one of several nicknames for old Rumpsey-Dumpsey Johnson.

Harrison vs Van Buren VI Tune: Hey, Betty Martin!

Pretty little Martin, tip-toe, tip-toe,
Pretty little Martin, tip-toe fine;
Couldn't get a candidate for Vice-President,
Couldn't get a candidate to please his mind.

Old Dick Johnson he wouldn't answer,
He was too rough for a President so fine;
Pretty little Martin, tip-toe, tip-toe,
Couldn't get a candidate to please his mind.

Pretty little Martin, tip-toe, tip-toe,
Couldn't make the loco-focos toe the line;
Some were for Polk and some for Johnson,
But no one but Polk could please his mind.

Pretty little Martin, tip-toe, tip-toe,
He couldn't get old Tecumseh to decline.
Old Tecumseh's friends would not leave him,
And said that Mister Polk didn't please their minds.

Polkites and Johnsonites wouldn't pull together,
The split was too wide for them to combine.
Pretty little Martin, tip-toe, tip-toe,
Couldn't get a candidate to please his mind.

No. 661

HARRISON VS VAN BUREN VII

also known as

When This Old Hat Was New

Whigs came from every state to meet in convention at
Baltimore, in May, 1840, and ratified Harrison's
nomination.

There were many songs sung at the convention, but the

one that caught the public fancy was When This Old Hat Was New (version A, below). The song struck a responsive chord in the Democrats, too, and they sent forth a musical reply using the same title and the same tune (see version B, below).

For another version, see Silber (SAVB), 44.

Harrison vs Van Buren VII

(Version A)

When this old hat was new, the people used to say:
The best among the Democrats were Harrison and Clay.
The Locos now assume the name, a title most untrue,
And most unlike the party name when this old hat was new.

When this old hat was new, Van Buren was a Fed,
An enemy to every man who labored for his bread.
And if the people of New York have kept their records
true,
He voted 'gainst the poor man's rights, when this old
hat was new.

When this old hat was new, those worthies did oppose
The Cause and friends of Liberty, and stood among their
foes.

Not so with "Granny Harrison," for at Tippecanoe
He bravely fought the savage foe, when this old hat
was new.

VERSION B

(From the Albany Argus, Aug. 29, 1840, came this reply
of the Democrats).

When this old hat was new, some twenty years ago,
The Fed'ralists began to fear their final overthrow.

And so to keep the Party up and make it look like
"blue,"

They've changed their names a dozen times, since
this old hat was new.

When this old hat was new, they thought the people
fools,

And still they hope for Fed'ral ends, to find them
willing tools.

But tho they've often changed their names, as knaves
are wont to do,

Their doctrines look just as they did when this old
hat was new.

When this old hat was new, Van Buren was the man
The people loved—altho abused by all the Federal clan,
A Democrat, unmoved, unchanged—still to his country
true,

He's ever been her friend and guard—since this old hat
was new.

No. 662

HARRISON VS VAN BUREN VIII

also known as

Hail to Old Tippecanoe

No President, including Abraham Lincoln, was ever more
villified by the opposition party than was Martin Van
Buren. The Whigs villified him from every direction.
This song is a good example of the musical abuse un-
fairly heaped upon the 8th President of the United
States.

Text is from The Tippecanoe Song Book (1840). Also
see Lawrence, 276.

Harrison vs Van Buren VIII Tune: The Mistletoe Bough

Van Buren sits in his marble hall,
And liveried slaves come forth at his call,
The banquet is spread—the silver gleams—
The dark wine flows in purple streams—
Around him bends a servile host,
And loud they shout the welcome toast:
 Down with Old Tippecanoe!
 Down with Old Tippecanoe!

"Bring forth," he cries, "the glittering plate,
We'll dine today in Royal state."
He speaks—and on his table soon
They place the golden fork and spoon.
The dazzling goblets glance around,
And high the joyous shouts resound:
 Down with Old Tippecanoe!
 Down with Old Tippecanoe!

But mark! a panic runs through the hall:
They see the handwriting appear on the wall!
The thunder peals from Virginia's shore,
 "The dark magician shall rule no more!"
The Whigs come on with a conqueror's wing,
And the vaulted roof with paeans ring:
 Hail to Old Tippecanoe!
 Hail to Old Tippecanoe!

No. 663

HARRISON VS VAN BUREN IX

also known as

Marty Loves the Working Man Song for the Working Man

Here we have another satirical salvo aimed at Martin Van
Buren by the Whig party. See Lawrence, 286.

Harrison vs Van Buren IXTune: Yankee Doodle

That Marty loves the working man,
No working man can doubt, sirs;
For well doth he pursue the plan
That turns the workers out, sirs.
He turns them out of Whig employ,
He turns them out of bread, sirs;
And middle-men doth he annoy
By striking business dead, sirs.

Chorus

For Marty is a Democrat,
Sing, Yankee Doodle Dandy,
With spoons of gold, and English coach,
And servants always handy.

But time is short to tell of all
The love of little Van, sirs,
He is the friend—doubt not at all—
Of every working man, sirs.
And if he scrimps your daily food
By docking down your pay, sirs,
'Tis only for his own best good—
Then what have you to say, sirs?

Now if you do not like such love,
And vote for Harrison, sirs,
All I can say, is "Van must move,
For then his race is run, sirs."
Still Marty is a Democrat
By Yankee Doodle Dandy!
His golden spoons and English coach,
And serfs, are always handy.

No. 664

HARRISON VS VAN BUREN X

also known as

King Matty and Blair

This is one of the most insulting songs from the Whig campaign of 1840. It was one of a whole collection of insulting songs issued by the Whigs in a booklet called A Miniature of Martin Van Buren. Also see Lawrence, 278.

Harrison vs Van Buren XTune: Lord Lovel

King Matty he sat in his big "White House,"
A-curling his whiskers fine;
And the Globe man Blair sat at his side,
A-drinking his champagne wine, wine, wine,
A-drinking his champagne wine.

Then awful shook King Matty's locks,
And fearful glanced his eye,
And he stamped his foot upon the floor,
And he heaved a monstrous sigh, sigh, sigh,
And he heaved a monstrous sign.

"Oh, what's the matter, King Matty?" said Blair.
"Oh, what's the matter?" said he.
"I'm a gwine to go to Kinderhood,
My family fer to see, see, see,
My family fer to see."

Says Blair, "You are a good hearted man,
And love your family dear;
I thought that you would not go back
'Til after another four year, year, year,
'Til after another four year."

"Nor would I go back, my dearest Blair,
But what the duece can I do?
The people say I must make room
For the hero of Tippecanoe, noe, noe,
For the hero of Tippecanoe."

"Alack and alas!" said Globe man Blair,
"We're deep in the mud and the mire."
"Alack and alas!" said Matty the King,
"The sub-Treasury fat's in the fire, ire, ire,
The sub-Treasury fat's in the fire."

Both Matty and Blair then raised their eyes,
Each other's face to see,
And they placed their thumbs upon their nose,
And their fingers twirled twiddle de, de, de, de,
And their fingers twirled twiddle de, de.

No. 665

HARRISON VS VAN BUREN XI

Vote for Old Tippecanoe

Ye Jolly Lads of Ohio

This song was rephrased in 1888 for another Presidential Campaign (see Harrison vs Cleveland in MB), but whether it was as effective in that election is open to question. It was, however, on the winning side in both elections.

Harrison vs Van Buren XI

Tune: Rosin the Bow

Ye jolly young lads of Ohio,
And all ye sick Jackson men too,
Come out from among the Van party,
And vote for Old Tippecanoe.
And vote for Old Tippecanoe!

And vote for Old Tippecanoe!
Come out from among the Van party
And vote for Old Tippecanoe!

The great Twenty-second is coming,
And the Van-jacks begin to look blue;
They know there's no chance for poor Marty,
If we stick to Old Tippecanoe., etc.

I therefore will give you a warning,
Not that any good it will do,
For I'm certain you all are a-going
To vote for Old Tippecanoe., etc.

Then let us all go to Columbus,
And form a procession or two,
And I tell you the Van-jacks will strike
At the sound of Old Tippecanoe., etc.

And if we get any ways thirsty,
I'll tell you what we can do:
We'll bring down a keg of hard cider
And drink to Old Tippecanoe!, etc.

No. 666

HARRISON VS VAN BUREN XII

also known as

Harrison Song

Roll Away, Roll Away

This is the "confident" type of campaign song, the kind that tells the listener its candidate is going to win, and why. For another version, see Lawrence, 282.

Harrison vs Van Buren XIITune: Yankee Doodle

On seventy-six, our minds we'll fix
And take it for our texy, sir,
I now declare, our nation's chair
William shall take next, sir.

Chorus

Old Tip Ca Nu, he has been true,
So says our country's spoiler;
So now, my boys, without much noise,
A health to Tip and Tyler.
Roll away, roll away,
Keep the ball in motion;
Roll away, roll away,
From Rocky Hill to Ocean!

Now little Van is not the man
For our next President, sir;
But Harrison, he is the one—
For him our course is bent, sir.

Ye voters all, both great and small,
I'd have you to remember,
The time's at hand, come take your stand,
And don't forget November.

And when that day has passed away,
We'll then lay by our fighting,
And every one, both old and young,
Will see us all uniting.

No. 667

HARRISON VS VAN BUREN XIII

also known as

Old Tippecanoe

Tippecanoe

Another song of praise for candidate Harrison. Other versions are in Brown, III, 472-473; Jackson (ESUS), 120; and Silber (SAVB), 40.

Harrison vs Van Buren XIIITune: Rosin the Bow

A bumper around now, my hearties,
I'll sing you a song that is new;
I'll please to the buttons all parties,
And sing of Old Tippecanoe.
And sing of Old Tippecanoe!
And sing of Old Tippecanoe!
I'll please to the buttons all parties,
And sing of Old Tippecanoe.

When first by the Thames' gentle waters,
My sword for my country I drew,
I fought for America's daughters,
'Long side of Old Tippecanoe., etc.

Ere this too when danger assailed us,
And Indians their dread missiles threw,
His counsel and courage availed us—
We conquered at Tippecanoe., etc.

And when all the troubles were ended,
I flew to the girls that I knew;
They promptly declared they intended
To kiss me for Tippecanoe., etc.

And now that the good of the nation
Requires that something we do,
We'll hurl little Van from his station
And elevate Tippecanoe., etc.

No. 668

HARRISON VS VAN BUREN XIV

also known as

The Non-Committal Song

This is the final song of the 1840 Presidential series of campaign songs, and this one, like the others, are highly critical of Martin Van Buren. The song makes fun of Van Buren's name and his family background, and pictures him as an indecisive man. For another text, see Lawrence, 279.

Harrison vs Van Buren XIV

Tune: Snapoo

A Dutchman came over from Kinderhook, snapoo!

A Dutchman came over from Kinderhook, snapoo!

A Dutchman came over from Kinderhook;

When asked for his name, he replied with a shy look:

Snapooter, snapeter, philanthro, kiksheeter, snapoo!

He got on a stump and palavered away, snapoo! (2)

He got on a stump and palavered away

In a very mysterious, obfuscated way,

About snapooter, snapeter, philanthro, kiksheeter, snapoo!

He cast a sheep's eye at the President's chair, snapoo! (2)

He cast a sheep's eye at the President's chair.

You must answer some questions before you get there,

Mister snapooter, snapeter, philanthro, kiksheeter, snapoo!

Oh, what's your opinion of this and that, snapoo! (2)

Oh, what's your opinion of this and that;

With a cringe and a bow, quick replies little Mat:

Snapooter, snapeter, philanthro, kiksheeter, snapoo!

Some said he meant yes, and some said he meant no,
snapoo! (2)

Some said he meant yes, and some said he meant no;
But resolved to the White House the Dutchman should go,
With his snapooter, snapeter, philanthro, kiksheeter,
snapoo!

For three or four years we have tried the Dutchman,
snapoo! (2)

For three or four years we have tried the Dutchman,
And we have found to our cost what he meant by his plan
Of snapooter, snapeter, philanthro, kiksheeter, snapoo!

So Matty to Kinderhook, march, march away, snapoo! (2)

So Matty to Kinderhook, march, march away.

Says Van, "If you'll but allow me to stay,

I'll snapooter, snapeter, philanthro, kiksheeter, snapoo!"

No. 669

HARRY DUNN, or DUNNE

also known as

The Hanging Limb
Lumbering Boy

The Woods of Michigan

This is a lumbering song from Nova Scotia. Lumbermen brought it into Maine, according to Eckstorm, about 1910. Before that, however, it was sung in Michigan, which is where the story unfolds.

REFERENCES

Beck (LLC), 212-217
Beck (SML), 160-165
Creighton (SBNS), 280-281
Doerflinger, 222-223
Eckstorm, 120-122
Gardner (BSSM), 282-283

Greenleaf, 329-330
Jones, 4
Jour (AFL), XXXI, 75-76
Peacock, III, 763-765
Rickaby, 103-109

Harry Dunn, or Dunne

Now all you Canadian boys, wherever you may dwell,
I beg you, hear my story and learn its lesson well.
O do not leave your home, boys, but by your parents
stand;

But if you ever set out to work, steer clear of
Michigan.

O once I knew a fine young man, his name was Harry Dunn;
His father was a farmer, Harry was his only son.
They had everything they needed, like houses and good
land,
But Harry thought he'd like to winter in the woods of
Michigan.

The day before he went away he heard his mother say:
"My heart is breaking, Harry, O please don't go away!
I fear for you to leave us, your poor old Pa and me,
For I believe that, when you go, your face no more
I'll see."

But Harry only laughed at her, and begged her not to fear.
"The winter soon will pass," he said, "and I'll come
right back here.
I'll earn enough money for to spend—and don't you
understand?

I'm going just to have a time in the woods of Michigan."

One morning early he arose without his happy smile;
He called his buddy close to him, a young man named
Joe Lyle;

"Now, Joe," he said, "I've had a dream that fills my
heart with woe.

I dreamed there's something wrong at home, and I fear
that I must go."

His comrade only laughed at him, which pleased him
for a time,

Saying, "Harry, this is no time to leave, we've got
to fall the pine."

He worked away till one o'clock upon that fatal day,
And then a limb fell down on him and crushed him into
the clay.

His comrades gathered round about where broken he was
cast.

"O, Joe," he said, "I'm dying now. My time has come at
last.

So lift me up and take me down and send my body home.
I wish to God I'd never left—O why did I ever roam?"

One morning bright and early, at the rising of the sun,
A man brought home the last remains, and there lay
Harry Dunn.

And when his mother saw his face, she fell upon the
ground,

And with the son she loved so much, her poor soul was
heaven bound.

Likewise his aged father, tho' he lingered for awhile,
But from that day thereafter he was never known to smile.
Remember Harry Dunn, my boys, if lumbering you plan,
Go anywhere, but don't go near the woods of Michigan.

No. 670

HASTE TO THE WEDDING

also known as

Come, Haste to the Wedding

Perry's Victory

An Irish song, Haste to the Wedding, was introduced in the pantomime, The Elopement, in 1767. The tune is used in the United States as a fiddle piece for a country dance called Lady of the Lake. It is sometimes known as Perry's Victory, because a song of that title was set to the tune by John Neal.

For a text of Perry's Victory, which commemorates the American Naval victory over the British in the Battle of Lake Erie, on September 10, 1813, see Kennedy (TAB), 42-43.

The original Haste to the Wedding is an old Irish air used by P. J. McCall for the following text.

REFERENCES

Breatnac, 294-295

Lair (SLL), 32

Ford (OTFM), 36

Linscott, 88-89

Ford (TMA), 53

Haste to the Wedding

I'd polished the silver, I'd tidied the kitchen,
My dresser looked white as a stack in the snow;
And here by the window my skirt I was stitchin',
For I'm very neat with a needle to sew.
What's the use of me mendin' my finery,
Till it is fit for a queen on her throne?
For it's, O dear! there isn't a sigh o' me
Gettin' a man and a place o' my own.

Chorus

'Twas haste to the weddin', and haste to the weddin',
I sang as I sat at the window alone;
Movrone, O! 'twas oft I was dreading
I'd not get a man with a place of my own.

I found in my first cup o' tea the next Monday,
A lucky red tea-leaf—some stranger to call;
I tried seven times, and he travelled on Sunday,
I wonder'd who was it was comin' at all.
Who was is but Lanty, last Sunday for Nancy—
He buried his mother last May in Kilcone;
And it's now, dear, I'll marry my fancy—
The boy o' my heart with a place of his own.

Chorus

'Tis haste to the weddin', and haste to the weddin'!
Not long I'll be sittin' and singin' alone;
For soon, dear, with young Lanty Reddin,
I'll reign like a queen in a house of my own.

No. 671

HAUL AWAY, JOE

This is a "short-drag" or "short-haul" shanty from England. When American seamen got hold of it, the shanty was Americanized, which means, in this case, that all political references were eliminated. Examples of the differences in the shanty sung by English and American sailors are interesting. English sailors sang:

Louis was the king of France
Before the Revolution,
But Louis got his head cut off,
Which spoiled his constitution!

American sailors, with more important things to sing about, changed the words to:

Once I had a German girl,
But she was fat and lazy;
Then I had an Irish girl—
She damn near drove me crazy!

The shanty dates back to the second half of the 18th century. In America, it dates back only to the years immediately following the War of 1812.

For an interesting adaptation by Southern fishermen, Haul, Haul, Haul, Boys, is in Brown, III, 257. Also see the Haul Away, My Rosy in Lomax (OSC), 208.

REFERENCES

- | | |
|----------------------------|------------------------|
| Adams, 312 | Jour (AFL), V, 18, 20, |
| Best, 130 | 31, 312 |
| Brown, V, 500-501 | King, 12 |
| Bullen & Arnold, 31 | Kolb, 112-113 |
| Clements, 32 | Langstaff (1), 69 |
| Colcord, 41-42 | Leisy, 154-156 |
| Davis (SSC), 60-61 | Linscott, 138 |
| Doerflinger, 4-5 | Masefield (SG), 368 |
| Finger (SCCS), 15 | Robinson, 71 |
| Frothingham (SS), 257 | Sampson, 51 |
| Greenleaf, 338 | Scott (SA), 6-7 |
| Harlow, 76-78 | Sharp (EFC-2), 32 |
| Harlow (MS), 272 | Sharp (PC), 18 |
| Harper's (July, 1882), 282 | Shay (ASSC), 30 |
| Hille, 31 | Shay (IMWS), 92 |
| Hugill (1), 358-360 | Silverman, II, 258 |
| Hugill (2), 198-200 | Whall (SSS), 87 |
| Ives (SA), 65-67 | Wood, II, 65 |
| Ives (SB), 160, 140 | |

Haul Away, Joe!

When I was a little boy,
My dear old Mother told me,
Hey! haul away!
We'll haul away, Joe!
That if I did not kiss the girls
My lips would grow all mouldy.
Hey! haul away!
We'll haul away, Joe!

Oh! once I was in Ireland
A-bettin on the races,
Hey! haul away!
We'll haul away, joe!
But now I'm on a sailing ship
A-haulin' sheets and braces!
Hey! haul away!
We'll haul away, Joe!

Oh! once I had a Southern girl,
And she was young and tender.
Hey! haul away!
We'll haul away, Joe!
She left me for a Yankee lad,
So young and rich and slender!
Hey! haul away!
We'll haul away, Joe!

No. 672

HAUL THE BOWLINE
also known as

Haul Away the Bowline Haul on the Bowline

This is one of the oldest known shanties in the English-speaking world; it dates back to the reign of Henry VIII.

The term "bowline" is pronounced "bo-lin," and it refers to a small rope on the leech of a squaresail—a very important rope aboard sailing ships of the 15th century. The term continued in use even after the shanty began to be used for such work as hauling aft "the fore and main sheet and sweating up halyards." For a version of this combine with a version of Haul Away, Joe, see Doerflinger, 5.

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- | | |
|-------------------------------|--------------------------|
| Adams, 310 | Leisy, 156 |
| Bone, 38 | Linscott, 139 |
| Bradford, 2 | Luce, 13 |
| Bullen & Arnold, No. 37 | Masefield (SG), 303, 368 |
| Chapple (HS), 459 | Meloney, 26 |
| Colcord, 42-43 | Oberndorfer, 67 |
| Dabis (SSC), No. 18 | Patterson (SA), 221 |
| Doerflinger, 9-10 | Robinson, 102 |
| Emrich (FAL), 466 | Sampson, 50 |
| Finger (SCCS), 14 | Scott (BA), 131 |
| Greenleaf, 338 | Sharp (EFC-2), 42-43 |
| Greig & Duncan, No. 1 | Shay (ASSC), 27 |
| Harlow, 95-96 | Shay (IMWS), 132 |
| Harper's (July, 1882),
282 | Siegmeister, 13 |
| Hugill (1), 354-356 | Silverman, II, 253 |
| Hugill (2), 196-197 | Smith (MW), 13-14 |
| Jour (FSS), V, 314 | Terry, I, No. 20 |
| King, 12 | Terry (SS), No. 5 |
| | Williams (SC), 80 |

Haul the Bowline

Haul the bowline! the Captain says we're rollin',
Haul the bowline, the bowline, haul!

Haul the bowline! the Captain is a-growling!, etc

Haul the bowline! O Kitty, you're my darling!, etc.

Haul the bowline! I wish I had some whiskey!, etc.

Haul the bowline! we're on our way to England!, etc.

No. 673

THE HAUNTED WOOD

also known as

The Haunted Falls

This song comes without confirmable information regarding time or place of origin. The story of Indians attacking a cabin and killing children is not exclusive to this ballad, but the fact that the mother survived as a ghost or spirit is not consistent with the history of traditional song in America.

Quoting an informant about a similar song, Burt, 144-146, says "it may be a garbled version of the killing of a German family which is said to have started the massacres in Minnesota in 1862."

For other versions, see Coffin & Cohen, 93-94 and Fife, 118-119.

The Haunted Wood

Once upon a time a river flowed
Between two mountain walls,
And the place from which it started
Formed a frame for Haunted Falls.

Rugged rocks had pushed and risen
Far upon either side;

And its powerful base was washed there
Through the years by rolling tide.

On a quiet day the father
To the town for mail had gone,
Leaving wife and little babies
A few quiet hours alone.

Soon she heard the tramp of horses
And she quickly turned in fright
Just in time to draw the door bolt
As the Indians rode in sight.

Then she seized and hissed her babies,
Bid them neither speak nor cry;
Hid them in a secret closet,
And she nerved herself to die.

With an angry push, the Chieftain
Tore the bolt from off the door;
There he saw the weeping woman
Lying scared upon the floor.

Warriors seized the weeping woman,
Roughly raised her from the floor,
Held her by her dark brown tresses,
Roughly dragged her to the shore.

There they sang and danced around her,
Heeding not her piteous cries,
Cast her on the rocks below them,
And in agony she died.

"Come, we'll burn this little dwelling,"
Warriors cried and circled 'round;
Then they burned the little babies,
And the dwelling to the ground.

Now the husband wanders lonely
Where his dwelling once had stood,

And the people of the village
Call that place the Haunted Wood.

No. 674

HAVE ANOTHER DRINK WITH ME

also known as

Here's a Health to Thee, Tom Moore

This is an adaptation of an old Irish drinking song,
Here's a Health to Thee, Tom Moore.

Have Another Drink With Me

My wife I know is waiting,
And I'm where I shouldn't be,
But before I go, old friend,
Have another drink with me.

I'll drink to those who love me,
I'll drink to those who hate;
And whatever may befall me,
Here's a double one for fate.

Tho' the world in which we're living
May be near the awful brink,
Let's smile and be forgiving,
While we order one more drink.

My train is at the station,
And I'm where I shouldn't be,
But before I go, old friend,
Have another drink with me.

No. 675HAVE YE STRUCK ILE?

This is a mid-19th century American song, with words by Joseph B. Quinby. The tune was adapted from The Irish Jaunting Car (see in MB).

The song is about oil. Marco Polo described petroleum as far back as 1290, but six hundred years elapsed before anybody did anything about it. In the summer of 1859 oil was discovered in the Allegheny Valley of Pennsylvania. This discovery resulted in a quick growth of such towns as Oil City, bringing vast wealth to men like John W. Steele, better known as Coal Oil Johnny. The situation inspired the song. For similar versions, see Carmer (SRA), 3-4 and Jordan, 44-46.

Have Ye Struck Ile?

From California ocean laved,
To old Virginia shore,
And from the Gulf of Mexico
To Northern Labrador,
All o'er the land the word is now
Petroleum all the while.
And all the borers and the bores inquire:
Have ye struck ile?

Chorus

Hurrah! Hurrah!
Rich treasures in our soil!
What care we if all Europe rage?
Our nation has struck oil!

But yesterday that man was poor
Who's now a millionaire,

For on his lands deemed worthless then
Are found oil-wells most rare.
His neighbors all, now half run mad,
Are boring thro' the soil;
And oleaginous signs they seek,
All hoping to strike ile.

No. 676

HAYES VS TILDEN

also known as

The Boys In Blue Will See It Through

Political campaign song for Rutherford Birchard Hayes,
19th President of the United States.

Hayes served one term in the U. S. House of Representatives (1865-1867), then was elected Governor of Ohio (1868-1872). In 1876, after being out of public office for four years, he again ran for the Governorship of Ohio and won. During his second term, he became a candidate for President of the United States. The election results were disputed in several states, namely, South Carolina, Florida, Louisiana, and Oregon. An electoral commission was appointed by Congress, and that commission decided in favor of Hayes and against Samuel J. Tilden.

For another version, see Luther, 237.

Hayes vs Tilden

The boys in blue will see it through;
They'll send to Washington
The candidates who have been true,
And have their laurels won.

In General Rutherford B. Hayes,
We have an honest man;
And Wheeler has such upright ways,
We're bound to lead the van.

The boys in blue will see it through,
And conquer in the fight;
Our candidates are firm and true,
And work for truth and right.

No. 677

HE AROSE I
also known as
Dust and Ashes

This is one of the "slave" spirituals featured and made popular by the original Fisk Jubilee Singers. Slaves obviously "borrowed" the words from the older campground spiritual, Mary Weeping, a version of which may be seen in James, 408 or in this Master Book as Weeping Mary III. Also see He Arose II in MB.

REFERENCES

Dett, 213-218	Marsh (SJS), 160
Jubilee (PS), 30-33	Pike (1873), 200
Jackson (WSSU), 269	Pike (1875), 242

He Arose I

They killed my poor Jesus,
They killed my poor Jesus,
They killed my poor Jesus,
And laid Him in the tomb.

Chorus

He arose, He arose, He arose,
And went to heaven in a cloud.

Then down came an angel, (3)
And rolled away the stone.

Then Mary she came weeping, (3)
A-looking for her Lord.

But Jesus He was missing, (3)
His Father called Him home.

No. 678

HE AROSE II

also known as

He Arose From the Dead

Another "slave" spiritual featured by the original Fisk Jubilee Singers. For other versions, see Brewer, 160 and Marsh (SJS), 208-209.

He Arose II

The Jews crucified Him, and nail'd Him to the tree,
The Jews crucified Him, and nail'd Him to the tree,
The Jews crucified Him, and nail'd Him to the tree,
And the Lord shall bear His children home.

Chorus

He rose, He rose, He rose, He rose, He rose from the dead,
He rose, He rose, He rose, He rose, He rose from the dead,
He rose, He rose, He rose, He rose, He rose from the dead,
And the Lord shall bear His children home.

Joseph begged His body, and laid it in the tomb, etc.

Down came an angel, and rolled the stone away, etc.

Mary, she came weeping, her Lord for to see, etc.

No. 679

THE HEARSE SONG

also known as

The Old Gray Hearse

The Worm Song

This piece of "gruesome humor" was, says Dolph, a song "especially popular with the aviators" during WWI. It gained some popularity among post-War college students and seems to have an appeal for children.

REFERENCES

Best, 5

Niles (SMM), 188

Dolph, 122

Sandburg (AS), 444

Loesser, 183

Winn (2), 178

Lomax (ABFS), 556

The Hearse Song

The old gray hearse goes rolling by,
You don't know whether to laugh or cry;
For you know someday it'll get you too,
That the very next load may consist of you.

Chorus

The worms crawl in, and the worms crawl out;
They'll do a right dress and they'll turn about.
Then each one will take a bite or two
Out of what they used to call you.

They'll take you out, they'll lower you down;
The men with the shovels will stand around.
They'll shovel in dirt, shovel in rocks,
And they won't give a damn if they break the box!

Your eyes'll drop out, your teeth fall in,
The worms'll crawl on your mouth and chin;
They'll invite their friends and relatives too,
And you'll look like hell when they're through
with you!

No. 680

HEART OF OAK
also known as
Hearts of Oak

Source Song. The tune of this song has contributed to American history and musical tradition, but the song itself is not otherwise part of American folk-song. It was, however, a very popular song in the colonies prior to the American Revolution, which explains the use of this tune for songs in this Master Book. See Liberty Song I, II & III.

According to William Chappell, the original Heart of Oak, with words by David Garrick and music by Dr. William Boyce, was introduced in the stage play, Harlequin's Invasion, London, 1759.

Version A is an English text. Version B is an American text by J. W. Hewlings, written in 1775.

For other versions, see Chappell (OEPM), 189-191; Chappell (PMOT), II, 715-717; Ives (SB), 82-83; and Vinson, 38-39.

Heart of Oak(Version A)

Come, cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we steer,
To add something more to this wonderful year;
To honor we call you, as free men, not slaves,
For who are so free as the sons of the waves?

Chorus

Heart of oak are our ships, heart of oak are our men;
We always are ready, steady, boys, steady,
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

Our worthy forefathers, let's give them a cheer,
To climates unknown did courageously steer:
Through oceans, to deserts, for freedom they came,
And dying bequeathed us their freedom and fame.

VERSION B

Come, rouse up, my lads, and join the great cause,
In defense of your liberty, property, and laws!
'Tis to honor we call you, stand up for your right,
And ne'er let our foes say we are put to the flight.

Chorus

For so just is our cause and so valiant our men;
We always are ready, steady, boys, steady;
We'll fight for our freedom again and again.

They tax us contrary to reason and right,
Expecting that we are not able to fight;
But to draw their troops home I do think would be best,
For Providence always defends the oppressed.

The valiant Bostonians have entered the field,
And declare they will fall there before they will yield;
A noble example! In them we'll confide,
We'll march to their town, stand or fall by their side.

No. 681HEAVE AWAY I

also known as

Yellow Gal, I Want to Go

The term "heave away" is a common one in sea shanties, but, in this instance, we are dealing with a "shore" work song, and one that apparently originated among American blacks during slavery. Whether or not the dock workers adapted it from a version learned from Irish seamen is one of those unresolved questions so frequently encountered in the study of folk song. For shanty versions and an Irish comic fore-runner, see Heave Away II and III in MB.

REFERENCES

Allen (SSUS), 61, 111

Hugill (1), 301

Downes (1940), 144

Lomax (ABFS), 485

Downes (1943), 170

Sandburg (AS), 407

Heave Away I

Heave away, heave away!
I'd rather court a yellow gal
Than work for Henry Clay.
Yellow gal, I want to go.
I'd rather court a yellow gal
Than work for Henry Clay.
Heave away!
Yellow gal, I want to go.

No. 682

HEAVE AWAY II

also known as

Heave Away, Me Johnnies	We Are All Bound To Go
Heave Away, My Johnnies,	We're All Away To Sea
or Johnny	We're All Bound To Go

According to Doerflinger, this shanty was a general favorite. Mackenzie was of the opinion that the Irish comic song, Yellow Meal (see Heave Away III), was developed from this shanty. Others believed that the shanty grew out of the Irish song. Colcord said the shanty began along the Liverpool waterfront.

REFERENCES

Boughton, 194	Mackenzie, 259-261
Colcord, 93	Mackenzie (QB), 76-78
Davis (SSC), 8-9	Robbins, 113
Doerflinger, 62-64	Robinson, 43
Farnsworth, 109-111	Sampson, 8
Harlow, 14-16	Sharp (EFC-2), 30
Harlow (MS), 103-105	Sharp (FSFS), 58-61
Hugill (1), 303-307	Shay (ASSC), 73
Hugill (2), 122-124	Shay (IMWS), 102
Jour (FSS), V, 308; VIII, 98	Smith (MW), 54-56
King, 19	Terry, I, 28-29
Luce, 225	Whall (SSS), 56

Heave Away II

Some say we're bound for Liverpool,
Some say we're bound for France,
Heave away, my Johnny, heave away!
I think we're bound for 'Frisco, boys,
To give the girls a chance!

Heave away, my Johnny,
We are all bound to go!

When I get down to New Orleans,
I'll sail the seas no more.
Heave away, my Johnny, heave away!
I'll marry me a Creole girl
And live my life ashore.
Heave away, my Johnny,
We are all bound to go!

No. 683

HEAVE AWAY III

also known as

Across the Western Ocean
The Irish Emigrant

Lay Me Down
Yellow Meal

This is a version of the Irish comic song that either derived from or generated the shanty, Heave Away II, given above. Versions of this song appears in many 19th century songsters and books, including: Dayton's Letter-Carrier Songster, 1862, p. 9; Delaney's Irish Song Book No. 2, p. 18; Jim, The Carter Lad, Songster, 1870, p. 20; The "You Know How It Is Yourself" Songster, 1870, p. 53.

Version B is the shanty most like the Irish original, and is given here for comparison.

REFERENCES

Doerflinger, 61-62
Hugill (1), 299-301

O'Connor (1901), 56
Smith (BOS), 67

Heave Away III

(Version A)

As I walked out one morning, down by the Sligo Dock,
I overheard an Irishman conversing with Tapscott:
"Good morning, Mr. Tapscott—would you be after telling me,
Have you ever a ship bound for New York, in the State
of Amerikee?"

"Oh, yes, my handsome Irish boy, I have a ship or two;
They're laying at the wharf there, waiting for a crew.
They are New York packets, and on Friday they will sail;
At present she is taking in one thousand bags of meal."

Straightaway then I started, 'twas on yellow-grog road;
Such roars of mille-murder! Oh, the like was never known!
Right there I paid my passage down in solid Irish gold—
It's often times that I sat down and wished myself at
home.

The very day we started, 'twas on the first of May,
The Captain he came upon the deck and this to us did say:
"Cheer up, my hearty Irish blades, don't let your courage
fail!

Today I'll serve you pork-and-beans, tomorrow yellow meal."

One day as we were sailing in the channel of St. James,
A north-west wind came up to us and drove us back again.
But luck to the Josh A. Walker, and the day that she set
sail,

For the dirty sailors broke open my chest and stole my
yellow meal.

But now I'm in America and working upon the canal;
To cross the ocean in one of those boats, I know I never
shall.

But I'll cross it in a great big ship that carries meat
and sail,

Where I'll get lashings of corned meat, and none of your
yellow meal!

VERSION B(See reference list: Heave Away II)

Oh, as I walked out one summer's morn,
 Down by the Salthouse Docks,
 Heave away, me bullies, heave away, away!
 I met an emigrant Irish gal
 Conversin' with Tapscott;
 An' away, me bully boys,
 We're all bound to go!

I'll take a farmer's daughter,
 One beautiful and bold,
 Heave away, me bullies, heave away, away!
 Her father died and left her
 Five hundred pound in gold;
 An' away, me bully boys,
 We're all bound to go!

Her rich old uncle came one day,
 One bright and summer day,
 Heave away, me bullies, heave away, away!
 Another man's in favor,
 Is what I heard him say;
 An' away, me bully boys,
 We're all bound to go!

No. 684

HEAVE AWAY IV

also known as

Cape Cod Gals, or Girls

Cape Cod Shanty

The Codfish Shanty

Hanstead Boys

We Are Bound for California

We're Bound for Australia

We're Bound for South

Australia

This shanty comes in several forms and variations, and is most likely an off-shoot of older English songs. Version A is an American version. Version B, known as Rolling King is probably older than version A. For a Southern version sung by blacks, see Haul Away, I'm a Rolling King in Parrish, 220. For an English shanty with a near-like title, see Bound to Australia in Hugill (1), 524.

For a game version of Heave Away IV A, see Winn (2), 110-111.

For versions of the shanty, see Colcord, 90, 91 and Silverman, II, 265, 277.

Heave Away IV (Version A)

O, Cape Cod girls they have no combs,
Heave away, heave away!
They comb their hair with codfish bones,
Heave away, heave away,
Heave away, you bully, bully boys!
Heave away, heave away!
Heave away, and don't you make a noise,
For we're bound for Australia.

O, Cape Cod boys they have no sleds, etc.
They slide downhill on codfish heads, etc.

O, Cape Cod cats they have no tails, etc.
They blew away in heavy gales, etc.

VERSION B

also known as

Rolling King Ruler King South Australia

South Australia is my home,
Heave away, heave away!

South Australia is my home,
I'm bound for South Australia!
Heave away, heave away,
Heave away you rolling king,
I'm bound for South Australia!

There is only one thing grieves my mind, etc.
To leave that pretty gal behind, etc.

Now fare you well, O, fare you well, etc.
A sailor talks, but does not tell, etc.

No. 685

HEAVENLY CHOIR

also known as

I'm a Soldier of the Cross What Kind of Shoes Are You
Soldier of the Cross Going to Wear
 Yes! Yes! My Lord.

This is a slave spiritual from the repertoire of the original Fisk Jubilee Singers. It appears to be a rearrangement of the old campground spiritual, What Kind of Crowns Do the Angels Wear? (see in Brown, III, 683-684), which begins:

What kind of crowns do the angels wear?
The angels wear the golden ground,
 the golden crown.
I'm bound to rest, I'm bound to rest,
I'm bound to rest, the golden crown,
I'm bound to rest, bound to rest with God.

For a parody of the spiritual below, see White, 297-298.
For other versions, see Jubilee (PS), 31; Marsh (SJS), 168-169; and White, 107.

Heavenly Choir

What kind of shoes you gonna wear? Golden slippers!
What kind of shoes you gonna wear? Golden slippers!
Golden slippers I'm bound to wear,
That out shine the glittering sun.

Chorus

Yes, yes, my Lord,
I'm gonna join the heavenly choir!
Yes, yes, my Lord,
I'm a soldier of the Cross!

What kind of crown you gonna wear? Starry crown! (2)
Starry crown I'm bound to wear,
That out shines the glittering sun.

What kind of robe you gonna wear? Long white robe! (2)
Long white robe I'm bound to wear,
That out shines the glittering sun.

What kind of song you gonna sing? Brand new song! (2)
Brand new song I'm bound to sing,
That out shines the glittering sun.

No. 686

HEAVEN SHALL BE MY HOME

also known as

Poor Rosy

This was a dual purpose song. It was used by the slaves of the Port Royal Islands as both a rowing, or work, song and as a spiritual. It was first published in 1867. For other versions, see Allen (SSUS), 7, or 33-34 and Scott (BA), 199-201.

Heaven Shall Be My Home

Poor Rosy, poor gal,
Poor Rosy, poor gal;
Rosy broke my poor heart,
Heaven shall be my home.

Before I stay in hell one day,
Heaven shall be my home;
I'll sing and pray my soul away,
Heaven shall be my home.

Hard trials block my way,
Hard trials block my way;
Hard trials can't stop me,
Heaven shall be my home.

Before I heed ol' Satan's call,
Heaven shall be my home;
I may stumble but I sure won't fall,
Heaven shall be my home.

Brother, I'm bound to go,
Brother, I'm bound to go;
Brother, come along too,
Heaven shall be our home.

We'll leave the sinners all behind,
Heaven shall be our home;
We'll let the blind all lead the blind,
Heaven shall be our home.

No. 687

HEEL AND TOE POLKA

also known as

Bounce Around

Dancing the Poker

This is still a popular dance tune, and one that has been recovered as a Play-party song in Iowa, Missouri, Oklahoma, and Texas.

For variations, see Ames (MPP), 296 and Piper (SPPG), 280..

Other versions are in Botkin (APPS), 204-205 and Ford (TMA), 165 (with game instructions on p. 232).

Heel and Toe Polka

Do you know the heel and toe?

Let's do it now together.

Away we go, heel and toe,

In fair and sunny weather.

Do the heel and toe Polka, O!

We'll romp and stomp together!

It's first the heel, then the toe,

In fair and sunny weather.

Heel and toe, away we go,

It's fun to do the polka;

We romp and stomp, heel and toe,

Come on and dance the polka.

No. 688

HELL AMONG THE YEARLINGS

also known as

Heck Among the Yearlings

This is a "hoedown," played at Square dances and at fiddlers' conventions. For other versions, see Ford (TMA), 101 and Thede, 130.

There are no words to this, so see music under TUNES in this Master Book.

No. 689

HELL AND TEXAS

also known as

Hell in Texas

Song of the Border

A musical satire adapted to so many localities that the place of original inspiration is a matter of conjecture. According to Thorp, the original title was The Birth of New Mexico. Fife, 83-84, has a version called Alaska: Hell on the Yukon. Lomax (ABFS), 401, calls it Arizona: How It Was and Who Made It. Also see the text given in Mody Boatright's Folk Laughter on the American Frontier, pp. 84-85, where the author claims the words were written by E. U. Cook, a lawyer, who came to Texas from Iowa in the 1880s. According to Lomax, however, the words were "possibly" written by John R. Steele of the U. S. Signal Corps, Brownsville, Texas, in early frontier days.

REFERENCES

- | | |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| Botkin (AFL), 334-335 | Lomax (ABFS), 397-399 |
| Fife, 80-82 | Lomax (CS-1919), 222 |
| Gordon, 876 | Lomax (CS-1938), 317 |
| Hastings, 175-180 | Randolph, II, 217-219 |
| Lingenfelter, 12-13 | Thorp (1921), 77-79 |

Hell and Texas

Ol' Satan, the devil, in hell was chained,
For a thousand years he there remained;
He didn't complain and he did not moan,
But determined to start him a hell of his own,
Where he could torment the souls of men
Without being chained in a prison pen.
So he asked the Lord if he had on a hand
Anything left when he made the land.

The Lord replied, "I had plenty on hand,
But I left it down on the Rio Grande;
The truth is, ol' man, the stuff is so poor
I don't think you could use it in Hell any more."
But the devil went down to look at the truck,
And said if it came as a gift he'd be stuck.
For after examining it carefully and well,
He concluded the place was too dry for Hell.

Then, in order to get it off his hands,
The Lord promised Satan he'd water the lands;
For he had some water, or rather the dregs,
A real cathartic that smelled just like bad eggs.
So the deal was closed and deed was given,
And the Lord went back to his home in Heaven.
The devil then said, "I have all that is needed
To make a good Hell," and hence he succeeded.

He began to put thorns on all of the trees,
Then mixed up the sand with millions of fleas;
He scattered tarantulas along all the roads,
Put thorns on the cactus and horns on the toads;
He lengthened the horns of the Texas steers,
And added three inches on the rabbits' ears.
He put a little devil in the broncho steed,
And poisoned the feet of the centipede.

The rattlesnake bites you, the scorpion stings,
The mosquitoes delight you with buzzing wings;
The sand-burrs prevail, and so do the ants,
And those who sit down need soles on their pants.
The devil then swore that throughout the land
He'd manage to preserve the devil's own brand,
That all would be mavericks unless they bore
The marks and scratches and bites by the score.

The heat in the summer is a hundred and ten,
Too hot for the devil and too hot for men;
The wild boar roams thro' the wild chaparral—
One helluva place for him to have a hell!
The red pepper grows on the banks of the brook,
And Mexicans use it in all that they cook;
Just dine with one of them and you will shout:
"It's hell on the inside as well as without!"

No. 690

THE HELL-BOUND TRAIN

This song, with its amusing moral tale, has been attributed to more than one author and composer. W. H. Fawcett, in Smoke-House Poetry, p. 175, says the words were written by Tom Gray. Lomax, quoting a newspaper clipping (Fort Gibson Post, April 8, 1909), attributes the words to J. W. Pruitte, a cowboy preacher. Take your pick. The song dates back to the turn of the 20th century.

REFERENCES

Beck (LLC), 261-262
Beck (SML), 246-247
Fife, 336-337
Finger (FB), 110-113

Kennedy (AB), 93-95
Kennedy (TAB), 268-270
Lomax (CS-1919), 245
Lomax (CS-1938), 236

Lomax (FSNA), 402

Shay (PF-2), 95-97

Ohrlin, 36-37

Shay (PF-3), 168-170

Randolph, IV, 23-24

Silverman, II, 382

The Hell-Bound Train

A drunkard lay on a barroom floor;
He drank too much and could hold no more.
He fell asleep with a troubled brain,
And dreamed he was on the Hell-bound train.

The fireman there was a crazy tramp,
The headlight was a brimstone lamp;
The tank was full of lager beer,
And Satan himself was the engineer.

The train sped on at an awful pace,
With brimstone burning hands and face;
And worse and worse the roadbed grew,
As faster and faster the engine flew.

He blew the whistle and rang the bell,
And Satan said, "The next stop's hell!"
Then all the passengers yelled with pain
And begged the Devil to stop the train.

The Devil laughed at their misery,
And roared and hollered loud with glee:
"You paid your fare, I've got my load,
I'll take you to the end of the road.

"You robbed and cheated the weak and poor,
And turned the hungry from your door;
You stored up gold and caused a bust,
And ruined girls with your beastly lust.

"You mocked at God with your willful pride,
You murdered and you killed and lied;
You double-crossed and cussed and stole—
And now you're mine, both body and soul!

"You paid your fare back at Thompson's bar,
And now you ride the Devil's car;
You better know I'm not a liar—
I'm taking you all to the land of fire!

"Your bones will burn and the flames will roar,
You'll sizzle well from rind to core!"
The bar was filled by an awful scream—
The drunk awoke from his terrible dream.

Upon his knees, on the barroom floor,
The drunkard prayed as never before!
His prayers and vows were not in vain,
For he rode no more on the Hell-bound train.

No. 691

A HELLUVA ENGINEER

also known as

A Rambling Wreck

This is a popular parody of Son of a Gambolier (see in MB). The parody was extremely popular with soldiers during WWI and, later, with a few word changes, it was turned into I'm a Rambling Wreck from Georgia Tech by college students. According to Dolph, in France "some outfits sang it to the tune of The Wearing of the Green."

REFERENCES

Dolph, 125-127

Durlacher, 50

Shay (DFW), 101

A Helluva Engineer

Come, all you gallant soldiers,
And the story you shall hear
Of the trials and tribulations
Of an army engineer.
Like every honest soldier
He took his whisky clear
Till General Scott said:
"You shall not touch whisky, wine, or beer!"

Chorus

He's a helluva, helluva, helluva,
Helluva, helluva engineer!
A rambling skate from any old state,
And nothing does her fear!
He tried to do his duty,
And he tried to do it well,
But the captain and the sergeant
And the corporal gave him hell!

They took him to the parade ground
To march, to rush, to crawl;
The first was bad, the next was worse,
The last was worst of all.
He bruised his belly on a tack,
He tore it on a nail;
He'd have made a damned good lizard
If he'd only had a tail!

They took him to the rifle range,
To learn to fire at will,
The aiming and the trigger squeeze,
The enemy to kill.
His rifle kicked him in the jaw—
He missed the bull a mile!
The chow shack is the only place
That he ever shows some style.

No. 692

HE NEVER SAID A MUMBLIN' WORD

also known as

Crucifixion

Never Said a Mumblin' Word

Easily available today, this old spiritual has undergone many modern treatments by arrangers and singing groups. Not found in many of the published collections of folk material, the song is one of our more enduring and popular spirituals.

REFERENCES

Botkin (SFL), 759-760
Brown, III, 626-627
Chambers (TNS), 39
Downes (1940), 172
Downes (1962), 206
Hayes, 121-122
Johnson (BANS), 174-176

Kennedy (M-1), 126-127
Lomax (ABFS), 587-588
Lomax (USA), 356-357
Parrish, 165-166
Silverman, II, 98
Work (ANSS), 103

He Never Said a Mumblin' Word

Oh, they whipped him up the hill,
Up the hill, up the hill,
Oh, they whipped him up the hill,
An' he never said a mumblin' word.
Oh, they whipped him up the hill
An' he never said a mumblin' word.
He just hung down his head, an' he cried.

Oh, they crowned him with a thorny crown, etc.

Oh, they nailed him to the cross, etc.

Oh, they pierced him in the side, etc.

No. 693

HERE STANDS AN OLD MAID FORSAKEN

This is an old English "ring" game for children that grew up to be a "Play-party" song. In America, at some time or other, it became a "kissing game" song. It is similar to several other game songs, such as Here Stands a Young Man, or Lady, Here Stands the Queen, Silly Old Man, and Yonder Stands a Lovely Creature.

For an English version, see Gomme, I, 204-205. For an American version, see Linscott, 15-16.

Here Stands an Old Maid Forsaken

Here stands an old maid forsaken,
She's of a contented mind;
She's lost her own true lover,
And seeks another kind.
She seeks another kind, sir,
I'll have you all to know,
She's very well provided for,
With forty-five strings to her bow,
With forty-five strings to her bow.

No. 694

HERE WE GO UP

This unusual little song, a derivative of an old Irish tune, was recorded by Linscott, 209-210, as a lullaby. She thought it possible "that this tune" might be related "to one very popular in 1641, called Hey, Boys,

Up We Go, which appeared in Thomas D'Urfey's Pills to Purge Melancholy."

Here We Go Up

Here we go up, up, up, up, up!

Here we go down, down, down-y!

Here we go over and over and over,

And here we go round, round, round-y!

No. 695

HE'S GOT THE WHOLE WORLD IN HIS HANDS

This spiritual fades away into yesteryear without record or references. It leaped to a renewed popularity in the 1950s through phonograph recordings made in England and the United States.

For other versions, see: Grafman, 97; Leisy, 160-161; Leisy (LAS), 138-139; and Whiteman, 203.

He's Got the Whole World in His Hands

He's got the whole world in His hands, (4).

He's got you and me, brother, in His hands, (3)

He's got the whole world in His hands.

He's got you and me, sister, in His hands, (3)

He's got the whole world in His hands.

He's got everybody here in His hands, (3)

He's got the whole world in His hands.

No. 696

HE'S THE MAN FOR ME
also known as
The Carefree Hombre

This is from the California gold-rush era. The words are by J. A. Stone, who wrote them to match the tune of Rosin the Bow.

For other versions, see Black, 6-7 and Dwyer, 131-132.

He's the Man for MeTune: Rosin the Bow

I've traveled the mountains all over,
Now down to the valley I'll go;
I'll live like a pig in the clover,
In sight of those mountains of snow.
In sight of those mountains of snow,
In sight of those mountains of snow,
I'll live like a pig in the clover,
In sight of those mountains of snow.

I'll marry a rich senorita,
And live on her money, of course;
And if she runs out of pesos,
I'll sue her and get a divorce.
I'll sue her, etc.

I'm greatly in favor of mining,
With me, though, it does not agree;
I'd rather be gently reclining
With beauty upon a sette.
With beauty upon, etc.

I'm not much in favor of thieving,
At all events, just as I feel,
But I'll never work for a living
As long as I'm able to steal!

As long as I'm able, etc.

No. 697

HEY! BETTY MARTIN
also known as

Betty Martin
High, Betty Martin

Tip Toe, Betty Martin
Tip Toe, Pretty Betty Martin

This song originated in England; it was about a farmer who resisted the temptations of London (see version B, below). The refrain had instant appeal for people on the American frontier, in the farming communities. It became a favorite of the fifers and drummers in the U. S. army and was a popular marching tune during the War of 1812.

During the Civil War the tune was revived with a new set of words:

Johnny, git your gun,
And your sword and your pistol;
Johnny, git you gun
And come with me.

In the 1890s, the tune was again used for a spoof of women with bobbed hair:

Chippy, get your hair cut,
Hair cut, hair cut,
Chippy, get your hair cut,
Hair cut short.

Later, these words were changed to make a children's song,

Johnny, Get Your Hair Cut. For the children's adaptation, see Seeger (1), 142-143.

Version A is an American version of the song and version B is early English.

REFERENCES

Botkin (NEF), 897-898

Llyod, 44

Dolph, 437-439

Luther, 57-58

Ford (OTFM), 38

Sandburg (AS), 158

Ford (TMA), 58

Tolman & Page, 62

Linscott, 85

Hey! Betty Martin (Version A)

Hey! Betty Martin,
Tip-toe, tip-toe,
Hey! Betty Martin,
Tip-toe fine.
Never found a man to suit her fancy,
Never found a man to suit her mind.

VERSION B

In Yorkshire I was born and bred,
I know a thing or two, sir;
And what is more, my father said,
My wit would bring me through, sir.
At single-stick or kiss the maids
I whar the boy for sartin'.
Says I, Push on! to be afraid's
My eye and Betty Martin.

Chorus

Hey! Betty Martin, tip toe, tip toe;
Hey, Betty Martin, tip toe fine.

Hey! Betty Martin, tip toe, tip toe,
My eye, Betty Martin, tip toe fine.

At home I'd often heard folks talk
Of London's famous city;
Of how the streets on which they walk
Wur paved with gold so pretty.
To mam and dad I gave a buss,
Says I, I'm off for sartin'—
So about my trip to make a fuss,
Is my eye and Betty Martin.

No. 698

HEY, DIDDLE DIDDLE

also known as

The Cat and the Fiddle The Cow Jumped Over the Moon

The single stanza of this song is one of the best known rhymes in the English language. Like most of our oldest rhymes, this one came from England. The only change in the text made in America was the removal of the word "sport"—which was replaced with the word "fun".

REFERENCES

Bertail, 5

Ives (SB), 20

Moorat, 7

Opie, 203-204

Wier (SWWS), 196

Wier (YAM), I, 44

Hey, Diddle Diddle

Hey, diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laughed to see such fun,
And the dish ran away with the spoon.

No. 699

HICKS' FAREWELL

also known as

The Dying Father's Farewell Farewell

The Dying Preacher The Minister's Last Goodbye

A "death message" song with a religious and brotherly love theme. Cecil Sharp evidently thought the song originated in England, since he included it in his Southern Appalachian collection.

Moore (BFSS) said, "Hicks' Farewell was first published by Harper and Brothers in The Franklin Square Song Collection (8 vols.), in 1881-1891." However, the song is in The Southern Harmony, published in 1835 and is also in the Harp of Columbia, published in 1848.

According to a footnote in the Southern Harmony, the song was written "by the Rev. B. Hicks, a Baptist minister of South Carolina, and sent to his wife while he was confined in Tennessee by a fever of which he afterwards recovered." Most versions are remarkably similar, except for the tune, which varies from version to version.

REFERENCES

- | | |
|--------------------------|-------------------------|
| Arnold, 7 | Jackson (WSSU), 202-203 |
| Backus, 288-289 | Moore (BFSS), 363-364 |
| Brown, III, 589; V, 334 | Randolph, IV, 52 |
| Davis (FSV), 299 | Sharp, II, 142-143 |
| Fuson, 73-74 | Swan, 32 |
| Jackson (SFS), 31, 54-55 | Walker (SH), 19 |

Hicks' Farewell

O, sweet was the time that I've spent with you,
But time keeps rolling by;
And now we part to meet no more,
And I feel like I could cry.

Let war and prejudice rage around,
 For I no longer care;
 I'll rest in peace beneath the ground,
 There is no disturbance there.

My darling children, so near my heart,
 May the future treat you kind;
 It grieves my heart that I must go
 And leave each of you behind.

My darling wife and loving friend,
 Do not lament or cry;
 Tho' death will come and take me soon,
 Our love will never die.

I can never come to you in death,
 But keep a faithful heart;
 For you shall shortly come to me,
 And then we will never part.

No. 700

HIGH BARBAREE

also known as

Along the Coast of High	Cruising Down the Coast of
Barbary	Barbary
The Coast of Barbaree, <u>or</u>	High Barbary
Barbary	New Barbary
The Coast of New Barbaree	On the Coast of Barbary
The Coasts of Barbary	The Queen of Russia and
The Coasts of High Barbary	the Prince of Wales

This song is usually presented as being related to an
 old British ballad, The George Aloe and the Sweepstake,

versions of which are in Child, V, No. 285. The relationship, if at all valid, is a distant one. The logic used to establish a relationship is quite weak. Flanders said, "This song traces back to a piece written for the British Navy by Charles Dibden (1745-1814). Dibden based his composition on George Aloe and the Sweepstake, but retained little of his model beyond the plot outline and the Barbary refrain." Flanders was agreeing with Cecil Sharp, who said: "The ballad is evidently related to an old broadside sea-song, which Mr. Ashton reproduces in his Real Sailor Songs: The Sailor's Onely Delight, shewing the brave fight between George-Aloe, the Sweepstake, and certain Frenchmen at Sea." For a version of The Sailor's Onely Delight, see Ashton (CB), 205-208 or Masfield (SG), 293-294.

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| Chappell (FSRA), 50-51 | Luce, 77 |
| Colcord, 152-153 | Morris, 53-54 |
| Farnsworth, 24-27 | Sharp (100), 32-34 |
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| Greig & Duncan, No. 38 | Silber (HSB), 30 |
| Harlow, 161-163 | Silverman, II, 252 |
| Hugill (1), 419-421 | Trident, 92-93 |
| Ives (SB), 116-117 | Whall (SSS), 78-79 |

There were two lofty ships from old England came,
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we;
One was the King of Prussia, and the other, Prince of
Wales,

Sailing down the coast of High Barbaree.

"Aloft there, aloft!" our bully boatswain cried.
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we.
"Look ahead, look astern, look aweather, look alee,
Look all along the coast of High Barbaree."

"There's naught upon the stern, and there's naught upon
the lee!"

Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we;
"But there's a mighty ship to windward, a-sailing fast
and free,

Sailing down the coast of High Barbaree."

"I'm not a man-o'-war, nor a privateer," said he.
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we;
"But I am a salt-sea pirate, a-looking for my prey,
Down along the coast of Hig Barbaree."

Oh, broadside to braodside a long time we lay,
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we;
Until the King of Prussia shot the Pirate's masts away,
Sailing down the coast of High Barbaree.

"Have mercy! have mercy!" we heard the pirates cry.
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we;
No mercy did we show them—we sank them in the sea,
Sailing down the coast of High Barbaree.

Their ship became a coffin, their grave became the sea,
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we;
We lashed them all together, and we sank them in the
sea,

Sailing down the coast of High Barbaree.

No. 701

HIGHWAYMAN OUTWITTED I

also known as

The Hampshire Bite	The New Hampshire Bite
In London There Did Dwell	The Old Spotted Cow
Jack and the Highwayman	The Oxford Merchant
Johnny and the Highwayman	Robber Song
Johnny and the Robber	Well Sold the Cow
John Sold the Cow Well	The Yorkshire Bite
The Little Yorkshire Boy	The Yorkshire Boy
The London Mason	

This is an American form of The Yorkshire Bite, which appears not to have been known west of the Mississippi except for a version recovered in Utah by Hubbard. The first version to be published with words and music, in the United States, was printed by Barry in Jour (AFL), XXIII (Oct.-Dec., 1910), 451. Barry presented it as a relative of The Crafty Farmer (see Highwayman Outwitted II in MB), a form previously printed by Child, No. 283. In so doing, Barry set a pattern for reference that has almost been religiously followed by other American collectors. Thereafter, when a version of The Yorkshire Bite was collected and printed, and regardless of title or differences, it was presented as "secondary" to Child, No. 283. Such classification is more than unnecessary, it is misleading. The Yorkshire Bite is not "secondary" to The Crafty Farmer, as the facts plainly show. The Crafty Farmer did not appear in print until 1796. Since The Yorkshire Bite appeared in British garlands between 1769 and 1788, the term "secondary" has been applied to the wrong ballad.

Exactly what motivated Child to choose one and exclude all other Highwayman Outwitted ballads is not known. We only know what he wrote: "This very ordinary ballad

has enjoyed great popularity, and is given for that reason and as a specimen of its class." This is a valid position for a collector to take when faced with too much material, but for others to thereafter relate every song telling a similar story to Child's selection is really inexcusable.

For a variation of this ballad, see The South Carolina Bite in Combs (FSMEU), 149.

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| Cazden, I, 78-79 | XXVIII, 199; XXX, 367 |
| Creighton (SBNS), 29-31 | Jour (FSS), VIII, 180-182 |
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| Dean-Smith, 55 | Kidson (GEFS), 14-15 |
| Flanders, IV, 139-170 | Kittredge (BS), 367-369 |
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| Flanders (CSV), 26-27 | Logan, 131 |
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| Gardner (BSSM), 382-384 | Sandburg (AS), 118-119 |
| Greenleaf, 44-46 | Williams (FSUT), 253-254 |
| Greig & Duncan, No. 266 | |

Highwayman Outwitted I

Near Norfolk there lived a farmer named Slade,
And he had two servants— a man and a maid;
His man was called young Johnny O'Roy,
And the farmer had faith and trust in the boy.
Fil-dee-fol-dol, fil-dee-aye, fol-dol-dee day!

Young Johnny was sent to town for to trade,
And told to bring back all the money he made;
He walked to town apleading the cow,
And he sold it for more than he did allow.

He went to a tavern and sat himself down,
To have him a drink before leaving town,
And to the owner Johnny did say,
"O what shall I do with my money, I pray?"

"Inside your coat lining I'll sew it," said she;
"Or else on the highway it's robbed you may be."
A highwayman was sipping his wine,
And he said to himself, "That money is mine!"

When Johnny got up and started to go,
The highwayman followed, but careful and slow;
When they arrived at some lonely place,
He then held a pistol to Johnny's young face.

"Deliver you money without fear or strife,
Or here in this place I'll take your young life!"
John quickly pulled the money all out,
And he scattered it on the ground round about.

The highwayman got right down from his hoss,
Without once suspecting the gain would prove loss;
While gathering the money from the roadside,
Johnny leaped on his hoss and started to ride!

The maid saw Johnny as he returned home
And told the farmer, who waited alone;
Young Johnny rode right up to his boss,
And he heard, "Has my cow turned into a hoss?"

"O, no, Mister Slade! Your cow I have sold,
But I met a robber, a highwayman bold;

While he was gathering money I throwed,
I just mounted his horse and homeward I rode."

The saddle-bags opened and lo, and behold!
The bags were all filled with silver and gold.
Young Johnny cried, "Well, lookee there now!
I believe, mister Slade, I well sold your cow!"

"Well, for a young man you've proved very rare,
And most of this money you'll have for your share.
As doe rhw eobbwe, well, it serves him just right:
For you have put on him the New Hampshire Bite!"

No. 702

HIGHWAYMAN OUTWITTED II

also known as

The Crafty Farmer	Saddle to Rags
The Crafty Miller	The Silly Old Man
The Crafty Ploughboy	The Thief Outwitted
Farmer John Robbed the Robbers	The Wise Farmer
John Robbed the Robbers	The Yorkshire Farmer
The Lincolnshire Farmer	

This form of the hick outwitting a city robber was published in a chap-book in 1796. Although it is not as widely known in America as Highwayman Outwitted I, this song has also generated many versions. Dixon, who printed a version in 1846, used a tune called The Rant, or The New Rant, which was previously used for several songs.

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Dean-Smith, 102	Jour (FSS), II, 174-176
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Hudson (SC), 5	Mason (NRCS), 43
Ingledew, 209	Moore (BFSS), 131-133
	Notes (4th series), XI, 112

Highwayman Outwitted II

Come, listen, I'll sing you a song,
A story too true to invent;
A tale of a silly old man
Who went to pay his rent.
Who went to pay his rent.

As he was riding on alone,
Alone down the winding highway,
He met a thief, who rode with him,
And had some words to say. (2)

"My friend, how dare you ride alone
When so many robbers there be?
If one should come upon you, sir,
He'd rob you easily." (2)

"If one should come upon me, sir,—
May God in His Heaven forbid!—
He'd never find the money, sir,
That's in my saddle hid." (2)

Together as they rode along,
They came to a very steep hill;

And there the robber pulled a gun,
And said, "My friend, stand still!" (2)

The old man was very quick to act,
And carry out a well-laid plan;
His saddle he threw o'er a hedge,
And said, "Now get it, if you can!" (2)

The robber was so filled with greed,
He ran to find the money bags;
He whipt out a rusty old sword
And chopped the saddle to rags. (2)

The old man put his foot in the stirrup,
And presently he got astride;
The robber's horse galloped away,
The old man's horse right beside. (2)

And so the old man rode along,
And went with a merry devotion.
"If ever I get home," he said,
"It'll double my daughter's portion." (2)

At last when he came riding home,
'Twas straight to the landlord he went;
Says he, "Landlord, show me a room,
I'll pay a whole year's rent." (2)

They opened the thief's portmanteau,
And from it they took out so bold,
Almost a hundred pounds in silver
And some two hundred in gold. (2)

No. 703

HIGHWAYMAN OUTWITTED III.

also known as

The Damsel from Cheshire	The Highway Robber
The Devonshire Farmer's	The Maid of Rygate
Daughter	The Norfolk Maiden
The Farmer's Daughter and	The Rich Merchant's
the Robber	Daughter

This old broadside ballad is obviously an adaptation of Highwayman I and II. Issued by Cadman, Manchester, and by Pitts, as The Highwayman Outwitted By The Farmer's Daughter, it proved to be a popular addition to the form. It did not enjoy a wide reception in the United States, however; a decision based on the fact that it has been reported from only two or three areas. The fundamental difference between this and the preceding two ballads is the sex of the leading character. For a somewhat similar (though unrelated song), see The Brave Servant Girl in this Master Book. Another similar song is The Crafty Maid's Policy in Karpeles (EFS), II, No. 210.

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21-22	280
Karpeles (EFS), II, No. 208	Peacock, I, 226-228
	Williams (FSUT), 267-268

Highwayman Outwitted III

There was a rich farmer near Raleigh,
Who's daughter to market would go,
Thinking no one would harm or molest her
As she traveled the way to and fro.

She met with a desperate robber,
And he held a gun to her breast,
Saying, "Stand and deliver your money!
It will do you no good to protest!"

The maiden was stripped nearly naked;
He gave her his bridle to hold.
As she stood there a-shiv'rin' an' shakin',
He just sat there and counted her gold.

The girl put her foot in his stirrup,
And threw her leg o'er like a man;
Down the long road she quickly did gallop,
Crying, "Catch me, kind sir, if you can!"

All over the valley and hollows,
With great speed the maiden did ride;
Over high hills and down thro the forest,
Till she came to her dear father's side.

The thief's saddle-bag they cut open,
And money fell out on the floor;
There she sat counting all of that money,
Till she counted ten thousand or more.

"Oh, daughter, you've brought home a fortune,
And I'll give you twice as much more;
Then you will be a wealthy young woman,
For the young men to court and adore."

No. 704

HINKY DINKY PARLEY-VOO

also known as

Hinkie Dinkie

Mademoiselle from Armetieres

This is one of many songs sung by soldiers during World War I. Origin of the song has been hotly debated over the years. Some experts say it came from French or German ballads. Others say it came from an English song, which begins:

Oh, landlord, have you a daughter fair?
Skiboo, skiboo....

It is now generally conceded that the song is of English origin, or that it at least stems from a 19th century ditty known as Snapoo (see in MB).

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| Emrich (FAL), 436-437 | Shay (PF-3), 78-79 |
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| Kennedy (AB), 158-159 | Whitman, 44 |
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Hinky Dinky Parley-Voo

Two German officers crossed the Rhine, Parley-Voo,
Two German officers crossed the Rhine, Parley-Voo,
Two German officers crossed the Rhine
To kiss the women and drink the wine,
Hinky dinky parley-voo.

Oh, farmer, have you a daughter fair? Parley-voo (2).
Oh, farmer have you a daughter fair,
Who can wash a soldier's underwear?
Hinky dinky parley-voo.

Mademoiselle from Armentiers, Parley-voo (2).
She could never hold the love of a man
'Cause she took her baths in a talcum can.
Hinky dinky parley-voo.

The Sergeant ought to take a bath, Parley-voo (2).
If he ever changes his underwear
The frogs will give him a Croix de Guerre!
Hinky dinky parley-voo.

You might forget the gas and shells, parley-voo (2).
You might forget the groans and yells,
But you'll never forget the mademoiselles!
Hinky dinky parley-voo.

No. 705

HIRED ON I
also known as

Canada I O	Come, All Ye Jolly Lumberman
Canaday-I-O	Come, All You Jolly Fellows

This song is an adaptation that spawned several additional adaptations, all of which are easily traceable because of a close similarity in the various texts. The tunes, on the other hand, vary considerably.

According to Barry, the song was written in 1853 by Ephraim Braley. According to Linscott, Braley was a lumberman who "lived in Hudson, Maine, near Oldtown."

One thing is certain: Braley got his idea from an old English song, Canada-I-O, a version of which is in The Forget-Me-Not Songster (New York: Richard Marsh, 1847), pp. 110-111. In adapting the song to the environment of the lumbercamps, Braley was merely following the original author's action, since the English form is merely an adaptation of an older song, Caledonia, which is in The Caledonian Garland, published prior to 1800. See Boswell Chapbooks, XXIII, 11, Harvard University Library.

The popularity of Braley's adaptation was such that many another author carried on the tradition by adapting the text to conditions existing in other occupations. Thus we have Colley's Run, I. O., or The Jolly Lumberman (see Hired On II in MB); Michigan-I-O (see Hired On III in MB); and The Buffalo Skinners (see Hired On IV in MB). Some versions of Hired On I are sung to the tune of Girl I Left Behind Me, and these versions tell the same story in stanzas only half as long. (see Hired On I B under TUNES in MB).

The text below is sung to a variation of the tune of Lord Randall.

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| Jackson (ESUS), 188 | |

Hired On I

Come, all ye jolly lumbermen, pray listen to my song;
And do not get discouraged, I won't detain you long.
It's all about some lumbermen who once agreed to go
And spend one pleasant winter up in Canada I O.

It happened late one season, in the fall of fifty-three,
A preacher of the gospel one morning came to me;
Said he, "My jolly fellow, how would you like to go
And spend one pleasant winter up in Canada I O?"

To him I quickly made reply, and unto to him did say:
"Well, going up to Canada depends upon the pay.
If you will pay good wages, and passage to and fro,
Then I will go along with you to Canada I O."

"Of course we'll pay good wages, and we'll pay your
passage out,
Provided you sign papers that you will stay the route.
But should you fail to stick it out, and home decide
to go,
We will not pay your passage back from Canada I O.

If you become dissatisfied and do not wish to stay,
We would not want to bind you, not for a single day;
You just refund the money that we paid for you to go,
And you'll be free to leave the place called Canada I O."

By his great gift for flattery, he enlisted quite a train;
Some twenty-five or thirty—all willing in the main.
We had a pleasant journey o'er the way we had to go,
Till we landed at Three Rivers, up in Canada I O.

Right there our joy was ended, and our sorrow did begin;
Fields, Phillips and Norcross, they all came marching in.
They sent us all directions—just where I do not know—
Amongst those jabbering Frenchmen up in Canada I O.

Well, after we had suffered there some nine or ten
long weeks,
We arrived at our headquarters among the lakes and
creeks,
We thought we'd find a paradise, at least they told
us so—
God grant there may be no worse hell than Canada I O!

To describe what we have suffered is past the art of man,
But, to give a fair description, I will do the best I can:
Our food the dogs would snarl at, our beds were on the
snow;
We suffered worse than murderers up in Canada I O!

Our hearts were made of iron, our souls were cased in
steel;
The hardships of that winter could never make us yield.
Fields, Phillips and Norcross had found their match, I
know,
Amongst the boys that went from Maine to Canada I O.

Now that our lumbering is over, and we're returning home,
To greet our wives and sweethearts and never more to roam.
We'll greet our friends and neighbors, and tell them not
to go
To that God forsaken country called Canada I O!

No. 706

HIRED ON II

also known as

I Am a Jolly Shanty Boy	The Jolly Lumberjack
Colley's Run I. O.	The Jolly Lumberman
Coolie's Run-I-O	The Jolly Shanty Boy

In Pennsylvania, where it was carried by migrating
lumbermen, Canaday-I-O (see Hired On I) was quickly

adapted to serve local conditions. A glance at almost any line of the text below will reveal that the two songs are the same, except for name and location changes. It would be useless to attempt to identify versions of this song through melodic comparison, for there are as many tunes as there are versions.

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Gray, 41-43	

Hired On II

Come, all you jolly lumbermen, and listen to my song,
I'll tell the story quickly and then I'll move along.
I'll tell of some eager lumbermen who once agreed to go
And spend a winter recently at Colley's Run, I. O.

We made our way to Lock Haven the year of seventy-three,
And there did meet this preacher who chatted pleasantly.
He said, "If you are all lumbermen, how would you like
to go

And spend the winter lumbering on Colley's Run, I. O.?"

"For sure we'll go to Colley's Run, to that we will agree;
But there are a few conditions, oh, maybe two or three:
You will have to pay good wages, and passage to and fro,
If you want us to accompany you to Colley's Run, I. O."

"Of course we'll pay good wages, and pay your passage too,
Provided you sign the papers to stay the winter through.
But, mind you, if you get homesick, decide to quit and go,
We will not pay your passage back from Colley's Run, I. O."

'Twas by a contract written that we agreed to go—
Some five and twenty lumbermen, and not a one said no.
The road was quite a pleasant one, the way we had to go,
Until we reached McFarlin's place some sixteen miles
below.

And there our joys ended, our troubles were begun;
The captain and the foreman came following up the Run.
They led us in all directions, through places we did
not know,
Among the pines which stood so tall on Colley's Run, I. O.
Our hearts were clad with iron, our souls were cased
with steel,
But against the winds of winter they scarcely made a
shield.
Our grub—unfit for dogs to eat; our beds were wet with
snow.
God grant there's no worse hell on earth than Colley's
Run, I. O.
But when the spring is come again, and ice-bound streams
are free,
We'll float our logs to Williamsport, and friends we'll
rush to see.
Our sweethearts will all welcome us, and warn others not
to go
To that God-forsaken, unholy place called Colley's
Run, I. O.

No. 707

HIRED ON III
also known as
Michigan I. O.

As the lumbermen traveled from Pennsylvania to Michigan,
they took along the preceding song and once again changed

it to suit the locality, which was Michigan. Since the story is almost the same, there is no need to give the entire text over again. The first four stanzas are sufficient to demonstrate that only insignificant changes were made.

For a complete version, see Beck (LLC), 16-20; Beck (SML), 9-13; Gardner (BSSM), 261; or Rickaby, 41.

Hired On III

It was early in the season, in the fall of eighty-three,
A preacher of the gospel came and stepped up to me.
He says, "My jolly good fellow, how would you like to go
And spend a winter lumbering in Michigan I O?"

I boldly faced up to him and thus to him did say:
"As for going to Michigan, it depends upon the pay.
Now if you pay good wages, my passage to and fro,
I'll gladly go along with you to Michigan I O."

He said he'd pay good wages and pay our passage out,
Provided we'd sign papers that we would stay the route.
"But if you get homesick, and swear that home you'll go,
Then I'll not pay your passage back from Michigan I O."

Now with this kind of flattering he enlisted quite a
train,

Full twenty-five or thirty, both young and able men.
We had a pleasant voyage, the route we had to go,
And landed there in Saginaw, in Michigan I O.

No. 708

HIRED ON IV

also known as

The Buffalo Hunters	The Buffalo Song
Buffalo Range	The Range of the Buffalo
The Buffalo Skinners	To Hunt the Buffalo

This song represents a further variation in the adaptive process already demonstrated by the preceding three songs. Across the Missouri River, on the Plains, the story fell into the hands of an occupational group who lived and worked under circumstances quite different from those of the forest. This was not another lumber-camp requiring only a change of place-name. Nevertheless, the story itself underwent very few changes.

Known as The Buffalo Hunters in many areas, the song is not to be confused with a song using that same title (see in Master Book). However, like the original which gave it birth, Hired On IV generated a large number of analogues and parodies, several of them sharing a title in common with this one. For examples, see The Buffalo Hunters, In the Hills of Mexico and The Trail to Mexico elsewhere in this Master Book. Also see Buffalo Range, in Fife, 340-341 and The Crooked Trail to Holbrook in Lomax (CS-1919), 121, (CS-1938), 27; Thorp (1921), 53 and Thorp & Fife, 207.

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Hired On IV

Come all you buffalo skinners and listen to my song;
You may think it's outrageous, but it won't take very
long.

You will hear of some young fellows who did once agree
to go

And spend a summer on the Plains, to hunt the buffalo.

'Twas in the town of Jacksboro, the spring of seventy-
three,

A man by the name of Crego came a-stepping up to me.
Says, "How do you do, young fellow, and how would you
like to go

And spend a summer on the Plains, to hunt the buffalo?"

"Since as of now I'm unemployed," to Crego I did say,
"A journey to the far off Plains depends upon the pay."

But if you pay me good wages, and pay my fare to go,
Perhaps I'll travel with you, sir, to hunt the buffalo."

"O yes, I'll pay you good wages, and transportation too,
Provided you agree to go and stay the summer through.
But should you get homesick there and decide you have to go,
Your transportation I won't pay from the range of the
buffalo."

Now once we crossed the Pease River, our peaceful time
was done;

The first damn skin I tried to rip, I damn near lost my
thumb!

While skinning those damned old stinkers, our lives were
touch and go;

The Redskins watched to pick us off as we skinned the
buffalo.

The water wasn't fit to drink, and when the sun was high
The world seemed to be on fire and made you want to die!
The fleas and graybacks came at us, and, fellows, they
wasn't slow!

I'll tell you there's no worse hell on earth, than the
range of the buffalo!

The season was almost over when old Crego did say,
The hands had been extravagant and owed to him their
pay.

We coaxed him and we begged him but found it was no go;
We left his damned old bones to bleach among the buffalo!

We're back across the Pease River and homeward we are
bound;

No more in buffalo country will ever we be found!

It's home to wives and sweethearts, to warn others not
to go

To that God-forsook, desparate range, to hunt the buffalo!

No. 709HOBO SONG I
also known as

The Danville Girl	Ten Thousand Miles from
The Railroad Bum	Home
Ten Thousand Miles Away	The Wild and Reckless
from Home	Hobo

Hobo songs were plentiful and popular during the first part of the 20th century, and particularly during the years of the Great Depression. This song, usually known as The Danville Girl, showed up in folios of songs published by commercial music firms. However, it was too widely known to be denied its traditional place in American folklore. Several "country-type" performers laid claim to the song through doctored versions which they recorded on phonograph records and then published. One of the more popular "doctored" versions was recorded by Jimmie Rodgers for the RCA-Victor company as All Around a Water Tank, or Waiting For a Train (see Hobo Song IV in MB).

According to Sandburg, the piece "may be one of the many Po' Boy songs, carrying its own peculiar load of grief." For other songs with similar story lines, see The Railroad Bum in Cambiaire, 101 and Milburn, 231-232; The Wild and Reckless Hobo in Cambiaire, 3-4 and Randolph, IV, 360; and The Tramp's Lament in Dean, 71.

REFERENCES

Best, 28	Hudson (FSM), 250-251
Brown, III, 426-427;	Leisy, 75
V, 247	Lomax (ABFS), 29-31
Fuson, 128-129	Sandburg (AS), 456-457
Henry (SSSA), 107-108	Silverman, I, 106

Hobo Song I

I've been around this country,
I've been most everywhere;
I rode the rails for years and years,
And never paid a fare.
I traveled to the city,
And tried to do what's right;
They said, "He's just a railroad bum,
That's why he's such a sight."

My pocket-book was empty,
My heart was full of pain—
Ten thousand miles away from home,
Just waiting for a train.
I stood upon the platform
And lit a cheap cigar,
And when a freight came rolling by,
I grabbed an empty car.

When I jumped off at Danville,
I met a pretty girl;
And she had blue and laughing eyes
And long brown hair that curled.
She took me in her kitchen,
She treated me nice and fine,
And when I held her in my arms,
She said she would be mine.

My Danville girl was honest,
My Danville girl was true,
But when I heard a freight train roll,
I told that girl adieu.
I beat my way to 'Frisco
And gave the coast a whirl,
But every time I closed my eyes,
I'd see that Danville girl.

I walked on down the track, boys,
My heart was full of pain;
Ten thousand miles away from home,
Just waiting for a train.
I only want one favor,
And that one when I die:
Just bury me near some depot,
So I can hear the trains go by.

No. 710

HOBO SONG II

also known as

By a Railroad Water-tank
The Dying Hobo

The Eastern Hobo
The Hobo's Death

This song was originally a poem. It is now sung to at least two different melodies, only one of which is given here. The text is credited to Bob Hughes on some copies I have seen, and it may be true that Hughes is the author. Although the song is easily available in print, it has frequently been collected from oral sources. Cox thought it a parody of Bingen on the Rhine (see in MB).

For an adaptation, see The Dying Hogger in Sandburg (AS), 186-187.

REFERENCES

Best, 22
Botkin (WFL), 773
Brown, III, 427; V,
247
Cox (FSS), 252
Dobie (CG), 40-41
Finger (FB), 106-107

Gray, 102-103
Hubbard, 309
Hudson (FSM), 252
Irwin (ATUS), 222
Kennedy (AB), 17
Kennedy (TAB), 204-205
Laws (NAB), 231

Leisy (SPS), 136	Randolph, IV, 360-361
Lingenfelter, 539	Roberts (IP), 59-60
Milburn, 66-69	Shay (PF-1), 61-62
Porter, 42-43	Shay (PF-3), 30
Pub (TFLS), II, 40-41	Spaeth (WSM), 131
Quarterly (CFS), II, 42-43	Webb (MTFL), 40-41

Hobo Song II

Within an empty box-car, on a cold and dreary day,
Beside a railroad water-tank, a dying hobo lay.
His buddy sat beside him, and with low and bended head,
He listened to the last words the dying hobo said.

I'm going, said the hobo, to a place of peace and light,
Where cops don't hound a fellow and folks stay up all
night.

I'll never have to work at all, and life will be a
breeze;

I'll wine and dine from morn till night, and sleep just
when I please.

Tell Kansas Bill and Brooklyn Joe the words I'm telling
you:

I've caught a fast freight on the fly and now I'm going
through.

I'm headed for a better land where everything shines
bright,

Where wieners grow on bushes and bulldogs never bite.

Go tell that girl in Dallas I'm on my way back home;
I hear that fast freight coming—no more will I roam.
They got a place for hoboes where cold winds never blow,
Where alcohol is free to all and cops can never go.

Oh, pard, I hear the whistle; she's coming down the
track!

When I get on, you know, old friend, I won't be coming
back.

The hobo smiled and closed his eyes, and breathed his
last refrain;

His partner swiped his shoes and socks, and hopped
the eastbound train.

No. 711

HOBO SONG III

also known as

Can, or May I Sleep in Your
Barn Tonight, Mister?

The Honest Tramp

This song has been around as long as I have, which puts it somewhere in tradition. Carson Robison claimed to have written the song under the pseudonym E. V. Body, and having been a friend of his, I think it quite possible that he did actually write it. He and others recorded the song for various record companies: Vernon Dalhart (Edison 51901), Charlie Poole (Columbia 150380), and Joe Reeves (Conqueror 7254).

REFERENCES

Brown, III, 420-423

Cambiaire, 117-118

Davis (FSV), 77

Luther, 266

Milburn, 45-47

Pub (TFLS), VI, 124-125

Randolph, IV, 364-366

Roberts (IP), 195-197

Robison, 49

Hobo Song III

Tune: Red River Valley

May I sleep in your barn tonight, Mister?

It is cold lying out on the ground.

And the cold north wind is a-whistling,
And I have no place to lie down.

I have no tobacco or matches,
And I'm sure I will do you no harm.
Let me tell you my story, please, Mister,
For it strikes at my heart like a storm.

It was five years ago, just last summer—
I will never forget that sad day;
For a stranger came out from the city
And said that he wanted to stay.

Now this stranger was tall and quite handsome,
And he looked like a man of great wealth;
He said he had come to the country,
Where he hoped to regain his lost health.

But one night as I came from my workshop,
I was singing and whistling with joy;
I expected a warm-hearted welcome
From my dear loving wife and my boy.

But what I did find was a letter,
She had placed in our room on a stand;
And the moment my eyes fell upon it,
I picked it right up in my hand.

It told me that she loved the stranger,
And they'd run off and taken my son!
Now I wonder if God up in heaven
Knows what that stranger has done!

No. 712

HOBO SONG IV

also known as

All Around a Water Tank	A Thousand Miles from
Around a Western Water Tank	Home
Railroad Bum	Waiting for a Train

This song is obviously an adaptation of Hobo Song I (above); it has been recovered many times from traditional sources, and has also been published in collections of folk songs. Its popularity, however, must be largely credited to Jimmie Rodgers (the Singing Brakeman), who recorded it for RCA-Victor and sang it for years. Rodgers' version was published by Peer International Corporation, New York, in 1929. Peer claims the song as an original composition, written by Jimmie Rodgers, and is given here with the company's permission.*

REFERENCES

Brown, III, 428-429
Cambiaire, 101
Laws (NAB), 221
Lomax (ABFS), 28

Lomax (FSNA), 419
Ohrlin, 103-105
Stout, 113

Hobo Song IV

All around the water tank
Waitin' for a train,
A thousand miles away from home
Sleeping in the rain.
I walked up to a brakeman,
To give him a line of talk;
He says, "If you've got money
I'll see that you don't walk.

I haven't got a nickle,
 Not a penny can I show—
 He said, "Get off, you railroad bum!"
 And slammed the box-car door.

He put me off in Texas,
 A place I surely love;
 Wide open spaces 'round me,
 The moon and stars above.
 Nobody seems to want me,
 Or lend me a helping hand.
 I'm on my way from 'Frisco,
 Going back to Dixieland.
 My pocket-book is empty,
 And my heart is filled with pain—
 I'm a thousand miles away from home,
 Just waitin' for a train.

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No. 713

HOBSON THE COBBLER

also known as

Dick Darbin the Cobbler	My Name is Old Hewson
Dick Darlin' the Cobbler	the Cobbler
Dick German the Cobbler	Old Hewson the Cobbler
Dick Turpin	Old Hobson
Hewson the Cobbler	Rusty Old Rover

Here we have an ancestor of a whole family of folk songs,
 with variants and versions in England, Scotland, Ireland
 and North America.

The tune was introduced in the ballad-operas, The Jovial Crew and The Grub Street Opera, both published in 1731. The original text was about John Hewson, a one-eyed English cobbler, who took up arms on the side of the Parliament. According to Chappell (OEPM), II, 163 and (PMOT), II, 451, Hewson "being a man of courage and resolution, soon rose to be a colonel in their army. He was knighted by Cromwell, and afterwards made one of his Lords." He was popular for a short while, but lost public favor by forcibly suppressing a strike of the London apprentices. After being hanged in effigy in 1660, Hewson fled the country; he rightly suspected that he would be put to death by Charles II for having signed the death warrant of Charles I. He died in Amsterdam, in exile, in 1662. In this American version of the song, Hewson has become Hobson.

REFERENCES

- | | |
|--------------------------|----------------------------|
| Flanders (BMNE), 176-177 | Pound (SFSN), XXVI, No. 1, |
| Flanders (NGMS), 223-224 | 68 |
| Gardner (BSSM), 434 | Randolph, I, 385-386 |
| Gilbert (LC), 78-80 | Ritchie, 103-104 |
| Hubbard, 325-326 | Thomason (OC), I, 69-70 |
| Kennedy, 502 | Wehman (ISB-2), 87 |

Hobson the Cobbler

My name is Bob Hobson the cobbler,
I served my time over in Kent;
They called me an old fornicator,
Before I had time to repent.

Chorus

With a twing-a-twang, twing-a-twang, tawdy,
A twing-a-twang, twing-a-twang, tawdy;
And a rooby-o, booby-o bawdee,
Sing a twing-a-twang, twing-a-twang, tawdy.

For seven long years I was roving,
The happiest days of my life;
And many misfortunes I shared in,
I got myself hitched to a wife.

My wife was more dumpy than bumpy—
O Lord! she was ugly as sin!
And when I'd come home for my dinner,
She'd feed me the same thing again.

But now all my troubles are over,
For I put an end to her life;
I gave her a dip in the river,
And that's how I lost me a wife.

No. 714

HOECAKE

also known as

Bake a Hoecake	Jenny, Get Your Hoecake Done
Bring Back My Hoecake	Snake Bake(d) a Hoecake

This song has served as a nursery piece, a dance tune, and as a Negro folk song. According to Cecil Sharp it began as an English nursery rhyme. According to Newman White it is a folk creation of black slaves in the South. White offers evidence to show that the song in America since 1810 or 1812, but his evidence doesn't disprove Sharp's claim.

The A, B, and C versions below are American.

REFERENCES

Brown, I, 201; III, 223-224	Fuson, 158
Davis (FSV), 206	Richardson (AMS), 104
Ford (OTFM), 17	Seeger (3), 24
	Sharp, II, 346

Talley, 49
White, 247

Yolen, 115

Hoecake

(Version A)

Snake baked a hoecake
And set a frog to watch it;
Frog he went a-nodding
And a lizard came and stole it.
Bring back my hoecake,
You longtailed lizard you!
Bring back my hoecake,
You longtailed lizard you!

VERSION B

If you wants to bake a hoecake,
To bake it good and done,
Jes' slap it on a Black Man's heel,
An' hol' it to the sun.

VERSION C

Jenny, get your hoecake done, my love,
Jenny, get your hoecake done;
Jenny, get your hoecake done, my love,
Jenny, get your hoecake done.

No. 715

HOG DROVERS
also known as

Five Tinkers
Hog Drivers
Hog Rovers

Pig Drovers
Swine-herders
Swine Stealers

Children's game song. According to Newell it is "only a reduction of Knights A-Riding (see in MB). Hudson agrees. But Randolph says the song is based on The Nine Daughters, an old Irish game formerly played at wakes and other festive occasions. Gomme says it "points to that period of tribal society, when the youths of one tribe sought to obtain wives from the maidens of another tribe according to the laws of exogamy."

Derived from Hog Drovers, and perhaps, originally, a part of it, is Galilee I & II (see in MB). There is also a variation in Wood (ED), 5-6. Other interesting comparisons, see The Nine Daughters in Duncan (FNCL), 190; the Three Sailors in Walter (OESG), 22-23; and the Two Wagoners in Gardner (SPPG), 131.

A version for school children is given by Osborne McConnally in The Music Hour International Teacher's Book, New York, 1931, 1938, p. 386.

REFERENCES

- | | |
|------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Ames (MPP), 195 | Hudson (FTM), 31 |
| Babcock, I, 259-260 | Hudson (SMFL), 125-126 |
| Botkin (AFL), 810-812 | Jour (AFL), XIII, 104; XXXIX, |
| Botkin (APPS), 205-208 | 191-193; XLIX, 251; |
| Brown, I, 94-98; V, | LIX, 440 |
| 517-520 | Kit, R, 8 |
| Bulletin (TFS), X, 5-6 | Lomax (FSNA), 399-400 |
| Dudley & Payne, 15-16 | McDowell (FDT), 8-9 |
| Gomme, II, 282-289 | Newell, 232-234 |
| Hogue (BY), 87-88 | Owens (TFS), 155-156 |
| Hudson (BSM), 191-193 | Pub (TFIS), XXVI, 165 |
| Hudson (FSM), 296-297 | Randolph, III, 367-368 |

Hog Drovers

Hog drovers, hog drovers, hog drovers we air,
A-courtin' yer daughter so sweet and fair.
An' kin we git lodgin' here, Oh here,
And kin we git lodgin' here?

Now this is my darter that sets by my side,
And no hog drover can have 'er for a bride.
And you cain't git lodgin' here, not here,
And you cain't git lodgin' here.

Yer darter is pretty, yer ugly yerself,
So we'll travel on, seek better wealth;
And we don't want lodgin' here, not here,
And we don't want lodgin' here.

I have a fair daughter, she sits by my knee,
And some young man can take her from me;
And he can get lodgin' here, Oh here,
And he can get lodgin' here.

No. 716

HOG-EYE I

also known as

Hawk's-Eye Man

Ox-Eyed Man

Hog-Eye Man

Roll the Boat Ashore

Oh, Who's Been Here?

Row the Boat Ashore

This song, as it is known in America, is a Negro shanty that dates back to the California gold rush. It is, or seems to be, of English origin, and was described on several occasions as being "unfit to print." According to Terry, even the title is suspected of expressing some hidden obscenity. Ironically, due to the changes in the social and political life of the United States, many of the lines today are considered at best to be

in bad taste.

In the next song, Hog-Eye II, we see what happened when the shanty came ashore, journey in-land and became a "landlubbers" song.

REFERENCES

Black, 32-33	Jour (FSS), II, 248; V,
Botkin (AFL), 836	43
Colcord, 104	Sandburg (AS), 410-411
Davis (SSC), 82	Sharp (EFC-2), 6
Harlow, 54-55	Whall (SSS), 86
Hugill (1), 269-272	
Jour (AFL), XXIV, 270	

Hog-Eye I

Oh! the Hog-eye man are all the go
When they come down to old San Francisco!

Chorus

The Hog-eye man is a down-east digger,
Row that boat to land!
The 'Frisco gals like a Yankee rigger,
And they love a Hog-eye man!

Go fetch me down my walking cane,
I'm goin' to see my brown-eyed Jane.

Now who's been here since I been gone?
Some big buck nigger with sea-boots on!

There's Jane in the garden pickin' peas,
Her golden hair hangin' to her knees.

Oh, hog's-eye ship an' hog's-eye crew,
A hog's-eye mate an' a skipper too!

The captain's wife lives on the hill,
Some say she won't, some say she will!

Oh, why have you been gone so long,
You hog-eye Jack with the sea-boots on!

No. 717

HOG-EYE II

also known as

Rodybodyshody

Row the Boat Ashore

This is a land-developed version of the foregoing shanty.

Since Sharp gives a version of this song in his famous Appalachian collection, it may be nearer to the original English song than the shanty.

For an interesting comparison, see Sal's in the Garden Sifting Sand in Brown, III, 261.

REFERENCES

Brown, III, 224-225

Sharp, II, 360

Jour (AFL), LII, 49-50

White, 246

Sandburg (AS), 380

Hog-Eye II

Hog-eye man is a devil of a man—
What on earth can ail him?
He drank a quart of whiskey down
An' swore to God it killed him!

Chorus

Rody-body-shody hog-eye!
Rody-body-shody hog-eye!

As I was walkin' thro the harvest field,
 Black snake bit me on the heel;
 I wheeled about to run my best
 An' ran into a hornet's nest.

As I went runnin' down ol' possum hill,
 Ran into my brother Bill;
 He stood there eatin' ol' corn-pone
 An' chewin' on a chicken-bone.

As I was standing shovelin' in the sand,
 Saw a sight I hadn't planned:
 I saw my own sweet, darlin' Jan
 A-walkin' with a hog-eye man!

No. 718

HOME, DEARIE, HOME
 also known as

Hame, Dearie, Hame
 Home, Dearest, Home

The Oak and the Ash

The authorities say this is one of a family of songs, including Bell Bottom Trousers (see in MB), Never Trust a Sailor and Rosemary Lane. A parody, Home in the Old Country is given as version B, below. Also see The Oak and the Ash, a common title, in MB.

REFERENCES

Beck (FLM), 183-184
 Colcord, 167-168
 Davis (SSC), 26-27
 Emrich (FAL), 520-521

Hugill (1), 498-499
 Reeves (EC), 223
 Sedley, 14-15
 Shay (ASSC), 144-146

Home, Dearie, Home (Version A)

Oh, Boston's a fine town, with ships in the bay,
And I wish in my heart it was there I was today;
I wish in my heart I was far away from here,
A-sitting in my parlor and talking to my dear.

Chorus

Then it's home, dearie, home, it's home I want to be;
And it's home, dearie, home, across the rolling sea.
Oh, the oak and the ash and the bonny ellow tree,
They're all a-growin' green in my own countree.
Then it's home, dearie, home!

In Baltimore a-walking a lady I did meet,
With her baby on her arm as she walked down the street,
And I thought how I sailed, and the cradle standing ready,
And the pretty little babe that has never seen its daddy.

And if it's a girl, oh, she shall live with me,
And if it's a boy, he shall sail the rolling sea;
With his tarpaulin hat and his little jacket blue,
He shall walk the quarter-deck as his daddy used to do.

VERSION B

also known as

Home, Boys, Home

Home in the Old Country

Home, Daughter, Home

Rosemary Lane

I am a bold sailor that sailed on the sea,
I gained the good will of my captain and crew.
I sailed into harbour one night for to lie,
And that's the beginning of my true love and I.

Chorus

Then it's home, dearest home, in my own counterie,
Home, dearest home, and it's there let me be,

Where the oak and the ash and the bonny ellow tree
They're all growing green in the North Amerikee.

I asked for a candle to light me to bed,
I asked for a napkin to tie round my head.
She waited on me as a fair maid should do,
And I invited her to jump into bed too.

Now when the baby's born you can put it out to nurse
With silver in his pocket and gold in his purse.
You shall dry off your breasts as a virgin so free
And pass for a virgin in some strange counterie.

No. 719

HOME IN THE ROCK

also known as

Don't You See?	I Got a Hope in That Rock
Got a Home in That Rock	I've Got a Home in that Rock
I Got a Home in-a Dat Rock	Poor Lazarus
I Got a Home in That Rock	Poor Old Lazarus

19th century spiritual, sung by white as well as black people in the beginning.

For another spiritual using the same tune, see Ain't It Grand in Kennedy (M-1), 86-87.

REFERENCES

Brown, III, 665; V, 389	Odum (NHS), 96-97
Chambers (TNS), 44-46	Roberts (SBS), 141-142
Johnson (BANS), 96-98	Silber (HSB), 106
Mackenzie (SH), 115-116	Silverman, II, 94
	Work (ANSS), 169

I've got a home in the Rock,
Don't you see, don't you see;
I've got a home in the Rock,
Don't you see, don't you see.
Between the earth and sky,
Thought I heard my Saviour cry:
Better get a home in the Rock,
Don't you see.

Rich man Dives lived so well,
Don't you see, don't you see;
Rich man Dives lived so well,
Don't you see, don't you see.
When he died he went to hell!
Didn't hear my Saviour cry:
Better get a home in the Rock,
Don't you see.

Lazarus poorer than I,
Don't you see, don't you see;
Lazarus poorer than I,
Don't you see, don't you see.
When he died he lived on high,
Cause he heard my Saviour cry,
Better get a home in the Rock,
Don't you see.

No. 720

HOME OF THE SOUL

also known as

The Beautiful Land

This is one of those old hymns with a life among the folk
aside from churches and hymnals. First published in 1866,
the words were written by Mrs. E. H. Gates and the music

was composed by Philip Phillips. I am in possession of a copy published in Sacred Melodies, Dover, N. H., 1870, by Freewill Baptist Printing Establishment. Other versions are in McCaskey, I, 20 and Wilder, 140-141.

Home of the Soul

I will sing you a song of a far away land,
The far away home of the soul,
Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand,
As the years of eternity roll.

O the great tree of love in its beauty doth grow,
Where the river of life floweth by;
And no death ever comes where the purified go,
In the home of the soul in the sky.

O how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and care;
With a song on our lips, all together we'll stand,
In that home of the soul 'way up there.

No. 721

HOME ON THE RANGE

also known as

The Arizona Home

The Western Home

As a result of a law suit in New York City, where music publishers, motion picture companies and broadcasting net-works were sued for damages of \$500,000 by one Mary Goodwin, in 1934, this song was declared legally to be in the Public Domain. Samuel Moanfeldt, a defense attorney, established to the satisfaction of the court that the verses were written by Dr. Brewster Higley,

Smith Center, Kansas, in 1873. The tune, in its original form, was composed by Dan Kelley, a neighbor of Dr. Higley. Under the title of The Western Home, the song was published in the Smith Center Pioneer.

Sigmund Spaeth, on the other hand, wrote that the song "was written in 1885 by C. C. Swartz, Bill McCabe, Bingham Graves and other prospectors in a cabin near Leadville, Colorado." Obviously, Spaeth was in error.

Dr. Higley called his poem The Western Home, and words printed in 1873 are exactly the same those known today under the title, Home on the Range.

All three versions involved in the dispute are given below.

Version A is the text as we know it today. Version B is the text written by Dr. Higley. Version C is the text written by William and Mary Goodwin in 1904.

REFERENCES

- | | |
|---------------------------|--------------------------|
| Agay (1), 52-53 | Leisy, 164-166 |
| Agay (2), 184-185 | Leisy (LAS), 30 |
| Allen (CL-1933), 107-108 | Leisy (SPS), 192-193 |
| Autry (RR), 28-29 | Lingenfelter, 445-447 |
| Best, 121 | Lomax (CS-1919), 39-43 |
| Botkin (AFL), 304-306 | Lomax (CS-1938), 424-428 |
| Briegel (4), 18 | Lomax (USA), 212-213 |
| Davidson (HRA), 208-221 | Luther, 211 |
| Etude (Aug. 1944), 474 | Lynn (CSO, 10 |
| Felton, 40-44 | Malone (FB), 141-142 |
| Fife, 294-296 | Mackenzie (SH), 47-48 |
| Frey, 22-23 | McMullen, 82-83 |
| Jour (AFL), XXII, 257-258 | Mechem, 313-339 |
| Klickmann, 16-17 | Oberndorfer, 33 |
| Koch (2), 8-9 | Randolph, II, 210-213 |
| Larkin (1931), 172-173 | Seeger (6), 26 |
| Larkin (1963), 166-168 | Shay (PF-2), 44-45 |
| | Shay (PF-3), 134-135 |

Silverman, I, 35

White (GALD), 156-157

Sires, 46-47

Whitman, 92

Siringo (SC), 32-33

Will, 257-258

HOME ON THE RANGE (Version A)

Oh, give me ahome where the buffalo roam,
Where the deer and the antelope play,
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Chorus

Home, home on the range,
Where the deer and the antelope play,
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Oh, give me a land where the bright diamond sand
Goes leisurely down the clear stream,
And the graceful white swan goes gliding along
Like a maid in a heavenly dream.

How often at night when the heavens are bright
With the light of the glittering stars,
Have I stood there amazed and asked as I gazed
If their glory exceeds that of ours.

VERSION B

also known as

Western Home

Words: Dr. Brewster Higley. Published in Smith County
Pioneer, 1873, and in the Kansas Kirwin Chief, Saturday,
Feb. 26, 1876.

Oh! give me a home where the Buffalo roam,
Where the Deer and the Antelope play;
Where never is heard a discouraging word,
And the sky is not clouded all day.

Chorus

A home! A home!
Where the Deer and the Antelope play;
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,
And the sky is not clouded all day.

Oh! give me a land where the bright diamond sand
Throws its light from the glittering streams,
Where glideth along the graceful white swain,
Like the maid in her heavenly dreams.

Oh! give me a gale of the Solomon vale,
Where the life streams with buoyancy flow;
On the banks of the Beaver, where seldom if ever
Any poisonous herbage doth grow.

How often at night, when the heavens were bright,
With the light of the twinkling stars,
Have I stood there amazed, and asked as I gazed,
If their glory exceeds that of ours.

I love the wild flowers in this bright land of ours,
I love the wild curlew's shrill scream;
The bluffs and white rocks, and antelope flocks
That graze on the mountains so green.

The air is so pure and the breezes so fine,
The zephyrs so balmy and light,
That I would not exchange my home here to range
Forever in azures so bright.

VERSION C

also known as
Arizona Home

This is the adaptation of Version B, written by William and Mary Goodwin in 1904, which resulted in the authors filing a law suit. The song was copyrighted and published by the Balmer & Webber Music Company.

Oh, give me a home where the buffalo roam,
Where the deer and the antelope play;
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the sky is not cloudy all day.

Chorus

A home, a home
Where the deer and the antelope play,
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,
And the sky is not cloudy all day.

Yes, give me the gleam of the swift mountain stream,
And the place where no hurricane blows;
Oh, give me the park where the prairie dogs bark,
And the mountains all covered with snow.

Oh, give me the hills and the ring of the drills,
And the rich silver ore in the ground;
Yes, give me the gulch where the miner can sluice,
And the bright, yellow gold can be found.

Oh, give me the mine where the prospectors find
The gold in its own native land;
And the hot springs below where the sick people go
And camp on the banks of the Grande.

Oh, give me the steed and the gun that I need,
To shoot game for my own cabin home;
Then give me the camp where the fire is the lamp,
And the wild Rocky Mountains to roam.

Yes, give me the home where the prospectors roam,
Their business is always alive

In these wild western hills, midst the ring of
the drills,
Oh, there let me live till I die.

No. 722

HOME, SWEET HOME

This was (and not so long ago) one of the most popular and best-loved songs in the English-speaking world. It is doubtful that there is a living American who has not heard it. Not a folk song in a real sense, it is, nevertheless, traditional; and its melody had been borrowed for several other songs now recognized as "folk"—which is sufficient reason for its inclusion here.

The man who wrote the song is, in many ways, more interesting than the song itself. John Howard Payne was born June 9, 1792, in New York City. His family was large and rather well-to-do; and he was one of many brothers and sisters, all of whom enjoyed the advantages of "cultured society" both at home and abroad. At least, for a while.

When the family moved to Boston, John attended Union College in New York. His father suffered severe financial losses, his mother died, and John quit college, sought a theatrical career and hoped to assist his family. He did achieve success at 17 years of age as Young Norval, produced at the Park Theatre, New York, after which he toured to Baltimore, Philadelphia and Boston. He was acting in Boston when his father died. At age 22 he was in London, England, appearing at the Drury Lane Theatre, where critics generously praised his acting ability. John wrote several dramas, a few successful ones, including one written especially for Edmund Kean. The play, Brutus, is still occasionally produced. Yet financial

security evaded him, and he sold most of his writings for a pittance.

Charles Kemble, manager of the Covent Garden Theatre in 1823, purchased several of John's plays and songs, among them a play called Clari, the Maid of Milan. At Kemble's urging, this play was rewritten into an opera by John Payne while he was almost starving to death in Paris. After the opera was finished and ready for production, John added one additional song for the sum of twenty-five pounds. That song was Home, Sweet Home, and it was sung by the star, a Miss Tree.

According to Helen Johnson, the song "won for her a wealthy husband, and enriched all who handled it, while the author did not receive even the twenty-five pounds" due him for writing it. More than one hundred thousand copies were sold in a single year, and Home, Sweet Home earned the original publisher some ten thousand dollars above expenses.

John Howard Payne was famous but almost penniless. He returned to America in 1832 and eked out an existence simply because of his song, for which he received absolutely no royalties. Nine years later he somehow managed to secure an appointment from the U. S. Government, becoming the American Consul at Tunis. When and how he lost that job is not known, nor could I find out from government records. It is known, however, that he died in Tunis, April 10, 1852. The following year his remains were brought to America, lay in state in New York and, then, removed to Washington, D. C., where they were entombed. With "appropriate ceremonies" of course.

For a cowboy song sung to John Payne's tune, and known by the same title, see Lomax (CS-1938), 124-125.

For an unrelated song sometimes known by this title, see The Dearest Spot on Earth in Chapple (HS), 8, or Mackenzie (SH), 75.

REFERENCES

Agay (2), 54-55
Chapple (HS), 374-375
Elson, 32
Fillmore (PS), 125
Johnson (FS), 41-44
Kobbe, 20-21
Krythe, 61
Lair (SLL), 72
Leisy (LAS), 112-113
Lloyd, 98-99

Luther, 67
Mackenzie (SH), 64-65
Most (PCS), 95
Oberndorfer, 72
Silverman, I, 156
Songs (15), 31
Staton, 44
Whitman, 96-97
Wier (SWWS), 11-12
Wier (YAM), III, 50

Home, Sweet Home

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with
elsewhere.

Chorus

Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home, there's no place
like home.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
Oh! give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again.
The birds singing gaily, that come at my call;
Give me them with that peace of mind, dearer
than all.

To thee I'll return, overburden'd with care,
The heart's dearest solace will smile on me there;
No more from that cottage again will I roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

No. 723HOMEWARD BOUND I

also known as

Goodbye, Fare Ye (You)
Well

Oh, We Are Homeward Bound Today
We're Homeward Bound

Like most capstan shanties, this one is an "outward" and "homeward" bounder. Whether it began as a shanty or as a land-song is uncertain, but it is reasonable to assume that it was a land-song converted by seamen. Some versions are quite similar to a traditional song called Outward and Homeward Bound, and some versions are sung to a tune very similar to that of I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls. The Homeward Bound title is not exclusive. For different songs with same title, see Chapple (HS), 11; Gordon (OSMS), Aug., 1924, 192; Kidson (TT), 107-108; Terry (SSB), 6; and Whall (SSS), 6-7.

Also see Homeward Bound II in this Master Book.

There are many versions of this song in print, but we give only two of them below, to represent the form.

REFERENCES

- | | |
|--------------------------|---------------------------|
| Anderson (WY), 78 | Harlow, 119-121 |
| Baltzer, I, 15, 84 | Harlow (MS), 341 |
| Bone, 116-117 | Hugill (1), 120-122, 542- |
| Boughton, 23 | 543 |
| Bullen & Arnold, xiii, 7 | Hugill (2), 132-133 |
| Colcord, 54-55, 113-114 | Jour (AFL), XIX, 18 |
| Creighton (SBNS), 75-76 | Jour (FSS), V, 36 |
| Davis (SSC), 18-19 | King, 14 |
| Doerflinger, 87-89 | Linscott, 140-141 |
| Dunstan (SS), 8 | Luce, 228 |
| Emrich (FAL), 451-452 | Mackenzie, 267 |
| Finger (SCCS), 12-13 | Meloney, 6, 29 |
| Greenleaf, 336 | Robinson, 125 |
| Greig & Duncan, No. 5 | Sampson, 26 |

Shay (ASSC), 85

Trevine, 4-5

Shay (IMWS), 133-134

Whall (SSS), 49

Smith (MW), 56-58, 219

Williams (SC), 77

Terry (SS), 5-7

Williams (SFS), 8

Homeward Bound I(Version A)

Oh, fare you well, we're homeward bound!

Goodbye, fare you well! goodbye, fare you well!

We're homeward bound for New York town,

Hurrah, my boys, we're homeward bound!

We're homeward bound, heave up and down, etc.

Heave on the capstan and make it spin round, etc.

Our anchors we'll weigh and our sails we'll set, etc.

Our friends we leave, but with regret, etc.

Oh, heave with a will, heave long and strong, etc.

Now one more chorus of this good song, etc.

We're homeward bound, you've heard them say, etc.

Hook on the catfall and run her away, etc.

We're homeward bound, the winds blow fair, etc.

And we have friends who'll greet us there, etc.

VERSION B

(Tune: Same as A, above)

We're homeward bound, I heard them say,

Goodbye, fare you well! goodbye, fare you well!

Our captain said we'll sail today,

Hurrah, my lads, we're homeward bound!

We're homeward bound with nine months pay, etc.

Our sails are set and we're underway, etc.

The girls will all come down and say, etc.
You're welcome, Jack, with all your pay, etc.
We're homeward bound, to Charleston town, etc.
Then heave away, boys, spin it round, etc.

No. 724

HOMEWARD BOUND II

also known as

Loose Every Sail to the Ye Sailors, I'm Bound to
Breeze My Love

This is another of the many homeward bound shanties; it dates back to at least the latter decade of the 18th century.

REFERENCES

Amer (MM), 202-204 Huntington, 52-53 Whall (SSS), 35-37

Homeward Bound II

Loose every sail to the breeze,
The course of my vessel improve,
I've done with the strife of the seas,
Ye sailors I'm bound to my love.

Chorus

Ye sailors, I'm bound to my love!
Ye sailors, I'm bound to my love!
I've done with the strife of the seas,
Ye sailors, I'm bound to my love!

Since Emma's true as she's fair,
My griefs I shall fling all to the wind.
'Tis a pleasing return for my care,
Where no conflict but love shall I find.

Hoist every sail to the wind,
Come, shipmates, and join in the song;
Let's drink while our ship sails the seas,
To the gale that may drive her along.

No. 725

HONEY, BABY MINE I

also known as

Baby Mine	Honey
Crawdad	Honey Babe
The Crawdad Hole	Sweet Child
Crawdad Man	Sweet Thing
The Crawdad Song	You Get a Line and I'll
Crawfish Gone	Get a Pole

This song has been recovered and reported as both a "game" and a "Negro" folk song. Long popular with country music performers and audiences, the song has remained a staple item of the "Blue Grass" repertoires.

See and compare the Honey Babe in Brown, V, 473; the Sugar Babe in Lomax (USA), 108; and the Sweet Thing in Randolph, III, 197-198.

REFERENCES

Agay (1), 34	Lomax (OSC), 299
Best, 45	Lomax (USA), 106-107
Botkin (AFL), 896	Roberts (IP), 278-279
Coleman, 68	Seeger (6), 86
Grafman, 117	Silber (HSB), 61
Ives (SA), 236-237	Silverman, II, 136
Kennedy (M-1), 42-43	Thede, 72-73
Leisy, 70	Wilgus, 310
Leisy (SPS), 46	Yolen, 182-183

Honey, Baby Mine I (Version A)

You get a line and I'll get a pole, honey!
You get a line and I'll get a pole, babe!
You get a line and I'll get a pole,
And we'll go down to the Crawdad hole,
Honey, sugar, baby mine.

Settin' on the ice till my feet got cold, etc.
See that Crawdad runnin' to his hole, etc.

Get up, ol' man, you slept too late, etc.
There ain't no Crawdad on your plate, etc.

What you gonna do when the lake runs dry, etc.
And all the Crawdads start to die, etc.

Walkin' down the road with a pack on my back, etc.
With all the Crawdads I could pack, etc.

VERSION B

also known as

Sweet Child & Sweet Thing

Standin' on the corner, I meant no harm, my honey;
Standin' on the corner, I meant no harm, my sweet
child.

Standin' on the corner, I meant no harm,
A big policeman took me by the arm,
My honey, my sweet child.

Wrestled and kicked and tried to get loose, etc.
But he took me off to the calaboose, etc.

Sell my crawdads three for a dime, etc.
Your crawdads ain't as good as mine, etc.

A little bit cloudy, but I hope it don't rain, etc.
Gotta take a trip on the east bound train, etc.

When I die, ol' friend, don't bury me at all, etc.
Just soak my body in alcohol, etc.

No. 726

HONEY, BABY MINE II

also known as

My Honey Babe Sugar Babe This Morning, This Evening

This is a composite song, made up of lines and stanzas found in many folk songs. There are many such "put together" songs, and some of them are more interesting than the songs from which they were extracted. For another version, see Brown, III, 550-551 & V, 317-318. For a different song of the same type, see Honey Bee in Brewer, 219.

Honey, Baby Mine II

O kill me a chicken and save me the wing,

 This mornin',

O kill me a chicken and save me the wing,

 This mornin',

My honey babe, my little babe,

 my sweet baby, so sweet.

O kill me a chicken and save me the wing—

You may think that I work but I don't do a thing!

This mornin', this evenin',

My honey babe, O honey baby mine!

I had an' ol' mule an' he wouldn't go gee, etc.

I hit him in the head with a singletree, etc.

I took my sweet gal to the crawfish stand, etc.

She fell in love with the crawfish man, etc.

O never you mind what that woman has done, etc.

I'll go right out and get me another one, etc.

No. 727

HONEY IN THE ROCK

also known as

There's Honey in that Rock

This is a campground "revival" hymn. It dates from the 19th century, though exact date of origin is unknown.

For a similar campmeeting song with a similar title, see Home in the Rock in this Master Book.

The version below was contributed by Dickson Hall and Gary Romero, New York City.

Honey in the Rock

My brother, do you know the Maker?

He is loving, He is kind and true,

And He's the mighty Rock of Ages,

And there's honey in that Rock for you!

Chorus

Yes, there's honey in the Rock, my brother!

O, there's honey in the Rock for you!

For your father, and your sister, and your mother,

And there's honey in the Rock for you!

My brother, do you read the Bible?

Are you living as He wants you to?

It's written in the Holy Pages,

That there's honey in the Rock for you!

My brother, life can be much sweeter,
And this is all you have to do:
Get acquainted with the Rock of Ages,
'Cause there's honey in the Rock for you!

No. 728

HOP ALONG, JOHNNY

A game song for children. Not related to the hoedown,
Hop Along, Sally in Ford (TMA), 64.

See and compare the Girl I Left Behind V in this Master Book.

Hop Along, Johnny

Hop along, skip along, hop along, Johnny;
Treat that girl so kindly.
Turn around and swing that girl,
The one you left behind you.

No. 729

THE HORNET AND THE PEACOCK

also known as

The Peacock that Lived in the Land of King George

This song derives from a naval battle of the War of 1812. The victory of the American ships, Hornet and Wasp, over the British Peacock encouraged and cheered Americans who were depressed and gloomy after many reverses on land. According to Eddy, "The tune resembles that of The Laird o' Cockpen, and may be a variant of that air."

REFERENCES

Eddy, -244-245

Ives (SA), 286-287

Downes (1940), 77-79

Ives (SB), 122-123

The Hornet and the Peacock

Ye Demos, attend, and ye Federals too:

I'll sing you a song that you all know is true,
Concerning the Hornet, true stuff, I'll be bail,
That rumbled the Peacock and lowered her tail.

Chorus

The bird it was bred in the land of King George,
Her feathers were fine and her tail very large:
She spread forth her wings, like a ship in full sail,
And prided herself in the size of her tail.

King George then says, "To America go;
The Hornet, the Wasp, is the British king's foe:
Pick them up, dear bird, spread your wings to the gale."
"But beware of the insects!" cried old Granny Weal.

Away flew this bird at the word of command,
Her flight was directed to freedom's own land;
The Hornet discovered her wings on the sail,
And quickly determined to tickle her tail.

So at it they went, it was both pick and sting,
The Hornet still working keen under her wing;
"American insects," quoth she, "I'll be bail,
Will humble the king bird and tickle her tail."

The Peacock now mortally under her wing
Did feel the full force of the Hornet's sharp sting;
She flattened her crest like a shoal on the whale,
Sunk down by her side and lower'd her tail.

Success to brave Lawrence, who well knew the nest
Where the Hornet and Wasp with honor still rest.
We'll send them a force, and with skill, I'll be bail,
Will humble King George and tickle his tail.

No. 730

A HORSE NAMED BILL

Non-sense song—old, but still amusing when performed well.
I have no reliable information regarding its origin, but it
appears in several reputable collections.

REFERENCES

Lomax (FSNA), 135	Silverman, II, 170
Randolph, III, 203	Winn (1), 154
Sandburg (AS), 340-341	Yolen, 28-30
Sandburg (NAS), 88	

A Horse Named Bill

I had me a horse and his name was Bill,
And when he ran he couldn't stand still;
He ran away one day, and also I ran with him!

He ran so fast that he could not stop.
He ran into a barbershop and fell exhaustionized
With his eye-teeth in the barber's left shoulder.

I had a gal and her name was Daisy;
When she sang the horse went crazy, with diliriums,
St. Vituses, and all kinds of horse-leptics.

At shooting birds I am a beaut,
There is no bird I cannot shoot,
Right in the eye, in the ear, in the teeth, in
the fingers!

Now what can you do in a case like that?
O, what can you do but stomp on your hat?
Or your toothbrush, or your grandmother, or
anything else that's helpless?

No. 731

HORSE TRADERS' SONG

also known as

The Horse Wranglers

I am satisfied that this is a version of The Horse Wranglers, a song of the Gypsies, who were once very active as horse traders. For another version, see Lomax (FSNA), 323-324 and Randolph, III, 261-262.

Horse Traders' Song

Oh, do you know those horse-wranglers?
And do you know their plan?
Oh, do you know those horse-wranglers?
And do you know their plan?
I know they plan for to ride,
Ride out and catch what ever they can,
Lord, Lord!
I was once known as a horse-wrangler,
And I've been all around this world.

They ride all over the Indian range,
To get whatever they can.
Oh, yonder they come, a-ridin', boys,
With a lasso in each hand.
Just look in frint of our horses, boys,
And see that runnin' herd, Lord, Lord!
Oh, life is full for a horse-wrangler,
And I've been all around this world.

No. 732

HOUSE OF THE RISING SUN

also known as

The Rising Sun Blues

An old-time country blues that got itself all dressed up and traveled to the cities. Popular and not so popular singers have added versions to their repertoires. Its new lease on life shows no signs of diminishing, but it remains what it always was—a folk blues.

REFERENCES

Edwards (CHSB), 201

Seeger (6), 18

Leisy (SPS), 16-17

Silber (HSB), 98

Lomax (FSNA), 290

Silverman, II, 51

Lomax (OSC), 369

Silverman (FB), 269

House of the Rising Sun

There is a house down in New Orleans,
They call it the Rising Sun;
It has been the ruin of many a poor girl,
And she, Oh, Lord, was one.

If she had listened to her ol' Ma,
She'd still be at home today,
But being young and foolish like, poor girl,
A gambler led her astray.

Go tell her baby sister now,
To never do the way she's done;
To shun that house down in New Orleans
They call the Rising Sun.

I'm goin' right down to New Orleans,
My race it is almost run;
When I get there I'm gonna take that girl
Away from the Rising Sun.

No. 733

HOW MANY MILES TO BABYLON?

also known as

How Many Miles to Babyland?	London
How Many Miles to Banbury?	Marlybright
How Many Miles to Barley Bridge	Molly Bride
How Many Miles to Bethlehem?	Molly Bright
How Many Miles to London Town?	To Babyland
King and Queen of Cantelon	

This song is part of an old chasing game; it grew out of and derives from the ancient custom of entering a walled-in city to sell produce. Song has been known in America since colonial times, and it is still in circulation. Two versions (A and B) are given below.

REFERENCES

Bertail, 18	Jour (AFL), V, 120; XL,
Billson, 63	32
Brown, I, 74-78	Linscott, 18
Burne, 522	McDowell, 68-69
Chambers (PRS), 123-124	McIntosh (FSSG), 85
Collins, 49	Newell, 153-154
Folk-Lore Journal, VII,	Northall, 396-398, 421-
230	422
Gomme, I, 231-238	Notes (4th series), VII, 141,
Halliwell (NRE), Nos. 328	271, 415, 506, 523
& 357	Pub (TFIS), XVII, 142
Halliwell (PRNT), 118, 217	Quarterly (SFL), VI, 256
Hofer, 43	Simpson, 217

How Many Miles To Babylon? (Version A)

How many miles to Babylon?
Four-score and ten!
Can I get there by candle light?
Yes, and back again.

Open the gate and let us through.
Toll first you pay!
I have no gold. What shall I do?
Go away, away!

VERSION B

How many miles to Barley Bridge?
Three score and ten.
Can I get there by candle light?
Yes, if your legs be long.

A courtesy to you,
A courtesy to you,
If you please, will you
Let the king's horses through?

Through and through they shall go,
For the king's sake;
But the one that is the hindmost
Will meet with a great mistake.

No. 734

HUMBUG STEAMSHIP COMPANIES

A satirical complaint about one of the main ways of transportation during the California gold-rush years, this song was written By J. A. Stone and published in The Original California Songster.

REFERENCES

Black, 20-21	Put (6), 43-44
Grant (SF), 106-107	Silber (SGAW), 125-129
Lengyel, 70-71	Turner (CS), 24
Lengyel (HB), 13	Vitus, 18
Lingenfelter, 30-31	

Humbug Steamship Companies Tune: Uncle Sam's Farm

The greatest imposition that the public ever saw
Are the California steamships that run to Panama;
They're a perfect set of robbers, and accomplish their
 designs

By a general invitation of the people to the mines.

Chorus

The come along, come along, you that want to go;
The best accommodations, and the passage very low.
Our boats they are large enough, don't be afraid,
The Golden Gate is going down to beat the Yankee trade.

They have opposition on the route, with cabins very nice,
And advertise to take you for half the usual price;
They get thousands from the mountains, and then deny
 their bills,

So you have to pay the prices, or go back into the hills.

When you start from San Francisco, they treat you like a dog,
The victuals you're compelled to eat ain't fit to feed a hog;
And a drunken mate a-cursing and damning you around,
And wishing that the boat would sink and every one be
 drowned!

You are driven round the steerage like a drove of hungry
 swine,

And kicked ashore at Panama by the Independent Line;

Your baggage is thrown overboard, the like you never
saw,
A trip or two will sicken you of going to Panama.

No. 735

HUMPTY DUMPTY

Known now as a nursery rhyme, this is, in fact, an ancient European riddle verse. Opie, 215, says: "The earliest recording of the rhyme itself is in manuscript, a contemporary addition to a copy of Mother Goose's Melody (circa 1803)."

In the nursery sense, the term "Humpty Dumpty" does not appear to have been in use prior to 1785. The rhyme makes sense only as a riddle, because eggs do not sit on walls. If, however, the verse is view as human beings impersonating eggs, then it makes sense.

This rhyme is also sung, sometimes, as a round.

REFERENCES

Bertail, 102
Brown, I, 296
Moorat, 9

Taylor (BR), 14
Wier (SWWS), 194
Wier (YAM), I, 51

Humpty Dumpty

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall.
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.
All the king's horse's and
all the king's men
Couldn't put Humpty Dumpty
together again.

No. 736

THE HUNGRY CROWS

also known as

Bally-Way-Wiggle-Dum-Daw	Three Old Crows
Billie McGee McGaw	The Three Ravens
Billy MaGee MaGar	The Twa Corbies
The Crow Song	The Two Crows
Lover's Farewell	Two Hungry Crows
Poor Old Crow	Two Old Crows
The Three Blackbirds	The Two Ravens
Three Black Crows	Willie McGee McGaw
The Three Crows	Willy MaGee MaGar

The roots of this ballad extend deep into the history of European folklore. Many variants, versions and parodies have sprouted from it. The earliest printed version, entitled Country Pastimes, is in Ravenscroft's Melismata, dated 1611. Sir Walter Scott published a text in which the birds were called "Corbies". In 1825, Allan Cunningham altered and expanded Scott's version, changing "Corbies" to "Ravens", and published it in Songs of Scotland, I, pp. 289-290. Very few versions sung today resemble the 1611 text, and none of those collected in America have anything in common with it. Most American versions can be traced back to the parody, Billie McGee McGaw, which was introduced on vaudeville stages about the time of the Civil War. Texts and tunes vary greatly, and there are many kinds of versions, including a shanty and a children's game. For example, Doerflinger gives a shanty version set to the tune of Blow the Man Down. Davis (TBV) has two parodies, both Civil War songs set to the tune of When Johnny Comes Marching Home. Chase (AFTS) gives a derivative of the Scottish form set to the tune of Ye Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon. Generally, the versions known in America are set to a tune which, as Owens observes, is "more or less similar to that

of When Johnny Comes Marching Home."

Since American collectors have lumped all versions together in their reference lists, it seemed that the logical thing to do here would be to present three forms of the song—Scottish (A), English (B), and American (C). Versions A and B are closer aligned than version C, which is, in truth, a parody of version B.

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The Hungry Crows (Version A)

As I was walking all alane,
I heard twa corbies making a maen:
The tane unto the t'ither did say,
"Whaur shall we gang and dine the day?"

"O doun beside yon auld fail dyke,
I wot there lies a new-slain knight;
And naebody kens that he lies there
But his hawk, his hound, and his lady fair."

"His hound is to the hunting gane,
His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame,
His lady's ta'en another mate,
Sae we may mak' our dinner sweet."

"O we'll sit on his white hause bane,
And I'll pyke out his bonny blue e'en;
Wi' ae lock o' his gowden hair
We'll theek our nest when it blows bare.

"Mony & ane for him kaes maen,
But nane shall ken whaur he is gane.
Over his banes when they are bare,
The wind shall blaw for evermair."

VERSION B

There were three ravens sat on a tree,
Down a down, hey down, hey down,
They were as black as they might be,
With a down.

Then one of them said to his mate,
Where shall we now our breakfast take?
With a down, derry, derry down, down.

Down in yonder green field,
Down a down, hey down, hey down,
There lies a knight slain under his shield,
With a down.

His hounds lie down at his feet,
So well do their master keep,
With a down, derry, derry down, down.

His hawks they fly so eagerly,
Down a down, hey down, hey down,
There's no fool that dare him come nigh,
With a down,

Down there comes a fallow doe,
As great with young as she might go,
With a down, derry, derry down, down.

She lifted up his bloody head,
Down a down, hey down, hey down,
And kiss'd his wounds that were so red,
With a down.

She got him upon her back
And carried him to the earthen lake,
With a down, derry, derry down, down.

She buried him before the prime,
Down a down, hey down, hey down,
She was dead herself ere even-song time,
With a down.
God send us every gentleman
Such hawks, such hounds, and such a loved one,
With a down, derry, derry down, down.

VERSION C

Now two old crows sat on a tree,
O Billy Magee Magaw!
Yes, two old crows sat on a tree,
O Billy Magee Magaw!
Those two old crows sat on a tree,
And they were black as crows could be,
And they all flapped their wings and cried,
(Caw! caw! caw!) Billy Magee Magaw!
And they all flapped their wings and cried,
Billy Magee Magaw!

Then one old crow said to his mate, etc.
"What shall we do for grub to ate?" etc

There lies a horse on yonder plain, etc.
Who's by some cruel butcher slain, etc.

We'll perch ourselves on his backbone, etc.
And pick his eyes out one by one, etc.

No. 737

THE HUNTERS OF KENTUCKY

also known as

Half-Horse and Half Alligator	Old Packingham
Oh, Kentucky, the Hunters of	Packenham
Kentucky	Packing ham

The words of this song about the Battle of New Orleans was written by Samuel Woodworth. It was sung with success by comedian Arthur Keene at his theater in New Orleans.

According to Randolph, the song was first published in December, 1822, in The Port Folio, II, 527-529.

The Packenham or Packingham referred to in the text represents Major General Sir Edward Pakenham, commander of the British forces.

The Hunters of Kentucky was issued in sheet music form by T. Birch, N. Y. C.

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Henry (SSSA), 93-94	Silverman, II, 296
Ives (SA), 284-285	

The Hunters of Kentucky Tune: The Unfortunate Miss Bailey

Ye gentlemen and ladies fair, who grace this famous city,
Just listen if you've time to spare, while I rehearse a
ditty;

And for the opportunity consider yourselves lucky;
It isn't often that you see a hunter from Kentucky.

Oh, Kentucky! the hunters of Kentucky!

Oh, Kentucky! the hunters of Kentucky!

We are a hardy, free-bron race, each man to fear a stranger;
Whate'er the game we join in chase, despoiling time and
danger.

And if a daring foe annoys, whate'er his strength and forces,
We'll show him that Kentucky boys are alligator horses!

I s'pose you've read it in the prints, how Pakcenham
attempted

To make old Hickory Jackson wince, but soon his scheme
repented;

For we, with rifles ready cock'd, thought such occasion
lucky,

And soon around the gen'ral flocked the hunters of Kentucky!

Uou've heard, I s'pose, how New Orleans is fam'd for wealth
and beauty?

There's girls of ev'ry hue it seems, from snowy white to
sooty.

So Packenham he made his brags, if he in fight was lucky,
He'd have their girls and cotton bags, in spite of old
Kentucky.

Old Jackson he was wide awake, and was not scar'd at trifles;
For well he knew what aim we take with our Kentucky rifles.
So he led us down to Cypress swamp, the ground was low and
mucky,

There stood John Bull in martial pomp and here was old
Kentucky.

A bank was raised to hide our breasts, not that we thought
of dying,
But that we always like to rest, unless the game is flying.
Behind it stood our little force, none wished it to be
greater,
For every man was half a horse and half an alligator!

They did not let our patience tire, before they show'd
their faces;
We did not choose to waste our fire, so snugly kept our
places.
But when so near we saw them wink, we thought it time to
stop 'em—
And 'twould have done you good, I think, to see Kentuckians
drop 'em.

They found at last twas vain to fight, where lead was all
the booty,
And so they wisely took to flight, and left us all our
beauty.
And now, if danger e'er annoys, remember what our trade is:
Just send for us Kentucky boys, and we'll protect ye, ladies!

No. 738

HUNTING FOR A HOME

also known as

I'm So Glad

Pre-Civil War spiritual, and one of those featured on stage and in concert by the original Fisk Jubilee Singers. The title was used as an important line in a later socio-economic song, The Boll Weevil (see in MB). The version of the song below is from Marsh (SJS), 235.

Hunting for a Home

You won't get lost in the wilderness,
Hunting for a home,
With the love of Jesus in your breast,
Hunting for a home.

Chorus

I'm so glad the angels
brought the tidings down,
I'm so glad, I'm hunting for a home,
Oh, hunting for a home.

Oh, sinners, you had better pray, etc.
For Satan's round you every day, etc.

A little longer here below, etc.
And then to Glory we will go, etc.

The angels sang in Bethlehem, etc.
Peace on earth, goodwill to men, etc.

No. 739

HURRAH! FOR SOUTHERN RIGHTS

also known as

The Bonnie (Bonny) Blue Flag

War Song

This Confederate song, sung to the tune of The Irish Jaunting Car, was almost as popular as Dixie and inspired a whole series of songs, including several pro-Union ones. According to Mildred L. Rutherford (The South in History and Literature, Athens, Ga., 1906), this song was first performed in September, 1861, at the Academy of Music in New Orleans, La. Its performance so angered commander General Butler that he issued an order to the effect "that

any man, woman or child that sang that song, whistled or played it, would be fined twenty-five dollars." According to J. A. Fitzgerald (Stories of Famous Songs, p. 106), the text "was written in 1862 by Annie Chambers Ketchum to an Irish air adapted or composed by Henry McCarthy." Fitzgerald is at least a year off the mark. The song was published in sheet music form by Blackmar & Bro., 74 Camp St., New Orleans, shortly following its introduction by Harry McCarthy, "a noted comedian and entertainer, known as The Arkansas Comedian, in the Spring of 1861."

Other versions crediting authorship to McCarthy are in The Confederate Scrap-Book (Richmond, 1893), pp. 192-193; Eggleston, I, 189; and Moore, Songs and Ballads of the Southern People, 135-137. Broadside versions were issued by Partridge (No. 836) and Wehman (No. 607).

For other songs sung to the tune used for this one, see Hurrah! for the Sunny South I & II and Hurrah! for the Union I & II in MB.

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Hurrah! for Southern Rights Tune: The Irish Jaunting Car

We are a band of brothers,
And native to the soil;
We're fighting for the property
We gained by honest toil!
And when our rights were threatened,
The cry rose near and far:
Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag,
That bears a Single Star!

Chorus

Hurrah! Hurrah! for Southern Rights!
Hurrah! Hurrah! for the Bonnie Blue Flag,
That bears a Single Star!

As long as the old Union
Was faithful to her trust,
Like friends and like brothers,
Kind were we, and just!
But now, when Northern treachery
Attempts our rights to mar,
We hoist on high the Bonnie Blue Flag,
That bears a Single Star!

Then here's to our Confederacy,
Strong we are, and brave,
Like patriots of old,
We'll fight our heritage to save!
And rather than submit to shame,
To die we would prefer,
So cheer for the Bonnie Blue Flag,
That bears a Single Star!

No. 740HURRAH! FOR THE SUNNY SOUTH I

also known as

The Homespun Dress	Southern Girl's Song
The Southern Girl	Three Cheers for the Homespun Dress

The tremendous success of the preceding song inspired imitators, and this song came into being. It was almost as popular as the song from which it took its form and tune. Authorship is in doubt. Collector's have credited the text to both a man and a woman, thus producing an unresolved dispute.

Belden cites an informant who wrote that the song "is to be found in Miss Mason's Southern Poems of the War (Baltimore, 1867) and in the Confederate Scrap-Book (Richmond, 1893), and...it was written by Carrie Bell Sinclair in 1863." In The South in History and Literature (Athens, Ga., 1906, pp. 214-216) Mildred Lewis Rutherford also attributes the text to Carrie Bell Sinclair. Luke W. Conerly (Pike County, Mississippi, 1798-1876) attributes authorship to Lieutenant Harrington of Alabama, on the authority of "a writer in the Age-Herald of Birmingham." Staton agreed, then, just 12 pages later, gives the song again and attributes the words to Carrie Bell Sinclair.

Frank Moore (The Civil War in Song and Story, New York, 1889), says: "The....song was taken from a letter of a Southern girl to her lover in Lee's army, which letter was obtained from mail captured on Sherman's march through northern Alabama."

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Hurrah! for the Sunny South I Tune: Irish Jaunting Car

O yes, I am a Southern girl, I glory in the name!
It's what I prize far greater than glittering wealth and
fame.

I envy not the Northern girl her robes of beauty rare—
Tho pearls bedeck her snowy neck, and diamonds stud her
hair.

Chorus

Hurrah! Hurrah! for the Sunny South, so dear!
Three cheers for the homespun dress the Southern ladies
wear!

My homespun dress is plain, I know; my hat is palmetto
too.

But now you see what Southern girls for Southern rights
can do.

We sent the bravest of our land to battle with the foe,
And we would lend a helping hand, to strike the North
a blow.

Our Sunny South's a glorious land, and ours a glorious
cause—

Then here's three cheers for Southern rights, and for
our Southern boys!

We sent our sweethearts off to war, but there's no need
to mind:

The soldier boy will not forget the girl he left behind.

Now young man I've a word for you, if you would win
the fair:
Go to the field where honor calls and win your lady there.
Remember that our bravest smiles are for the true and
brave,
And that our tears are all for those who fill a soldier's
grave.

No. 741

HURRAH! FOR THE SUNNY SOUTH II

also known as

The Southern Girl's Reply

When the Confederacy finally lay in ruins, Robert E. Lee surrendered his army at Appomattox and the military side of the Civil War was officially at an end. Personal war continued, however, and relationships varied from hatred to loving. It was only natural that Union soldiers would woo Confederate women, and many did so. Some were quite successful in the war of love, others, as the song below demonstrates, were not so fortunate.

For another version, see Scott (BA), 251-252.

Hurrah! for the Sunny South II Tune: Irish Jaunting Car

I will not listen to your words,
The land's too far and wide;
Go home and seek a Northern girl
To be your loving bride.
My brothers all were soldiers;
The youngest of the three
Was slain while fighting at the side
Of our great General Lee.

Chorus

So hurrah! Hurrah!
For the Sunny South, I say!
Three cheers for the Southern girl
And the boy that wore the gray.

My lover was a soldier too—
The war was not his plan;
A sabre pierced his gallant heart—
You might have been the man!
He reeled and fell but was not dead;
A horseman rode with speed,
And trampled on his dying brain—
You might have done the deed!

They left his body on the field,
Those soldiers who had won;
A horseman spurred him with his heel—
You might have been the one!
I have no hatred in my heart,
Nor cold and righteous pride,
For many a gallant soldier fell
Who served the other side.

Still, sir, I cannot take the hand
That smote my country sore;
Or love the foe that trampled down
The colors that she wore.
Betwixt my heart and yours there runs
A deep and crimson tide—
My brothers' and my lover's blood
Won't let me be your bride.

No. 742

HURRAH! FOR THE UNION

also known as

The Bonnie Blue Flag with
the Stripes and Stars

The Northern Bonnie Blue
Flag

The popularity of the Confederate Hurrah! for Southern Rights (see in MB) resulted in this parody. Here, too, authorship is in doubt. According to Glass (SS-2), 15, the words were written by Col. J. L. Geddes, while he was a prisoner of war in Selma, Alabama. According to Scott (BA), 218-220, the words were written by Isaac Ball.

Hurrah! for the UnionTune: Irish Jaunting Car

We are a band of patriots,
Who now leave home and friend
Our noble Constitution
And banner to defend.
Our Capitol was threatened,
And the cry rose near and far,
To protect our country's glorious flag,
That glitters with many a star.

Chorus

Hurrah! Hurrah! for the Union, boys!
Hurrah! Hurrah! for our country's good
old flag,
That glitters with many a star!

Much patience and forbearance
The North has always shone,
Toward her Southern brethren,
Who had each way their own.

But when we made our president,
A man whom we desired,
Their wrath was roused; they mounted guns
And on Fort Sumter fired.

They forced the war upon us,
For peaceful men are we;
They steal our money, seize our forts,
And then as cowards flee.
False to their vows, and to the flag
That once protected them,
They sought the Union to dissolve—
Earth's noblest, brightest gem!

We're fighting for our Union,
In which we've placed our trust;
We're fighting for our native land
That they would grind to dust!
It must not be dissevered,
Though it cost us bloody wars—
We never will give up this land
Where floats the Stripes and Stars.

We do not need their cotton,
And care not for their slaves,
But rather than divide the land,
We'll fill their Southern graves.
With Lincoln as our Chieftain,
We'll bear the country's scars;
We'll rally round the brave old flag,
That bears the Stripes and Stars.

No. 743HUSBAND'S COMPLAINT I

also known as

A Bachelor Bold and Young	I Married Me a Wife
Bachelor Boy	Monday Morning I Got Me a
A Bachelor Young and Bold	Wife
Blue Bottle	The Old Bachelor
The Brisk Young Bachelor	A Week's Work
The Holly Twig	When I Was a Bachelor
	When I Was a Roustabout

This song dates back to at least 1760, for that year it appeared in West Country Garlands, a collection of English stall ballads.

The English Robin-A-Thrush, a children's song, is a close form of the song given below. Another form is Young Man With a Lazy Wife (see in MB)

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Davis (FSV), 161	Quarterly (SFL), V, 183-184
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Hudson (FSM), 174-175	Sharp, I, 341-343
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Jour (AFL), XXXIX, 155	Talley, 145-146

Husband's Complaint I

As bachelor bold and young,
Loved a girl with a flatterin' tongue;

She said she loved me worse than sin!
I promised I would marry her,
But I forgot to tell her when!

Monday she became my wife—
Thought I'd have me a better life.
To my surprise it wasn't so.
Before the day was halfway gone,
My happiness had turned to woe.

Tuesday, as the sun did rise,
Got myself a big surprise!
She nagged at me and cussed me more,
Than ever in my whole life
I was nagged and cussed before!

Wednesday I was in the wood
Cutting twigs to make her good!
And from a holly tree so green,
I cut the longest, toughest switch—
The like of which you've never seen!

Thursday, boys, I laid them by,
Thinking I'd give her one more try,
To see if we could happy be;
But if she started in again,
I meant to turn her on my knee!

Friday, boys, I lammed her well,
Lammed her 'til she screamed like hell!
I swore upon my mother's name,
If e'er again she should complain
I'd take a stick and do the same!

No. 744

HUSBAND'S COMPLAINT II

also known as

The Brisk Young Bachelor
The Old Bachelor

The Poor Man's Labor's Never
Done

A Stern Old Bachelor

This appears to be an Irish form of the preceding English song, and it, too, has survived in several widely varying versions. For two other versions, see The Songs of Ireland, Dublin, 1845, p. 99 and O'Connor, p. 31.

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Sharp (FSFS), No. 101

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Sharp (100), 156-157

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Husband's Complaint II

Once I was a stern young bachelor,
Then I took a handsome wife;
I needed some one to be near me,
Help me lead a sober life.

Chorus

Wick a whack dweller,
O didle de di di doe,
Whack willity, didle-de doe!

First dang year that we were married,
She didn't do a stroke of work;
She always grumbled, always scolded,
Made me savage as a Turk!

Second year that we were married
A baby came, and we were three;
She sat me down beside the cradle,
Not a bit of help was she!

Home I come all tired and weary,
No food to eat and nothing done,
But right upstairs, then to the cellar,
With the kettle I must run.

If I dare to criticize her,
She replies, O come, come, come!
A woman must receive some pleasure—
Poor man's work is never done.

My old mother comes to see me,
Shakes her head and says, "O son,
This world is filled with many women—
Why should you be tied to one?

"Leave this one and try another;
And if you find she will not do,
Then take a third, a fourth, a fifth one,
Let your sorrows all renew!"

Listen, all you free young bachelors,
If you intend to happy be,
When you consider getting married,
Think of what has come to me.

No. 745

HUSH-A-BYE

also known as

All the Pretty Little Horses
All the Pretty Little Ponies
Go to Sleepy, Little Baby
Horsey Song

The Little Ponies
Mammy Loves
Pretty Little Horses
A Schoharie Lullaby

This lullaby originated in the Southern states and is a genuine American classic. Yet Cecil Sharp printed a version, indicating that it was originally an English song. He did not give a single reference to support such an inference. I have not seen it in any English collection of folk songs.

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| Lomax (PB), 59 | Winn (1), 22 |

Hush-A-Bye

(Version A)

Hush-a-bye, don't you cry;
Go to sleepy, little baby.
When you wake, you shall have cake,
And pretty little horses.

Blacks and bays, dapples and grays,
With a saddle for the horses.
Hush-a-bye, don't you cry;
Go to sleepy, little baby.

VERSION B

Mammy loves and Pappy loves,
And Mammy loves her baby.
Go to sleepy, go to sleep,
Go to sleep, sweet little baby.

When you wake you shall eat cake
And ride the pretty little pony.
Go to sleepy, go to sleep,
Go to sleep, sweet little baby.

No. 746

HUSH-A-BYE, BABY

also known as

Hush, Little Baby	Papa's Gonna Buy Me a
Mamma, Have You Heard?	Mockingbird
The Mockingbird	Sister, Sister Have You
Momma, Momma, Have You Heard?	Heard?
	You Shall Have a Horse to
	Ride

This is one of the most popular lullabies in the United States. Generations of babies have been lullabied by this song, and it is still widely known and sung. See and compare the Baby Dear piece in Seeger (1), 144.

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Arnett, 61	Lomax (OSC), 96
Botkin (SFL), 704	Lomax (PB), 59
Brown, II, 474; III, 629; V, 82	McIntosh (FSSG), 100
Ives (SA), 148-149	Randolph, III, 50-51
	Ritchie (SSB), 84-85

Scott (BA), 164

Silber (HSB), 52

Seeger (1), 147

Winn (1), 12

Sharp, II, 342

Winn (2), 35

Hush-a-bye, Baby

Hush-a-bye, baby, don't you cry,
You shall have a Mockingbird, bye 'n' bye.

If that Mockingbird don't sing,
Daddy's gonna buy you a golden ring.

If that ring should turn to brass,
Daddy's gonna buy you a looking-glass.

If that looking-glass should break,
Daddy's gonna buy you a chocolate cake.

If that chocolate cake ain't sweet,
Daddy's gonna buy you a drum to beat.

If that drum's too loud, of course,
Daddy's gonna buy you a rocking-horse.

If that rocking-horse don't rock,
Daddy's gonna buy you a coo-coo clock.

If that coo-coo flys away,
Mamma's gonna hold you close and say:

Hush-a-bye, baby, don't you cry;
You shall have a Mockingbird, bye 'n' bye.

No. 747

HUSH-A-BYE, BABY, ON THE TREE TOP

also known as

Rock-a-bye, Baby

When the Wind Blows

This is an English lullaby-nursery song; it was widely known in early America and is still popular in many areas, particularly the Southern states. Availability in print has probably kept the song out of most American folk collections.

REFERENCES

Bertail, 68	Northall, 425-426
Creighton (FSNB), 180-182	Pound (SFSN), XXXI, 76
Davis (FSV), 182	Rimbault (NR), 17
Halliwell (NRE), 102, 157	Wier (SWWS), 182
Jour (AFL), XLI, 500	Wier (YAM), I, 25, 38, 41
Moorat, 33	Winn (1), 20-21

Hush-a-bye, Baby, On the Tree Top

Hush-a-bye, baby, on the tree top,
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall—
Down will come baby, cradle and all.

No. 748

HUSH, MY BABE

A religious-type lullaby, or cradle song, written by Isaac Watts and J. J. Rousseau.

For other versions, see Thomas (DD), 79 and Wier (YAM), I, 16.

Hush, My Babe

Hush, my babe, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed,
Heav'nly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.
How much better thou'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from heaven He descended,
And became a child like thee.

No. 749

I AIN'T GOT TIME TO MARRY

also known as

Ain't I Goin'	Massa Had a Little Yaller
Colored Gal From the South	Gal
The Gal From the South	Oh, Ain't I Sweet
Hop Along, Peter	Oh, Hop Along, Peter Boy
Marsa's Yaller Gal	Old Marse Had a Pretty
Marster Had a Yaller Gal	Yaller Gal
Massa Bought a Yaller Gal	Old Massa Had a Yaller Gal
	She's My Yaller Gal
	Yaller Gal

This song is in the form of the mid-19th century song, The Gal From the South, and is obviously a derivative of it. The song begins:

Ole Massa owned a colored girl—
 He bought her at the South;
 Her hair it curled so very tight,
 She could not shut her mouth.
 Her eyes they were so very small,
 They both ran into one,
 And when a fly lit in her eye,
 'Twas like a June-bug in the sun.

Chorus

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
 The gal from the South—
 Her hair it curl'd so very tight,
 She could not shut her mouth!

There are hundreds of songs in the same form, but form does not indicate a relationship. The song below, both versions, are compounded of lines and stanzas found in other songs. For examples, see: Ain't I Goin' in Piper (SPPG), 271; Going Down to Town in this Master Book; Hump-Back Mule in Odum (NWS), 179; Oh, Ain't I Gone in

Ames (MPP), 299; Oh, Susan, Quit Your Fooling in Dobie (BSFF), 134; Shoo Fly in Roberts (IP), 281; When de Band Begins to Play in Odum (NHS), 235; and I'm Going Home to Dixie in this Master Book.

The A and B versions below are set to the same tune.

REFERENCES

Botkin (AFL), 903-904	Henry (FSSH), 436
Botkin (APPS), 256-258	Henry (SMBFS), 170-171
Brown, III, 487; V, 270	Scarborough (NFS), 66-68
Creighton (SBNS), 243-244	White, 152-156, 450-451
Ethiopian (2), 147	

I Ain't Got Time To Marry (Version A)

Massa had a yaller girl,
He brought her from the South;
Her hair curl'd so doggone tight
She couldn't shut her mouth!

Chorus

Oh, I ain't got time to marry!
Oh, I ain't got time to marry!
No, I ain't got time to marry, boys,
For I am goin' away.

I went to see her the other night,
She met me at the door,
Shoes and stockings in her hand,
Feet all over the floor.

Her eyes are so dark and small
They both run into one;
But Massa seemed to like that gal,
And they had lots of fun.

Took her to the blacksmith shop,
To have her mouth made small;

She swallowed up the whole dang place,
Including shoes and all!

--
Massa had no heeks or nails,
Or other things like that;
So on this-nose you see me wear,
He hung his coat and hat!

VERSION B

Massa had a yaller cow,
She had a hollow horn;
Ev'ry tooth in that cow's head
Would hold a ton of corn!

Chorus

Oh, hop along, Peter boy,
'Cause there ain't no need to tarry;
Oh, hop along, Peter boy,
I ain't got time to marry.

Her head is like a coffee pot,
Her nose is like a spout;
Mouth is like a fireplace
With ashes taken out!

I wish I had a nickle,
I wish I had a dime,
I wish I had a dollar bill
To show that gal of mine.

He took her to the tailor shop,
To have her mouth sewed small;
She opened up big and wide,
Swallowed shop and all!

No. 750

I AIN'T GOT WEARY YET

Pre-Civil War spiritual popularized by the original Fisk Jubilee Singers. The spiritual was parodied by songwriters Howard Johnson and Percy Wenrich and published by Leo Feist, Inc., New York, N. Y. According to Niles (SMM), 215, the parody, known under the identical title, was a favorite of American soldiers during World War I.

REFERENCES

Brewer, 165

Marsh (SJS), 187

Pike, 269

I Ain't Got Weary Yet

Been praying for the sinner so long,
And I ain't got weary yet;
Been praying for the sinner so long,
And I ain't got weary yet.

Chorus

And I ain't got weary yet!
And I ain't got weary yet!
Been down in the valley so long,
And I ain't got weary yet.

Been praying for the mourner so long, etc.

Been going to the fountain so long, etc.

Been walking with my Saviour so long, etc

Been waiting to see heaven so long, etc.

No. 751

IDA RED

also known as

Ida Red, Ida Red

Idy Red

Oh, Ida Red!

Originally this was probably a "roustabout work song," as Wheeler claimed. Now, however, it is a song of entertainment and a country dance tune. It is probably known to every fiddler and country-western performer in the nation. Ida Red has been recovered and recorded with and without a text. Music publishers have claimed it as a copyright, but their copyrights never prove to be older than traditional versions.

REFERENCES

Lomax (ABFS), 110-111

Roberts (SBS), 169-170

Randolph, III, 197

Thede, 60-61

Roberts (IP), 279-281

Wheeler (SD), 14

Ida Red(Version A)

Hats on the mantle, pictures on the wall;
There's a pretty soldier, and that's not all.
I'm mistaken, I'm not right,
Somebody else giv'n a party tonight.

Chorus

Oh, Ida Red! Pretty Ida Red!
Never loved nobody like my Ida Red!
Wish I had a dollar bill—
Never did have, but one day soon I will!
Cross the holler, mile and a half,
Can't see-Ida, but I hear her laugh.
Ida Red, she ain't no fool—
Looks like an angel, brays like a mule!

VERSION B

Ida Red, Ida Red,
I'm gittin' tired of eatin' shortin' bread.

Evuh since the meat's been layin' on the shelf,
I've been sleepin' here by myself.

Ida Red, Ida Red, etc.

Sho' as the green grass grows in the fiel',
Got to cook ole John a solid meal.

Ida Red, Ida Red, etc.

Dropped by jus' to take you to town,
So put on your bonnet and gown.

Ida Red, Ida Red, etc.

Reckon how the time for lovin's comin' on,
Look for Ida but Ida's gone!

Ida Red, Ida Red, etc.

No. 752

I DIDN'T HEAR NOBODY PRAY

also known as

Couldn't Hear Nobody Pray I Couldn't Hear Nobody Pray

This spiritual is from the last half of the 19th century,
probably dating back to the Civil War. It has been ar-
ranged, rewritten, published and recorded so many times
that one could almost call it a modern commercial song.

REFERENCES

Chambers (TNS), 43-43
Dett, 202-203; Appendix,
X-XI

Johnson (BANS), 89-91
Leisy (IAS), 134-135
Lomax (FSNA), 473-474

Work (ANSS), 72-73

Work (FSAN), 24, 51

I Didn't Hear Nobody Pray

In the valley on my kness,
Didn't hear nobody pray;
With my burden and my Saviour,
O Lord! I didn't hear nobody pray.

Chorus

And I didn't hear nobody pray!
O Lord! didn't hear nobody pray!
O way down yonder by myself,
And I didn't hear nobody pray!

Chilly waters in the Jordan!, etc.
Crossing over into Canaan, etc.

Hallelujah! troubles over!, etc.
In the Kingdom with my Jesus, etc.

No. 753

I DON'T EXPECT TO STAY MUCH LONGER HERE
also known as

Done With the World

Run to Jesus

There are two well-known versions of this song, and both are given below. Version A is a campground revival spiritual credited to B. F. White, and version B is a slave spiritual adapted from the former. Version A is also an adaptation; it has a text lifted from River of Jordan, or Happy in the Lord, according to Jackson (SFS), 197. The first stanza was borrowed from an older hymn, Jesus, My All To Heaven Is Gone, which may be seen in the Original Sacred Harp. Slaves borrowed it, in turn,

and made a spiritual called Run To Jesus (see version B below).

The first stanza was also borrowed for use in dozens of campground revival hymns, including the following:

Carter, or Never Turn Back in Jackson (SFS), 232 & McCurry, 52; Derret, or It Won't Be Long in McCurry, 108; I Love Jesus in Hillman, 254 & Jackson (SFS), 222; I Want a Seat in Paradise, or North Port in Jackson (SFS), 233 & James, 324; I Want To Go To Glory in Jackson (SFS), 239 & Walker (SWPH), 168; River of Jordan, or Happy in the Lord in Jackson (SFS), 197 & James, 493; Save Mighty Lord in Jackson (SFS), 217 & James, 73; Substantial Joys, or I Want To Go There To in Jackson (SFS), 228 & McCurry, 28; and With Us To the End, or Promise in Jackson (SFS), 217 & McCurry, 73.

REFERENCES

Dett, 15

Greenway, 89-90

Jackson (SFS), 211

McCurry, 79

Pike, 270

White & King, 88

I Don't Expect to Stay Much Longer Here (Version A)

Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,
And I don't expect to stay much longer here.
He whom I fix my hopes upon,
And I don't expect to stay much longer here.

Chorus

I am done with the world,
And I want to serve the Lord,
And I don't expect to stay much longer here.

The way the holy prophets went, etc.
The road that leads from banishment, etc.

VERSION B

Chorus

Run to Jesus, shun the danger!
I don't expect to stay much longer here.
Run to Jesus, He's no stranger!
I don't expect to stay much longer here.

He will be our dearest friend,
And he will help us in the end.
I don't expect to stay much longer here.

O, I thought I heard them say,
There were lions in the way., etc.

Many mansions there will be,
One for you and one for me., etc.

No. 754

I DON'T FEEL AT HOME IN THIS WORLD ANY MORE
also known as
I Can't Feel at Home

A favorite religious song of country music performers, some of whom have claimed it as their own original composition. The first such to publicly claim the song was the late A. P. Carter (The Carter Family), who had his version published by Peer International Music Corp., New York, N. Y. Nevertheless, the song is traditional. For another version, see Silverman, II, 114.

I Don't Feel at Home in This World Any More

This world is not my home,
I'm only passing through;
If heaven's not my home,
O Lord, what will I do?

I hear the angels singing
Through heaven's open door,
And I don't feel at home
In this world any more.

Chorus

I don't feel at home,
I don't feel at home,
No, I don't feel at home
In this world any more.

O Lord, you surely know
I have no friend like you.
If heaven's not my home,
O Lord, what will I do?
I hear the angels calling
From heaven's golden shore,
And I don't feel at home
In this world any more.

No. 755

I DON'T WANT TO GET ADJUSTED

A traditional Protestant hymn with words and music by Sanford J. Massengale; it was popular with revivalists of the 19th century. For other versions, see: Benziger, 120-121 and Silverman, II, 118.

I Don't Want To Get Adjusted

In this world we have our troubles,
Sometimes lonesome, sometimes blue;
But the hope of life eternal
Brightens all our hopes anew.

Chorus

I don't want (I don't want)
To get adjusted (to get adjusted)
To this world (to this world),
To this world (to this world).
I got a home that's so much better,
I want to go to, sooner or later,
I don't want to get adjusted to this world.

No. 756

THE IDYL OF THE PLAINS

also known as

The Cowboy

I obtained this song from Tex Fletcher in the Black Hills of South Dakota. It dates back to at least 1884, because a text of it appeared on June 28 of that year in the Kansas Cowboy, Dodge City. A modern version, arranged by Hugo Frey, is in Frey's American Cowboy Songs folio, published by Robbins Music Corporation, New York, 1936.

The original author, whoever he or she was, gave a complete history in a very few words.

REFERENCES

Fife, 85

Ohrlin, 158

Lomax (CS-1938), 139

Silverman, I, 51

The Idyl of the Plains

Oh, a man there lives on the western plain
With a ton of fight and an ounce of brain;
He herds the cows and robs the train,
And goes by the name of cowboy.

He laughs at death and scoffs at life,
And feels unwell unless in some strife;
He fights with a pistol, a rifle or a knife,
And goes by the name of cowboy.

He shoots out the lights in a gambling hall,
Or gets shot up in a drunken brawl;
Some coroner's jury then ends it all—
And that's the last of the cowboy.

No. 757

~~IF I~~ DON'T SEE YOU ANY MORE

also known as

Goodbye, Brother(s) If I Don't See You No More

A slave spiritual from the repertoire of the original
Fisk Jubilee Singers. It is also used as a "farewell"
or "parting" song.

REFERENCES

Allen (SSUS), 47, 92

Sandburg (AS), 477

Marsh (SJS), 215

Whitman, 98

If I Don't See You Any More

Goodbye, brothers, goodbye, sisters,
If I don't see you any more,
I'll meet you in heaven, in the blessed kingdom,
If I don't see you any more.

We'll part in body, and meet in the Spirit,
If I don't see you any more;
And may the Lord bless you, keep you and bless you,
If I don't see you any more.

No. 758

I FIGHT MIT SEGAL

also known as

I Goes to Fight Mit Seigel I'm Going to Fight Mit Sigel

This is one of those songs that depended upon dialect for its humor and effectiveness. German-Dutch dialect songs were popular with soldiers of both armies during the Civil War. The "Segal" referred to in song is General Franz Sigel, a former German soldier, who commanded the "2nd Missouri Brigade"; he fought at the battle of Pea Ridge and was with Pope in Virginia. For additional information, see The Blue and the Gray, Vol. 1, p. 385 (by H. S. Commager).

REFERENCES

Allsopp, II, 222

Randolph, II, 266-267

Glass (SS-2), 108-109

Stout, 100

Williams (FSCW), 271

I Fight Mit SegalTune: The Girl I Left Behind I A

I've come shust now to tell you how
I goes mit regimentals,
To schlauch dem voes of Liberty,
Like dem old Continentals
Vot fights mit England long ago,
To save the Yankee Eagle;
Un now I gets my sojer clothes—
I'm going to fight mit Segal.

Ven I comes from der Deutsche Countree,
I vorks somedimes at baking;
Den I keeps a lager beer saloon,
Und den I goes shoe-making.

But now I was a sojer been
 To save der Yankee Eagle,
 To schlaugh dem tam secession volks—
 I'm going to fight mit Segal.

I gets ein tam big rifle guns,
 Und puts him to mine shoulder,
 Den march so bold like a big jackhorse
 Und may been someding bolder.
 I goes off mit de volunteers
 To save der Yankee Eagle,
 To give dem Rebel vellers fits—
 I'm going to fight mit Segal.

No. 759

IF I GO AND FIND HIM

also known as

He'll Come Back and Be

My Beau

Jim Lane

My Love Sat Down in a Sad

Condition

Sad Condition

Game song. Not much is known about song's origin, but versions have been collected which indicate that it was once something more than a game piece. For comparable game songs, see The Boatman excerpt in Shearin (SKFS), 36; I'll Come Back and Be Your Beau in Botkin (APPS), 209; and Old General Lane in Randolph, III, 372.

REFERENCES

Botkin (APPS), 216-218
 Kittredge (BRK), 276

Quarterly (SFL), VI, 247
 Sharp, II, 372

If I Go and Find Him

She sat down in her sad station
Mourning the loss of her own true love;
Someone told her he was slain
In the war with General Lee.

Chorus

Now I know it is not so,
He'll come back and be my beau,
If I go and find him.

No. 760

IF YOU DON'T LIKE MY PEACHES

An old blues song from the Deep South. I have known the version below all my life, but I haven't seen a version in any of the published folk collections. It is included here as a sample of the kind of country blues that is constantly re-arranged and re-written by singers and musicians.

If You Don't Like My Peaches

If you don't like my peaches
Don't you shake my tree;
Now if you don't like my peaches,
Don't you shake my tree—
Get out of my orchard
And leave my peaches be!

My love is so good lookin',
He's easy on the eye;
That man is so good lookin',
He's so easy on the eye—
When he walks down the street with me
The gals just look and sigh.

No. 761

I HAD A LITTLE NUT TREE

also known as

The Little Nut Tree

My Little Nut Tree

This children's song dates back to at least the 18th century, for it is in The Newest Christmas Box, with tune by Reginald Spofforth, published in 1797. Other versions are in Baby's Opera, by Walter Crane, 1877 and Notes and Queries, 1849. According to Linscott, the story "is founded on the visit of Joanne Castile to the court of Henry VII in 1506."

REFERENCES

Bertail, 145

Moorat, 19

Halliwell (NRNT), 10

Opie, 330-331

Linscott, 210-211

Wier (YAM), I, 127

Moffat (LSLA), 57

Winn (1), 108

I Had A Little Nut Tree

I had a little nut tree,
Nothing would it bear,
Except a silver nutmeg
And a golden pear.
The king of Spain's daughter
Came to visit me,
And all for the sake of
My little nut tree.

She wore a dress of crimson,
Beautiful and fair,
She asked me for my nutmeg
And my golden pear.
O such a lovely princess
Never did I see,
And I gave her the fruit of
My little nut tree.

No. 762

I HAD BUT FIFTY CENTS

also known as

My GalThi

This song began as a Music Hall comic piece in the 19th century. Popular between the late 1870s and through the 1880s, the song was revived through several phonograph recordings in the 1930s. Largely ignored by folk song collectors, the song has survived via oral transmission anyhow. Versions are in Partridge's National Songster, p. 31 and Barlow Wilson's Waltz Me Again Songster, p. 48. A broadside version was issued by Wehman (No. 422).

REFERENCES

Delaney No. 8, 24	Shay (PF-1), 75-77
Gilbert (LC), 121	Shay (PF-3), 38-39
Randolph, III, 250	Wehman (GOTS), 31
	White, 212-213

I Had But Fifty Cents

I took my girl to a dance last night,
'Twas such a fancy hop,
We stayed until the folks went home—
The music it did stop.
Then to a restuarant we went,
The one that's open late;
She said she wasn't hungry,
But this is what she ate:

A dozen raw, a plate of slaw,
A chicken and a roast;
Some Spanish rice and shrimps on ice,
And soft-shell crabs on toast,

An Irish stew and crackers, too—
Her appetite was immense!
When she ordered pie, I thought I'd die,
For I had but fifty cents!

O no, she wasn't hungry,
She didn't care to eat.
Well, I'll just bet everything
That woman can't be beat!
She took it all so easy,
She had an awful tank;
She said she wasn't thirsty,
But this is what she drank:

A whiskey in a glass of gin,
It made me shake with fear;
Some ginger pop with rum on top,
A schooner full of beer;
A glass of ale, a big cocktail—
She should have had more sense!
When she ordered more, I fell on the floor,
For I had but fifty cents!

You bet I wasn't hungry,
I didn't dare to eat,
Expecting every minute
To be thrown out in the street.
She said she'd bring her fam'ly round
And we'd have some fun;
I gave the man my fifty cents,
And this is what he done:

He tore my clothes, he smashed my nose,
He hit me on the jaw;
He gave me a prize—a pair of black eyes,
And with me swept the floor!

He grabbed me where my clothes were loose
And threw me over the fence—
Take my advice, and don't be nice
When you have but fifty cents!

No. 763

I HEARD FROM HEAVEN TODAY

also known as

Go, Ring Them Bells	Peter, Go Ring Dem Bells
O Peter, Go Ring Dem Bells	Ring Dem Bells

A pre-Civil War spiritual from the repertoire of the original Fisk Jubilee Singers. See and compare I Hear From Heaven Today in Allen (SSUS), 2, 22 and Good News, Member in this Master Book.

REFERENCES

Chambers (TNS), 68-69	Marsh (SJS), 236
Dett, 204-205	Work (FSAN), 46
Johnson (BANS), 137-139	

I Heard From Heaven Today

Oh, Peter, go ring them bells!
Peter, go ring them bells!
Peter, go ring them bells!
I heard from heaven today.

I wonder where my mother is gone? (3)
I heard from heaven today.

Chorus

I heard from heaven today (2)
I thank God, and I thank you, too,
I heard from heaven today.

I wonder where sister Mary's gone?
I heard from heaven today.
I wonder where sister Martha's gone?
I heard from heaven today.
It's good news, and I thank God
I heard from heaven today.
Oh, Peter, go ring dem bells,
I heard from heaven today.

No. 764

I HEAR MY TRUE LOVE CRY
also known as
Way Down in Cairo

This song was written in or about 1850 by Stephen Foster. It was a popular piece on minstrel circuits for years. Finally, as with several other Foster songs, it was taken over by the folk, who subjected it to much variation of text. The tune, however, remained more or less constant. For another version, see Carner (SRA), 105.

I Hear My True Love Cry

Now ladies, don't you blush,
I just came here to play.
I only mean to please you all,
And then be on my way.

Chorus

I hear my true love call,
I hear my true love sigh;
Way down in Cairo,
I hear my true love cry.

Sometimes I feel that life is sad,
Sometimes I think it's gay;

Sometimes it ain't no good at all,
And then I drink all day.

Sometimes we get the fat,
Sometimes we get the lean;
Unless I get enough to drink,
I go 'round feelin' mean.

No. 765

I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVES

A slave spiritual from the repertoire of the original Fisk Jubilee Singers as set down in Marsh (SJS), 242. The text was obviously adapted from the revivalist hymn, Antioch, or Shout On, Pray On, a version of which is in both McCurry, 158 and White & King, 277. A version is also in this Master Book as Glory Hallelujah. Antioch was also an adaptation, being a rewrite of the folk hymn, Columbus, which is in White & King, 67. For additional information and references, see head-notes to Glory Hallelujah! in MB. Also see and compare the spiritual, Sinner, Please Don't Let This Harvest Pass, in Johnson (SBNS), 50; Sandburg (NAS), 48; Work (ANSS), 191.

I Know That My Redeemer Lives

Just stand right still and steady yourself,
I know that my Redeemer lives!
Oh, jus' let me tell you 'bout the Lord Himself,
I know that my Redeemer lives!

Chorus

Oh! I know, I know, my Lord, I know,
Yes, I know that my Redeemer lives!

Oh, Daniel in the lion's den, etc.

And none but Lord Jesus is his friend, etc.

Just watch ol' Time, and see it run, etc.

And don't let it catch you with work undone, etc.

No. 766

I KNOW WHERE I'M GOING

An old Irish love song from county Antrim. Herbert Hughes wrote special stanzas to it and had the song copyrighted through the music publishing firm of Boosey & Company, in 1909 and 1915. Versions heard in the United States stem from the Hughes treatment, not the original.

REFERENCES

Agay (1), 49

Best, 33

Colum, 596

Hughes, I, 22-24

Ives (SA), 46-47

Leisy, 173-174

Silverman, I, 112

I Know Where I'm Going

I know where I'm going,
And I know who's going with me;
I know who I love,
And with her I'll always tarry.

She'll have stockings of silk,
And shoes of finest leather,
Combs to buckle her hair,
And a ring for every finger.

Some may say she is bad,
That all she wants is money;
I know who I love,
And she's sweeter far than honey.

I know where I'm going,
And I know who's going with me;
I know who I love,
And she knows just who I'll marry.

No. 767

IL ÉTAIT UNE BERGÈRE
also known as
The Shepherdess

French nursery song; it was popular wherever French families settled, including Canada, Louisiana, Indiana and Missouri. The version below was recovered in Vincennes, Indiana and is from Berry, 46-47.

Il Était Une Bergère

Il était une bergère,
La ra bi, la ra bon, la ra bi bon bon,
Il était une bergère
Qui gardait ses moutons,
Qui gardait ses moutons.

Elle fit un bon fromage, (2)
Du lait de ses moutons (2).

Son chat qui la regards, (2)
D'un petit air fripon, (2).

—"Si tu y mets la patte, (2)
Tu auras du bâton, (2).

Le chat n'y mit pas la patte, (2)
Il y mit le menton, (2).

La bergèr' en colère, (2)
Tua son p'tit chaton, (2).

Ell' s'em va à confesse, (2)
Ell' pleur' en s'en allant, (2).

—"Mon père, je me confesse, (2)
D'avoir tue mon chaton," (2).

—"Ma fille, comm' pénitence, (2)
Nous nous embrasserons," (2).

—"Je n'embrasse pas les prêtres, (2)
Seul'ment les jolis garçons," (2).

English Text

There was a sweet little shepherdess,
La ran be, la ra bon, la ra bi, bon bon,
There was a sweet little shepherdess
Who tended well her sheep,
Who tended well her sheep.

She made a most delicious cheese, (2)
From milk of her own aheap, (2).

A kitten watched her intently, (2)
With a roguish feline air, (2).

"Now if you put your paw there, (2)
You'll taste of my own crook," (2)

The puss obeyed exactly, (2)
And put its chin therein, (2).

The maiden in her fury, (2)
Did slay the little kit, (2).

She then went to confession, (2)
A-crying as she walked, (2).

"O father, I confess it, (2)

I slew my little kit," (2).

"My daughter, as a penance, (2)

We'll now embrace and kiss," (2).

"I ne'er embrace a pastor, (2)

I save that for the youths," (2).

No. 768

I'LL BE ALL SMILES TONIGHT

also known as

All Smiles Tonight

I'll Be All Smiles Tonight, Love

Obviously a professionally created song, and it probably dates from the last quarter of the 19th century. It is in many published folk collections, but without factual information concerning its origin.

REFERENCES

Brown, V, 429

Pound (SFSN), XIV, No. 14

Ford (TMA), 137, 414

Pub (TFLS), XIII, 333

Jour (AFL), LIX, 442

Randolph, IV, 334-336

McDowell (MM), 117

Shearin (SKFS), 29

I'll Be All Smiles Tonight

I'll deck my brow with roses,

The loved one may be there.

The gems that others gave me,

Will shine within my hair.

And even them that know me

Will think my heart is light,

Tho' my heart will break tomorrow,

I'll be all smiles tonight.

Chorus

I'll be all smiles tonight, love,
I'll be all smiles tonight,
Though my heart may break tomorrow,
I'll be all smiles tonight.

And when the room he enters,
The bride upon his arm,
I'll stand and gaze upon her
As though she were a charm.
So when he smiles upon her,
As once he smiled on me,
They'll not know what I suffer—
They'll see no change in me.

And when the dance commences,
Oh! how I will rejoice!
I'll sing the songs he taught me
Without a faltering voice.
When flatterers gather round me,
They'll think my heart is light—
Though my heart may break tomorrow,
I'll be all smiles tonight.

And when the dance is over,
And all have gone to rest,
I'll weep for him, dear mother,
The one I love the best.
He once did love, believe me,
But now he's cold and strange;
He sought not to deceive me,
False friends have wrought this change.

No. 769

I'LL BE LIKE MY BROTHER

also known as

Down by Those Green Bushes

Green Bushes

This is an old English-Irish song. Age and origin of the song is in doubt. We know some things about it, but there is much disagreement among scholars regarding its origin.

Two stanzas were sung in J. B. Buckstone's play, The Green Bushes, in 1845. As a result, the song enjoyed sufficient popularity to create public demand and the complete song was published soon thereafter as "A Popular Irish ballad sung by Mrs. Fitzwilliams."

Both Baring-Gould and Sharp said the words were "substantially old." Baring-Gould relates it to an older Scottish ballad, but does not name that ballad. There is a large supply of tunes, as one may verify by examining the variety given in Ireland by Petrie. Also see and compare Sir Arthur and Charming Mollie in Bell (APBS), 236.

REFERENCES

- | | |
|----------------------------|-------------------------|
| Baring-Gould (SW), No. 43 | Jour (IFSS), I, 65 |
| Broadwood (ECS), 170-171 | Joyce (AIM), 23-26 |
| Cole, 42-43 | Karpeles, 244 |
| Creighton (SBNS), 38-39 | Karpeles (EFS), I, 593- |
| Davidson (UM), I, 25 | 596 |
| De Marsan (SJ), I, 228 | Kennedy, 356 |
| Ditson (100SI), 39 | Kidson (FSNC), 120-121 |
| Flanders (VFSB), 246-247 | Kidson (GEFS), 40-41 |
| Greenleaf, 67-68 | Kidson (TT), 47-48 |
| Henry, No. 143 | Laws P2, 249 |
| Jour (FSS), I, 66; V, 177; | Lloyd (SB), 19 |
| VIII, 112, 209 | Ord, 147 |

Petrie, Nos. 369, 370

Reeves (EC), 133

Sharp, II, 155

Sharp (EFS), I, 58

Sharp (FSFS), No. 34

Sharp (100), 92-93

Songs (12), 22

Songster (131), 108

I'll Be Like My Brother

A young man stood lamenting,
His love proved untrue;
She left him for another
And he swore that he was through.
"I'll be like my brother,
I will spend my time at play;
I'll love the girls and leave them,
As she left me today."

A stranger was out walking,
And on that very day,
He saw the maiden waiting
And he could not turn away.
"Why are you here waiting?"
And politely as could be,
She answered, "I am waiting
My lover for to see."

"I'll buy you fine beavers,
Also a silken gown
And robes of scarlet splendor
That drag upon the ground.
All this I will buy you,
With a castle by the sea,
If you'll forsake your true love
And come along with me."

"O come, let us be going,
Kind sir, come if you please;

I can no longer tarry
 With you beneath the trees.
 For yonder he's coming,
 My own true love I see,
 Down by the green bushes
 Where he waits for me."

Her lover came a-looking,
 And finding she was gone,
 He sat him down a-thinking
 And a-looking so forlorn.
 "She's gone with some other,
 And she has forsaken me;
 It's farewell to green bushes
 Forevermore," said he.

"I am all done with trusting,
 All done with being true;
 Now when it comes to women,
 I know just what I'll do—
 I'll be like my brother,
 I will spend my time at play;
 I'll love the girls and leave them,
 As she left me today."

No. 770

I'LL BE THERE
 also known as

The General Roll
 General Roll Call
 I'll Be There in the
 Morning

Roll Call
 When the General Roll is
 Called We'll Be There
 When the Heavenly Roll is
 Called

A slave spiritual preserved through the performances

given by the original Fisk Jubilee Singers. It is obviously adapted from the older revival hymn, The General Roll Call. which may be seen in Hillman, 356; Jackson (SPS), 236; and White, 439. Also see and compare When the Roll is Called in Heaven, I'll Be There in Courlander (NSA), 62.

REFERENCES

Dett, 121	Pike, 212, 254
Hillman, 356	White, 439
Jackson (SJS), 172	Work (ANSS), 57

I'll Be There

O hallelujah to the Lamb,
The general roll is called;
I'll be there; the Lord is on the giving hand,
The general roll is called, I'll be there.

Chorus

I'll be there, I'll be there,
When the general roll is called, I'll be there.

Old Satan told me not to pray!
The general roll is called, I'll be there.
He wants my soul at Judgment Day!
The general roll is called, I'll be there.

No. 771

I'LL DRINK UNTIL I DIE
also known as

The Good Fellow	Prentice's Drinking Song
My Father Gave Me a	Seven Long Years
Lump of Gold	There's No One Cares For Me

Since a version, or forerunner, of this song called The Good Fellow is in the Roxburghe Ballads, VI, 245, we know it dates back to at least the 18th century. The ballad is known in North America under several different titles and in varying versions. Many stanzas are floaters, moving in and out of this and other songs, and not all versions come with a repetitive chorus. For similar songs, see Beautiful Light O'er the Sea, The Drunkard IX, and Unmarried Bliss II elsewhere in this Master Book.

REFERENCES

Belden (BS), 259-260

Randolph, IV, 355-356

Lomax (OSC), 307-308

Sharp, II, 79

I'll Drink Until I Die

For seven long years I've been in jail,
One more and I'll be free;
And just as soon as I get out,
I'm going on a spree.

Chorus

I'll ramble and gamble and chase pretty girls,
And let the world go by;
I'll be my own man for as long as I can,
And I'll drink until I die.

I have a good old father at home,
But he don't understand;
He thinks all I ever want from life
Is just a helping hand.

I have a good old mother at home,
But she don't comprehend;
She thinks I should take myself a wife,
And all my ways amend.

I have a fair young sister at home,
But she don't really care;
She thinks I should do just as I please,
As long as I'm not there.

I have a good sweetheart at home,
I know she loves me well;
She thinks that I need to settle down,
But she can go to hell!

No. 772

I'LL NEVER GET DRUNK ANYMORE I

also known as

Oh, Once I Had a Fortune

This song has a strictly American sound to it. Versions exist with stanzas borrowed from other songs, such as Eliza Jane in Henry (FSSH), 431 and Randolph, II, 75. Also see I Was Drunk Last Night in Randolph, III, 140-141.

This piece is not related to the song of like title which follows it in this Master Book.

REFERENCES

Brown, III, 65-67; V, 35-36

Jour (AFL), XXVIII, 151

Davis (FSV), 308

Randolph, II, 413-414

I'll Never Get Drunk Anymore I

As I go out on Sunday,
What pleasure do I see?
The one I loved so dearly
Has gone square back on me.

Chorus

I'll never get drunk anymore!
I'll never get drunk anymore!
I'll hang my head in the barroom door,
And never get drunk any more!

Oh, once I had a fortune,
All locked up in a trunk;
I lost it all at gambling
One night when I got drunk.

Oh, when I had my money,
My friends did stoutly stand;
But now with empty pockets,
No friend in all the land.

Now when I go home at night,
I stare at my bare wall;
I have no wife to holler,
No kids to yell and squall.

Some say that love's pleasure—
What pleasure do I see?
The girl I loved so dearly
Has turned her back on me.

No. 773

I'LL NEVER GET DRUNK ANYMORE II

This is not related to the preceding song, but has the same title. This was a comic stage piece featured by Harrigan and Hart, two famous comedians. The words are by Ned Harrigan, the tune by Dave Braham. The song was published in sheet music form by White, Smith & Company, Boston, and may be seen in Levy, 277.

I'll Never Get Drunk Anymore II

I remember when a bit of a boy,
The lesson they taught me at home:
If I wanted to be a great man,
I must leave all the liquor alone.
My father was a great drinker,
He never was sober a day;
And when he'd roll in, in the morning,
Oh, these are the words he would say:

Chorus

I'll never get drunk anymore!
I'll never get drunk anymore!
The pledge I will take,
The whiskey I'll shake,
Oh, I'll never get drunk anymore!

Well, of course, you know I took after my dad,
And I got so I'd take a wee drop.
But a little it goes a long way;
It's the devil's own job for to stop.
When I married my wife I was sober,
I drank nothing but coffee all day;
I was drunk the night of the wedding,
So to her these words I did say:

No. 774

I'LL REMEMBER YOU, LOVE, IN MY PRAYERS
also known as

The Curtains of Night When the Curtains of Night
are Pinned Back

For some reason this once popular love song of the
1870s has survived in tradition as a cowboy song.
The earliest version I have seen is in the Family
Guide Songster, II, p. 8 (c. 1875).

REFERENCES

Fife, 244-245

Sandburg (AS), 259

Leisy (LAS), 124-125

Sandburg (NAS), 95

I'll Remember You, Love, In My Prayers

When the curtains of night are pinned back by the stars,
And the beautiful moon sweeps the skies,
And dew-drops of heaven are kissing the rose,
It is then that my memory flies
As if-on the wings of some beautiful dove,
In haste with the-message it bears,
To bring you a kiss of affection and say:
"I'll remember you, love, in my prayers."

Chorus

Go where you will, on land or at sea,
I'll share all your sorrows and cares;
And at night when I kneel by my bedside and pray,
I'll remember you, love, in my prayers.

When heavenly angels are guarding the good,
As God has ordained them to do,
In answer to prayers I have offered to Him,
I know there is one watching you.
And may its bright spirit be with you through life,
To guide you up heaven's bright stairs,
And meet with one who has loved you so true,
And remembers you, love, in her prayers.

Chorus

Go where you will, and do as you must,
Be wary and careful of snares,
And at night when I kneel by my bedside to pray,
I'll remember you, love, in my prayers.

No. 775

I'LL SAIL THE SEA
also known as
The Ocean is Wide

This is a compounded song sung to widely differing airs. Several stanzas are sometimes found together, as in Botkin (APPS), 255-256, and usually without a tune. But all stanzas are found in other songs. Perrow, XXVIII, 187-gives lines similar to stanza 1 of our piece, but uses "the road is wide" instead of "the ocean is wide." See and compare Randolph, III, 390.

I'll Sail the Sea

The ocean is wide and you can't step it,
I love you and you can't help it.

Chorus

You may laugh, you may cry,
You may laugh, you may cry,
You may laugh, you may cry,
I'll sail the sea till the day I die.

The mountain is high and you can't jump it,
Tell your sweetheart he can lump it.

They say absence makes the heart grow fonder—
I'll write you from way off yonder!

No. 776

I'LL TELL YOU WHERE THEY ARE
also known as

If You Want to Know Where
the Privates Are

I Know Where They Are
Where They Were

World War I infantry song.~Many versions are unsuitable for publication. The song permitted soldiers to say in verse what they dared not say about officers in face to face conversation.

REFERENCES

Dolph, 87-89	Sandburg (AS), 442-443
Loesser, 177-179	Shay (PF-1), 83
Lomax (ABFS), 554-556	Shay (PF-3), 41
Niles (SMM), 59	Trident, 150-151
	Whitman, 50

I'll Tell You Where They Were

If you want to know where the privates were,
I'll tell you where they were.

Yes, I'll tell you where they were.

Oh, I'll tell you where they were.

If you want to know where the generals were,
I'll tell you where they were:

Back in gay Paree! How do you know?

I saw them! I saw them! Back in gay Paree!

I saw them, back in gay Paree.

If you want to know where the colonels were, etc.
Way behind the lines, etc.

If you want to know where the majors were, etc.
Playing with the mademoiselles, etc.

If you want to know where the captains were, etc.
Down in the deep dugout, etc.

If you want to know where the privates were, etc.
Up to their necks in mud!, etc.

No. 777

I LOVE HANDSOME BILLY

also known as

Billy Boy

He Wears a White Hat

I Have a Fellow

I Love Little Willie, I

Do, Mamma

Billy Boy

Don't Tell, Pa (Papa)

He Wears a White Hat

I Have a Fellow

I Love Little Willie, I Do,

Mamma

I've Got a New Sweetheart

Sweet Willie

There is a similarity between the words of this song and Love Somebody, Yes, I Do (see in MB). The song seems to have been more popular in the South and the West than elsewhere, probably due to repeated performance by so-called "country-western" entertainers.

REFERENCES

Brown, III, 361-363;

V, 217-219

Cambiaire, 38-39

Davis (FSV), 196-197

Henry (FSSH), 281-283

Henry (SSSA), 23

Hubbard, 163

Jour (AFL), XLV, 43, 113

Kincaid No. 2, 28

Leisy (LAS), 57-58

Lomax (ABFS), 327

Niles (SHF), 10-11

Pound (SFSN), XXVI, No. 3

Pub (TFLS), VI, 227

Randolph, III, 98-100

Sizemore (1), 17

I Love Handsome Billy

I love handsome Billy, it's true! it's true!
 I love handsome Billy, I really do, Ma!
 I love handsome Billy, tho' you think I'm silly,
 I love handsome Billy, but don't you tell Pa.

He wrote me a letter, so sweet, so sweet;
 He wrote me a letter all nice and neat, Ma.
 I love handsome Billy, tho' you think I'm silly,
 I love handsome Billy, but don't you tell Pa.

He came for a visit today, today!
 He came for a visit from far away, Ma.
 I love handsome Billy, tho' you think I'm silly,
 I love handsome Billy, but don't you tell Pa.

He asked me to wed him last night, last night;
 He asked me to wed him, and held me tight, Ma!
 I love handsome Billy, tho' you think I'm silly,
 I love handsome Billy, but don't you tell Pa.

O now we are married, it's true! it's true!
 O now we are married, and fighting too, Ma!
 I hate handsome Billy, tho' you think I'm silly,
 I hate handsome Billy, but don't you tell Pa.

No. 778

I'M A GOOD OLD REBEL

also known as

The Good Old Rebel

I'm a Good Rebel

Oh, I'm a Good Old Rebel

Ole Marse Robert

The Unreconstructed Rebel

This song, expressing the sentiments of an unrepentant Southerner, was written by Innes Randolph (1837-1887),

Virginian, shortly after the Civil War ended. The original text was published in Poems by Innes Randolph, compiled by his son, Harold (Williams & Wilkin, Baltimore, 1898, pp. 30-31). According to my late friend Elliot Shapiro (Early American Sheet Music, 1941, p. 123), the song was published in sheet music form in 1886 at New Orleans. According to Dolph, it was first "sung by Harry Allen of the Washington Light Artillery, of New Orleans." The tune, of course, was borrowed from Joe Bowers (see in MB).

The text is in The Oxford Book of Light Verse, pp. 436-437; Ellinger's The Southern War Poetry of the Civil War, p. 139; and Fagan's Southern War Songs, p. 360. When the song drifted into the Southwest, among the cowboys, it began to take on other forms. Sandburg, for example, found a variation called Rabble Soldier (see Unhappy Lover VI in MB).

REFERENCES

- | | |
|-------------------------|------------------------|
| Botkin (SFL), 716-717 | Lawrence, 437 |
| Brown, III, 464-466; | Levy, 383 |
| V, 259-260 | Lomax (ABFS), 535-540 |
| Coffin & Cohen, 87 | Lomax (CS-1919), 94-95 |
| Cox (FSS), 281-282 | Lomax (FSNA), 256 |
| Dolph, 361-363 | Lomax (STAF), 11 |
| Edwards (CHSB), 210 | Pound (POB), 228-229 |
| Emrich (FAL), 419-420 | Randolph, II, 291-295 |
| Glass (SS-2), 87-88 | Silverman, II, 322 |
| Hudson (FSM), 259-260 | Smith (SCB), 45-47 |
| Jour (AFL), XXVIII, 11; | Staton, 73 |
| XXXIX, 172 | Whitman, 186 |

I'm a Good Old Rebel

Tune: Joe Bowers

Oh, I'm a good old Rebel. Now that's just what I am.
For this "fair land of Freedom" I do not care a damn!
I'm glad I fit against it—I only wish we'd won!—
And I don't want no pardon for anything I've done.

I hate the Constitution, this great Republic, too!
I hate the Freedman's Buro in uniforms of blue.
I hate the nasty eagle, with all his brag and fuss—
The lyin', thievin' Yankees, I hate 'em wuss and wuss!

I hate the Yankee Nation and everything they do!
I hate the Declaration of Independence, too!
I hate the glorious Union, 'tis dripping with our blood;
I hate the striped banner—I fit it all I could.

I followed old Marse Robert for four years, near about,
Got wounded in three places, and starved at Point Lookout.
I cotch the roomatism a-campin'-in the snow,
But I killed a chance of Yankees—I'd like to kill
some mo'!

Three hundred thousand Yankees is stiff in Southern
dust;

We got three hundred thousand before they conquered us!
They died of Southern fever and Southern steel and shot;
I wish it was three millions instead of what we got!

I can't take up my musket and fight 'em now no more,
But I ain't a-goin' to love 'em, an' that is sartin
sure.

And I don't want no pardon for what I was and am—
I won't be reconstructed, and I don't care a damn!

No. 779

I'M ALONE, ALL ALONE

also known as

Far Back in My Childhood Shivering in the Cold

This song originated in the 19th century Temperance Movement and, later, struck out on its own. In the version below there is no mention of "temperance" or "prohibition" or "the evil of alcoholic beverages." The song now stands on its own, as a sort of lament. For earlier versions that show the temperance connection, see the B version in Brown, which begins:

Can I break the bondage?
Can I break the awful chain?
Can I escape the shackle?
Can I be free again?
Friends of temperance, help me!
Friends, my bondage is untold,
And now I know it's all from drinking
- That I wandered all alone.

The same piece is given by Randolph, and, again, as a version of the song below.

Henry (FSSH), 372, has a different song with a similar refrain. McCaskey, VII, 86 gives a similar piece under the title: Song of Temperance. For clearer demonstrations of relationship, see the versions of I'm Alone, All Alone in Brown, III, 60-61, V 32 and Randolph, II, 424-425.

I'm Alone, All Alone

I'm alone, all alone,
And I feel I'm growing old;
Yet I wandered, Oh! how lonely!
I am shiv'ring in the cold.

In the night, late at night,
When I cannot go to sleep,
I remember, in my childhood,
How I used to run and leap.

I would pray, kneel and pray,
And the world belonged to me;
Yet I wandered, Oh! how lonely!
Nothing's like it ought to be.

I'm alone, all alone,
And I feel I'm growing old;
And I never, no, I never
Found the rainbow or the gold.

No. 780

I'M FAR TOO YOUNG TO MARRY YET

also known as

I'm My Mammy's Youngest Son I'm O'er Young to Marry Yet

This is an American version of the Scottish song, I'm Owre Young to Marry Yet, which was written by Robert Burns and set to an ancient air (see Knight, 216).

The tune is very close to that of Loch Erroch Side, a ancient Scottish song.

For a Scottish version of this song, see Macfarren, 152-153.

Versions A and B (below) are both Americanised treatments.

I'm Far Too Young to Marry Yet (Version A)

I'm far too young, I'm far too young,
I'm far too young to marry yet.
I'm far too young, 'Twould be a sin
To take me from my Mammy yet.

I am her one and only,
 Nor of my home am weary yet;
 And I would have you learn, lads,
 That for me you must tarry yet.

I have had my own way, sir;
 None dare to contradict me yet.
 I cannot say I would obey—
 In truth, I dare not venture yet.

VERSION B

I'm my mammy's youngest son,
 And you must not forget,
 I'm my mammy's youngest son,
 And far too young to marry yet.

I'm too young, you know, far too young,
 And I'm my mammy's pet;
 It wouldn't do for me and you,
 For I'm too young to marry yet.

I love somebody, yes, I do,
 But much to my regret
 I'm my mammy's youngest son,
 And far too young to marry yet.

No. 781

I'M GOING ACROSS THE SEA

also known as

The Bold Privateer	Fare You Well, My Polly Dear
The Captain Calls All	I'm Going to Cross the Sea
Hands	Our Captain Cried All Hands

This old English song dates back to at least the War of

1812. It did not become as popular in America as in England, probably because we were enemies at the time and no one thought of a suitable adaptation. However, the song was adapted during the Civil War, and without much change: see The Union Volunteer in Randolph, II, 296-297. Also see and compare the untitled song in Thomas (BMMK), 40-43.

This song has survived in American tradition as a love song and as a play-party piece, with all reference to the War of 1812 eliminated.

Version B (below) is an English version and version A is American.

I'm Going Across the Sea (Version A)

O come, my darling Molly, for you and I must part;
I go across the sea, my love, and it's breaking my
heart.

O won't you go with me? So happy I would be!

O won't you go with me, my love? I'm going across
the sea.

She said, "My darling Johnny, you know how much I care,
But I can't make the journey, love—it's more than I
could bear."

O won't you go with me?, etc.

"You'd better stay at home, love, and settle down with me;
me;

You know I'll have a broken heart, if you sail o'er
the sea."

O won't you go with me?, etc.

VERSION B

Oh, fare you well, my Polly dear,
Since you and I must part;
In crossing of the seas, my love,
I'll pledge to you my heart.

Chorus

O our ship she now lies waiting,
So fare you well, my dear,
For I just now am going aboard
Of a bold privateer.

She said, "My dearest Jemmy,
I hope you will forbear,
And do not leave your Polly
In grief and in despair.

"You better stay at home
With the girl you love so dear,
Than venture on the seas your life
In a bold privateer."

"You know, my dearest Polly,
Your friends they do me slight.
Besides you have two brothers
Who'd take away my life.

"From them I then must wander,
Myself to get me clear,
So I'm just now a-going aboard
Of a bold privateer."

No. 782I'M GOING DOWN THE RIVER I

Roustabout song. Such songs were sung by dock-workers on both inland and river-mouth ports. Several of these songs have identical titles. I obtained this version from Jim Valpey, who said he learned it in New Orleans. For a dialect version, see Wheeler (SD), 50-51.

I'm Going Down the River I

I'm going down the river in the morning, baby,
Going down the river, baby mine;
Yes, I'm going down the river one more time.

Oh, you are gonna miss me when I am gone, baby,
Gonna miss your daddy every night;
Yes, you're gonna miss me when I'm out of sight.

You're gonna miss me rolling in your arms, baby,
Gonna miss me rolling in your arms;
Yes, you're gonna miss me rolling in your arms.

You done me wrong a hundred times or more, baby,
Done me wrong a hundred times, or more;
Yes, you done me wrong just like you did before.

I'm going down the river for to leave you, baby,
Going down the river in a bind;
Yes, I'm going down the river to unwind.

No. 783I'M GOING DOWN THE RIVER II

Roustabout song. This one is from the Mississippi River

country, and was recovered and printed by Wheeler (SD), 114-115.

I'm Going Down the River II

I'm going down the river, baby,
Wish I could carry you;
I'm going down the river, baby,
Wish I could carry you.
Ain't nothing down the river
For a good-lookin' woman to do.

Now when you see me leaving,
Hang black crepe over your door, etc.
I'm leaving here this evening,
And I ain't coming back here no more.

I'm going down the river, baby,
I'd take you if I could, etc.
But even if I took you,
I couldn't do you any good.

No. 784

I'M GOING DOWN THE RIVER III

also known as

I'm Going Down the Rivah Befo' Long

Roustabout song. Some of the lines and at least one of the stanzas are found in other songs. For example, see Ain't Gonna Be Treated This-a Way in this Master Book. For a dialect version, see Wheeler (SD), 29.

I'm Going Down the River III

I'm going down the river before long,
Sweet mama,
Going down the river before long,
I'm going down the river before long.

Ain't coming back till some time next fall,
Sweet mama,
Ain't coming back till some time next fall,
Ain't coming back till some time next fall.

I'm going where the chilly winds don't blow,
Sweet mama,
Going where the chilly winds don't blow,
I'm going where the chilly winds don't blow.

Oh, if I had a nickle or a dime,
Sweet mama,
If I had a nickle or a dime,
I'd take you out to dinner all the time.

No. 785

I'M GOING HOME TO DIXIE

This is a 19th century minstrel song credited to Dan Emmett, the composer of Dixie. According to Nathan (DE), 351, the tune was composed in 1858 but not published until 1861.

For another folk song set to the same tune, see I Ain't Got Time to Marry in this Master Book.

I'm Going Home to Dixie

There is a land where cotton grows,
A land where milk and honey flows.
I'm going home to Dixie!
Yes, I am going home.

Chorus

I've got no time to tarry,
I've got no time to stay;
'Tis a rocky road to travel,
To Dixie far away.

I will climb up the highest hill,
And sing your praise with right good will;
I'm going home to Dixie!
Yes, I am going home.

I've wandered far, both to and fro,
But Dixie's heaven here below!
I'm going home to Dixie,
Yes, I am going home.

I will proclaim it loud and long:
I love old Dixie, right or wrong!
I'm going home to Dixie,
Yes, I am going home.

No. 786

I'M GONNA LEAVE OLD TEXAS
also known as

Going to Leave Old Texas

Old Texas

I'm Going to Leave Old Texas Now

The Texas Song

This is a cowboy song with an authentic ring to it, but I don't know when or where it originated. The tune is quite similar to that of Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie (see in MB). That, in itself, doesn't tell us very much since the song is sometimes sung to one of the airs used for The Trail to Mexico (see in MB).

REFERENCES

Best, 118

Leisy (LAS), 33-34

Pife, 182

Lomax (CS-1938), 57

Warner, 35

I'm Gonna Leave Old Texas

I'm gonna leave old Texas now,
They've got no use for the longhorn cow;
They've plowed and fenced my cattle range,
And the people there are all so strange.

I'll take my horse, I'll take my rope,
And I'll hit the trail and ride with hope.
I'll say goodbye to the Alamo,
And I'll ride my hoss to Mexico.

I'll make my home on the wide, wide range,
For people out there are not so strange.
The hard, hard ground will be my bed,
And my saddle-seat will pillow my head.

And when my job on earth is done,
I'll take my chance with the Holy One.
I'll tell Saint Peter just how I know
A cowboy's soul ain't white as snow.

I'm sure the Lord will understand
What life is like in the cattle-land.
I'm gonna leave old Texas now,
Find me a home with the longhorn cow.

No. 787

I'M GONNA SING ALL THE WAY

also known as

Gwineter Sing All Along the Way

I'm Going to Sing

Pre-Civil War spiritual from the repertoire of the original Fisk Jubilee Singers. Version below is one of several now in circulation.

See and compare I'm Gonna Sing in Leisy (LAS), 146 or Work (ANSS), 226.

REFERENCES

Johnson (BANS), 128-129

Marsh (SJS), 244-245

I'm Gonna Sing All the Way

We raise the Christian banner high,
The motto's new and old:
Repentance and salvation
Are burnished there in gold.

Chorus

Oh, I'm gonna sing, gonna sing,
Gonna sing all along the way!
Oh, I'm gonna sing, gonna sing,
Gonna sing all along the way.

(repeat chorus again)

We want no cowards in our band,
That from the colors fly;
We call for valiant hearted men,
That are not afraid to die.

We soon shall reach the golden shore,
And how we then shall sing!
With all the heav'nly chorus
We'll make the arches ring!

We'll shout o'er all our sorrows,
And sing forevermore
With Christ and all his army
On that celestial shore.

No. 788

I'M GWINE TO ALABAMY
also known as
I'm Going to Alabamy

Genuine slave song. According to Allen (SSUS), 89, or 145, this is "A very good specimen, so far as notes can give one, of the strange barbaric songs that one hears upon the Western Steamboats."

REFERENCES

Botkin (AFL), 904 Downes (1943), 172 Krehbiel, 53

I'm Gwine to Alabamy

I'm gwine to Alabamy, Oh!
For to see my mammy, Oh!

She went from ol' Virginny, Oh!
And I'm her pickaninny, Oh!

She lives on the Tombigbee, Oh!
I wish I had her wid me, Oh!

Now I'm a good big nigger, Oh!
I reckon I won't git bigger, Oh!

No. 789

I'M JUST HERE TO GET MY BABY OUT OF JAIL

I learned this song in the late 1930s from the country-music team, Karl Davis and Harty Taylor (Karl and Harty), who recorded it for Okeh Records (Now Columbia Records).

I'm Just Here to Get My Baby Out of Jail

I'm not in your town to stay,
Said a Lady old and gray
To the warden of the penitentiary;
I'm not in your town to stay,
And I'll soon be on my way,
I'm just here to get my baby out of jail.
Oh, warden,
I'm just here to get my baby out of jail.

I have searched both far and wide,
And I heard that he had died,
But at last I found my baby here in jail.
'Twas then I pawned my wedding ring,
His father's watch and chain,
And came here to get my baby out of jail.
Oh, warden,
I have come to get my baby out of jail.

Then I heard the warden say,
To that lady old and gray,
I will bring your darling boy to your side.
Two iron gates swung wide apart,
She held her darling to her heart—
She kissed her baby boy and then she died.
But smiling!
She kissed her baby boy and then she died.

No. 790

I'M SAD AND I'M LONELY

also known as

I'm Sad and Lonely

Sad and Lonely

Traditional "lonesome" song from the Southern mountains.
Sandburg gives a version from the Blue Ridge, but says
nothing definite concerning its origin.

The song enjoyed a renewed spurt of popularity in the 1940s and 1950s due to the singing of Burl Ives, who also included it in several folios and songbooks.

REFERENCES

Agay (1), 4

Cambiaire, 84

Downes (1940), 190

Downes (1968), 224

Ives (SB), 212-213

Sandburg (AS), 243-245

Silverman, I, 170

I'm Sad and I'm Lonely

I'm sad and I'm lonely,
My heart it will break;
For my sweetheart loves another—
Oh! I wish I was dead!
Yes, I wish I was dead!

I'm sad and I'm lonely,
O Lord, I could die!
It's a shameful way to treat me—
And she didn't tell me why!
No, she didn't tell me why!

I'm sad and I'm lonely,
For love's all in vain.
If I ever get over her,
I will not love again.
I will not love again.

No. 791

I'M TROUBLED IN MIND

Slave spiritual from the repertoire of the original Fisk Jubilee Singers. They obtained it from a former slave, Mrs. Brown, of Nashville, Tennessee. She said she had

learned it as a child from her father.

This is not related to the country blues piece, Troubled in Mind, which is published by Leeds Music Corporation, now MCA Music, Inc., New York, N. Y. Nor is it related to the Troubled in Mind in Brown, III, 334 and V, 209.

Lomax (FSNA), 208 has a song entitled I'm Troubled which contains lines from this and other spirituals, but seems to be a compounded or deliberately rewritten piece.

REFERENCES

Arnold, 171
Greenway, 98-99
Hayes, 68-69

Johnson (BANS), 120-121
Marsh (SJS), 173
Pike, 213, 255
Work (FSAN), 51

I'm Troubled in Mind

O Jesus, My Saviour, on Thee I'll depend;
When troubles are near me, you'll be my true friend.

Chorus

I'm troubled, I'm troubled,
I'm troubled in mind.
If Jesus don't help me,
I surely will die.

When ladened with trouble and burdened with grief,
To Jesus, in secret, I go for relief.

In dark days of bondage, to Jesus I prayed,
To help me to bear it. And He gave His aid.

No. 792

IN ARKANSAS
also known as

In Kansas

Kansas

This is an adaptation of an old Irish song, Over Here, which was changed in England and America to Over There (see in MB). For yet another adaptation, see Zamboango in this Master Book. The tunes are different from the original, so that relationship is through texts only. In Arkansas was also adapted; it was turned into a popular novelty called Way Out West in Kansas by Carson J. Robison.

For additional information, see headnotes and references to Over There (in MB).

REFERENCES

Belden (BS), 428-429	Lingenfelter, 454
Botkin (AFL), 336	Lomax (FSNA), 395-396
Botkin (WFL), 741	Nebraska (3), 3-4; (7), 11-12
Fife, 96-97	Randolph, III, 17-19
Greenway, 212-213	Silverman, I, 19
Kennedy (TAB), 362-363	United States IV, 11-12

In Arkansas

Tune: Over There

O the girls grow tall in Arkansas!
O the girls grow tall in Arkansas!
The girls all grow tall,
And the boys chase 'em all,
And catch 'em when they fall
In Arkansas.

O there's plenty of room in Arkansas (2),
There's plenty of room
For joy and gloom
For wedded bliss and for doom in Arkansas.

Now the people never wed in Arkansas, (2)
No, the people never wed,
Or so I've heard it said—
They just tumble into bed in Arkansas.

O, they say to drink's a sin in Arkansas, (2)
They say to drink's a sin,
But they guzzle all they kin
And vote prohibition in in Arkansas.

The roosters all lay eggs in Arkansas, (2)
The roosters all lay eggs
As big as whisky kegs,
And there's whiskers on their legs
in Arkansas.

No. 793

IN BRIGHT MANSIONS ABOVE

Pre-Civil War slave spiritual from the repertoire of
the original Fisk Jubille Singers.

REFERENCES

Dett, 42-43

Marsh (SJS), 198

Work (FSAN), 62

In Bright Mansions Above

My father's gone to glory,
I want to live there too, Lord;
I want to live up yonder,
In bright mansions above.

Chorus

In bright mansions above, (2)
Lord, I want to live up yonder
In bright mansions above.

My brother's gone to glory,
 I want to live there too, Lord;
 I want to live up yonder
 In bright mansions above.

My mother's gone to glory, etc.

My sister's gone to glory, etc.

My friends have gone to glory, etc.

No. 794

INCHIN' ALONG

also known as

Keep A-Inchin' Along

Poor Inch Worm

Slave spiritual with text that is similar in several ways to an old revival hymn, Burges, or We'll All Shout Together in That Morning. For comparison, see Jackson (WSSU), 240, 260.

REFERENCES

Dett, 10-11

Odum (NHS), 89

Johnson (BANS), 134-135

Pike, 268

Lomax (FSNA), 456

Work (ANSS), 125

Marsh (SJS), 186

Work (FSAN), 66-67

Inchin' Along

'Twas inch by inch I sought the Lord,
 Jesus will come by'n bye;
 And inch by inch He blessed my soul—
 Jesus will come by'n bye.

Chorus

Keep inchin' along, keep inchin' along,
 Jesus will come by'n bye;
 Keep inchin' along like a poor inch worm,
 Jesus will come by'n bye.

The Lord is comin' to take us home, etc.
 And then we never more will roam, etc.

We'll inch and inch and inch along, etc.
 And inch by inch He'll make us strong, etc.

No. 795

THE INDEPENDENT LOVER

also known as

Adieu to Cold Weather	Go Tell His Mother
Adieu to Dark Weather	He Comes in Like Cold Weather
The Deserted Lover	The Independent Girl
The False Young Man	Let Him Sink or Let Him Swim
Farewell He	My Love is Like a Dewdrop
A Forsaken Lover	My Love is On the Ocean
Goodbye to Old Winter and	My Old Beau
Adieu to its Frost.	They Say He Courts Another
	The Ugly Son

Here we give three Americanized versions (A, B & C) of an old English song called Farewell He. According to Baring-Gould, there is a stall print by Catnach. In America, the song is, in Belden's words, "a kaleidoscopic folk-lyric that exists in many forms and under many titles, one sliding imperceptibly into another." For songs with texts in which similarities are obvious, see: Jimmy and I Will Get Married in Creighton (MFS), 45; The Lover's Return in Fuson, 111; and Betty Brown in Fuson, 148.

The story is usually told from the female's point of view, but version A (below) is told from the male's view.

REFERENCES

Baring-Gould (GCS), 96	Hubbard, 123
Belden (BS), 491-493	Pound (SFSN), XXII, No. 4
Cazden, I, 84-85	Randolph, IV, 236-241
Gardner (BSSM), 130-131	Reeves (EC), 108-109

The Independent Lover (Version A)

My sweetheart was courted by a young wealthy man;
He owned a thriving business as well as lots of land.
It seems now they'll be married, which is alright
with me.

I don't care who she marries, and gladly set her free.

Adieu to dark weather and farewell to white frost;
No one will catch me showing my grief because I lost.
Even though others wonder, I'll not let any know;
My heart it may be broken but it will never show.

While she's out social climbing I will not sit and pine;
I'll go and find another, since she's no longer mine.

Tho' she thought to deceive me, as she's done two or
three,

I never did believe her and now I'll let her be.

She's welcome to her lover, and I want her to know
That I no longer miss her. God bless her, let her go!

If by chance she should stumble, and somehow lose
her way,

She'll know she has it coming, for even she must pay.

VERSION B

Farewell to cold weather, adieu to white frost;
I'm not the kind to cry for a false love that's lost.
I will sing, and I'll be happy, let the chips fall
 where they may!
I can live without him—"good riddance," is what I say!

Chorus

If he's gone, let him go! Let him sink or let him swim!
If he doesn't care for me, I sure don't care for him!
If he's gone, let him go! I'm still healthy, young and
 gay,
And I can find another man far better any day!

That he has found another is easy to believe,
But what a fool he is to think I'll ever grieve.
His new love is welcome to take on the misery,
For I can do without him, and most happily.

He's handsome and he's witty, he dresses very neat,
And sometimes—tho' not often—he is very sweet;
But he is so deceitful! as false as false can be!
And I want the fool to know he can't come back to me.

His love is in his pocket and never in his heart;
He can afford to roam and play the lover's part.
I hope he gives her more than he ever gave to me,
And I hope she breaks his heart before she sets him
 free!

VERSION C

My love is on the ocean, let him sink or let him swim!
I know, deep in my heart, it's either me or him.
He thought he could deceive me as he did the other
 three,
And that I'd wait in sorrow when he sailed across the
 sea.

He comes in like cold weather and goes away like frost,
 But there will be no weeping over nothing lost.
 I'll sing and be merry, for it's all over with and done,
 And I told his mother I don't want her ugly son!

His mother never liked me, and she tried to turn his
 head;

The thought that we might marry filled her heart with
 dread.

I'm better off without him, and I told her so.
 She's most welcome to him and I'm glad to see him go.

So tell his jealous mother she can set her mind at
 ease,

I would not have him if he begged me on his knees!
 He's not the only man, and I'll find another one,
 And gladly give her back her great big ugly son!

No. 796

THE INDIAN LASS

also known as

Coconut Grove	Little Mawhee, or Mohea
Fair Indian Lass	Little Mohee, or Momee
The Indian Mohee	Maumee, or Mawhee
Island Mohee	The Miami Lass
Lass of Mohay	One Morning in May
Lass of Mohea, or Mohee	Pretty Mahee
The Little Maumee	Pretty Mauhee, or Mawhee
The Little Maunihee	Pretty Mohea, or Mohee
	Young Indian Lass

According to some collectors, this song is American in origin. Others claim it is English. Barry, for example, said the English stall ballad was a seaman's remake of an American inland song. Belden said, "The song as we

have it "in American tradition is a song of sailors... the 'Indian lass' is a denizen not of America but of the South Seas." According to Fife, the song's heroine was "an Indian maiden, wooed, won, and abandoned by sailors, adventurers, trappers, soldiers, cowboys, and sundry other virile types since the early decades of European men's ventures into the New World." Flanders said, "The best evidence is that 'The Little Mohea' is purely an American ballad." Kittredge, on the other hand, believed that the English stall ballad is the original, that the American version is simply a 'chastened' reworking of it.

English broadsides were issued by: Bebbington, Manchester (No. 380); Forth, Pocklington (No. 146); John Gilbert, Newcastle (No. 74); Nichols; Wakefield; and Such (No. 36). A broadside version was issued in America by De Marsan, New York, List 14, No. 40.

Place names used in various versions tell only that the song was known in and adapted to those areas. The song is too old and too widely diffused for place names to mean very much. Bradley, Song-Ballets and Devil's Ditties, Harper's Magazine, May, 1915, p. 906, suggests the song may have been written in colonial times and that "Maumee" conserves a memory of the Miami Indians.

For a song with a similar theme, see The Lake of Ponchartrain in Flanders (NGMS), 147-148 or elsewhere in this Master Book.

Of the two versions below, A is American and B is English.

REFERENCES

Arnold, 72-73
Barry (MWS), 86-87
Belden (BS), 143-145
Botkin (AFL), 824-825
Botsford, II, 24-25
Brewster (BSI), 175-180

Brown, II, 340-342; IV,
195-199
Bulletin (FSSN), VI, 15
18
Cambiaire, 62-63
Chase (AFTS), 128-129

- Colcord, 107, 199-200
Combs (FSKH), 22-23
Combs (FSMEU), 98
Cox (FSS), 372-374
Cox (TBFS), 147-149
Creighton (SBNS), 103-104
Davis (FSV), 41-43
Dean, 17-18
Eckstorm, 230-233
Emrich (CBF), 24
Fife, 134-135
Flanders (NGMS), 144-146
Fuson, 84
Gainer, 124-125
Halpert (SBFS), 65-66
Henry (BMFS), 30-31
Henry (FSSH), 284-290
Hubbard, 96-97
Hudson (FSM), 162-164
Ives (SB), 8-9
Jour (AFL), XXV, 16; XXXV, 408; XXXIX, 131; XLII, 282; XLV, 96; XLVII, 351
Jour (FSS), II, 262
Kidson (FSNC), 86-87
Kidson (TT), 109-111
Kincaid No. 1, 38
Leach (BB), 725-726
Lomax (ABFS), 163-165
Lomax (PB), 27
Mackenzie, 154-156
McIntosh (FSSG), 37-38
Memoirs (AFLS), XXIX, 33-37
Moore (BFSS), 192-194
Morris, 356-358
Neely, 173-175
Niles (SHF), 2-3
Oberndorfer, 88
Owens (TFS), 71-72
Pound, 197-198
Pound (SFSN), XXIV, No. 3
Pub (TFLS), XXIII, 102-104
Randolph, I, 280-282
Scarborough (SC), 336-345, 448-449
Scott (SA), 45
Shay (ASSC), 195-197
Silverman, I, 172
Stout, 33-37
Thomas (DD), 98-99
Wyman (LT), 52-54

The Indian Lass (Version A)

As I was a-walking down by the sea-shore,
The wind it did whistle and the water did roar.
As I sat amusing myself on the grass,
Oh, 'twas then I did spy a young Indian Lass.

She came and sat by me, took hold of my hand,
And said, "You are a stranger and in a strange land;

But if you will follow, you're welcome to come
And dwell in the cottage that I call my home."

The sun was fast sinking far over the sea,
As I wandered along with my pretty Mohea.
Together we rambled beside the sea's foam,
And came to the cottage that she called her home.

She wanted to marry and offered her hand,
"My father is chief," said she, "of all of this land.
My father's the chieftain, a great man is he,
I'm his only daughter, his little Mohea."

"I can not dear maiden, now marry with thee,
For I've a dear sweetheart who's waiting for me.
I can not forsake her and unworthy be,—
Her heart is as true as yours, sweet Mohea."

'Twas early one morning, one morning in May,
I broke her poor heart when these words I did say:
"I'm going to leave you; it's farewell, my dear.
My ship is now ready to take me from here."

The last time I saw her was there on the strand,
With tears in her brown eyes she reached for my hand,
And said, "When you're home with your loved one so
true,
Remember the Mohea who'll always love you."

Oh, when I had landed with my sweetheart on shore,
My friends and relations came to greet me once more.
I gazed upon them, but not one did I see
That ever compared with my darling Mohea.

The girl that I loved had proved untrue to me,
And so I said to her, "Our marriage can't be.
I bid you adieu, and backward I'll flee,
And never again leave my little Mohea."

VERSION B

As I was a-walking on a far distant shore,
I went into an ale-house as often before;
And as I sat smoking and sipping my glass,
By chance there came in a fine young Indian lass.

This lovely young Indian, on the place where she stood,
I viewed her sweet features and found they were good.
She was neat, tall, and handsome, her age was sixteen,
And was born and brought up in a place near Orleans.

I sat down beside her and lifted her hand:
"I am a poor sailor, not one of this land,
But I will prove constant if you'll wed with me,
So let us be married ere I go to sea."

"Kind sir," said the maiden, "I pray you to stay.
You shall have my portion without more delay.
O, do not go leave me to cross the wide sea—
For I have enough wealth for you and for me."

The day was appointed that we were to sail,
To cross the wide ocean and leave her awhile.
She says, "When you're over in your own native land,
Remember the young Indian that gave you her hand."

So early next morning we were going to sail,
And this young Indian maid on the beach did bewail;
I took off my handkerchief and wiped her eyes—
"O, do not go leave me, my sailor!" she cries.

We weighed our anchor and away then we flew;
A sweet, pleasant breeze parted me from her view.
But now I am over and taking my glass,
Here is a good health to the young Indian lass.

No. 797

I NEVER FELT SUCH LOVE IN MY SOUL BEFORE

also known as

I Never Heard a Man Speak Like My Jesus

This is a compounded spiritual. It may very well be a constructed imitation. For another version, see Work (ANSS), 150.

I Never Felt Such Love in My Soul Before

I never heard a man speak like my Jesus!
I never heard a man speak like my Jesus!
I have heard wise men teach,
I had heard the preachers preach,
But I never heard a man speak like my Jesus!

Chorus

I never felt such love in my soul before!
I never felt such love in my soul before!
From the time I was born,
Till this bright and happy morn,
Oh! I never felt such love in my soul before!

I never read a book like the gospel book!
I never read a book like the gospel book!
For the truth and the light,
Let religion set you right—
Oh! I never read a book like the gospel book!

I never knew a faith like the Christian faith!
I never knew a faith like the Christian faith!
From the time of my youth,
When I found the Saving truth—
Oh! I never knew a faith like the Christian faith!

No. 798THE INFANTRY I

The author of this poem, Barnard E. Bee, resigned from the U. S. Army, Tenth Infantry, to become a brigadier-general in the Confederate Army. He was killed at Bull Run.

For other versions, see Dolph, 325-327 and Niles (SMM), 29.

The Infantry ITune: Maryland, My Maryland

Our Army is a motley crew
In dress and armor-duties, too;
And each and all I love to see,
Though mostly prize the Infantry.
In tented field, in ladies' bower,
Alike they shine—all fear their power.
Though other Corps are dear to me,
Yet most I love the Infantry.

Chorus

The Infantry! The Infantry!
Who would not love the Infantry?
Though other Corps are dear to me,
Yet most I love the Infantry.

No. 799THE INFANTRY II

also known as

The Infantry Song

"This," according to Dolph, p. 30, "is the doughboys' parody on" The Cavalry Song (see in MB). Text is from

Dolph's Sound Off!

The Infantry II

Tune: The Cavalry Song

Now listen unto this, my song: I'm a warrior bold
you see,

I'm a fighter and a hiker in the U. S. Infantry.
I stand erect with heels in line (I'm used to war's
alarm)

With gun and belt and haversack; 'Tis the pose of the
fighting arm.

Chorus

So fill your glasses with cold beer,
And brace your courage with good cheer,
I tell you all it's soldiering
To serve in the Infantry.

The cavalryman may be fierce and bold and a soldier
through and through,
But he leaves his horse when off to war; 'tis what
he hates to do.

He lays aside his boots and spurs, but never can he be
A fighting, hiking army man, like the soldier of the
Infantry.

The cavalry is the showy branch that people like to see,
But in the field the campaign fails without the Infantry.
In China and the Philippines the doughboys fought quite
well,

And they were "Johnnies on the spot" when Santiago fell.

The red-stripe soldier makes me smile, he really makes
me laugh,

To listen to extravagance of praise on his behalf.

He makes a noise when he fires his gun from his
fortress by the sea;
He'll never know what soldiering is till he joins
the Infantry.

No. 800

IN MINDANAO

Soldier song from the Philippine Insurrection, recovered
by Dolph, pp. 194-196, who says it "commemorates the
building of the road from Iligan, on the north coast
of Mindanao, up to Camp Marahui (now Keithley), on the
shores of Lake Lanao, in the heart of the Moro country."

In Mindanao

Tune: Girl I Left Behind I

We said goodbye to the brown babaye
In Naic and Santa Cruz,
And for Mindanao we took our vow
In a glass of foaming booze.
We're camped in the sand of a foreign land
By the mighty Agus' River;
With the brush at your toes
And the skeeters at your nose,
And a kris, perhaps, in your liver.

We've the dhobee-itch , the hamstring hitch,
The jimjams and the fever;
The ping-pong wrist and the bolo fist,
And a bumpus on the liver.
We're going up to Lake Lanao,
The town they call Marahui;
When the road is built
And the Moros "kilt,"
There'll be none of us to worry.

We're blasting stumps and grading bumps,
Our hands and backs are sore, oh!
We work all day just dreaming of our pay,
And damn the husky Moros!
When you're pulled from bed
With a great big head,
And a weakness o'er you stealing:
The sick report is a fine resort
To cure that tired feeling.

No. 801

IN MY HEART
also known as

I Want to Be a Christian in My Heart	Lord, I Want to Be a Christian in My Heart
Little Wheel A-Turnin' in My Heart	There's a Little Wheel A- turnin' in My Heart

Two major versions of this song exist; one is a revivalist hymn, the other is a spiritual. In our version the two major versions are combined.
See and compare Fenner (RFSN), 168.

REFERENCES

Benziger, 88	Johnson (SBNS), 72-73
Brown, III, 675; V, 398	Lloyd, 146
Chambers (TNS), 49	Mackenzie (SH), 113
Dett, 50-51, 168	Wier (SSS), 93
Fisher (SNS), 104-107	Wier (YAM), III, 75
Gainer, 218-219	Work (FSAN), 131

In My Heart

There's a little wheel a-turning in my heart,
 There's a little wheel a-turning in my heart,
 In my heart, in my heart,
 There's a little wheel a-turning in my heart.

Oh, I feel so very happy in my heart, etc.

Lord, I want to be a Christian in my heart, etc.

I've a double determination in my heart, etc.

Lord, I want to be more loving in my heart, etc.

No. 802

IN OLD POD-AUGER TIMES

also known as

Old Pod-Auger Times

Pod-Auger Times

This song presents a word-picture of a kind of social life no longer with us. The "pod-auger" was a bit used to bore wooden piping. Our version is from Linscott, 251, who said she obtained it "from the book of Comical Brown's Songs."

For a similar titled but different song, see Old Pod Auger Days in Ives (LG), 116-118.

In Old Pod-Auger Times

I'll sing you a song of the good old times,
 When people were honest and true;
 Before their brains were addled or crazed
 By ev'rything strange and new;
 When every man was a working-man
 And earned his livelihood,
 And the women were smart and industrious,

And lived for their family's good;
Of the days of Andrew Jackson
And of old granfather Grimes,
When a man wasn't judged by the clothes
 he wore—
In old pod-auger times.

Our young men loaf about the streets
And struggle with bad cigars,
They stay out nights when they should stay home,
With their daddies and their ma's;
They wear tight trousers, likewise tight boots
And guzzle lager beer.
And when their daddies foot the bills,
They find 'em pesky dear.
But when we old men were farmers' boys
We'd neither dollars nor dimes,
And we worked from daylight till candle light
In old pod-auger times.

The old men didn't drive fast horses,
Nor gamble with cards and dice,
And they didn't run church lotteries,
For it wasn't considered nice.
But now they'll gamble and drink mean rum,
And lead hypocritical lives,
And wives run away with each other's husbands,
And husbands with other men's wives;
And folks didn't have delirious trimmin's,
Nor perpetuate horrible crimes,
For the cider was good and the rum was pure
In old pod-auger times.

No. 803IN THAT MORNING I

also known as

The Morning Trumpet
Shout O Glory!

To Hear the Trumpet Sound
When I hear the Trumpet
Sound

Campground spiritual that inspired the slave spiritual (In That Morning II), which is now better known. The first four lines of version A (below) are found in many other hymns and spirituals, including Autauga in White & King, 322; Bound for Canaan in McCurry, 204; Mercer's Cluster, 356; White & King, 82; Ecstasy in McCurry, 112; Griffin in White & King, 323; The Lost City in White & King, 320; Religion is a Fortune in McCurry, 42 and White & King, 319.

Version B (below) is the slave adaptation made popular by the original Fisk Jubilee Singers.

REFERENCES

Cobb (SH), 210

Jackson (WSSU), 254

Hillman, 158

James, 85

Jackson (SFS), 197, 234

McCurry, 111

In That Morning I (Version A)

O when shall I see Jesus
And reign with Him above,
And from the flowing fountain
Drink everlasting love?
When I hear
The trumpet sound in that morning!

Chorus

Shout O glory!
For I shall mount above the skies
When I hear
The trumper sound in that morning!

VERSION B

O brother, in that day
 We'll take wings and fly away,
 And we'll hear the trumpet sound
 In that morning!

O glory! how I want to go
 To hear the trumpet sound
 In that morning!

O sister, in that day, etc.

O converts, in that day, etc.

O father, in that day, etc.

No. 804

IN THAT MORNING II

also known as

Hear de Trumpet Sound in	I'll Hear the Trumpet Sound
dat Mornin'	In-a-dat Morning
How I Long to Go	You May Bury Me in the East

This spiritual is another slave-time treatment of In That Morning I (above). As Jackson observed, the black singers made very few changes in the tune, but they did add their own words.

See and compare the Job, Job in Courlander (NSA), 24.

REFERENCES

Hayes, 63	Mackenzie (SH), 118
Jackson (WSSU), 254-255	Marsh (SJS), 136
Johnson (BANS), 181-182	Pike, 176, 218
Jubilee (PS), 10	Waite, 73
Krehbiel, 31	Work (ANSS), 56

=====

In That Morning II

You may bury me in the East,
You may bury me in the West,
But I'll hear the trumpet sound
In that morning.

Chorus

In that morning, O Lord!
How I long to Go
For to hear that trumpet sound
In that morning.

Father Gabriel in that day
Will take wings and fly away,
For to hear that trumpet sound
In that morning.

You may bury him in the South,
You may bury him in the North,
But he'll hear the trumpet sound
In that morning.

All good Christians in that day
Will take wings and fly away,
For to hear the trumpet sound
In that morning.

No. 805

IN THAT MORNING III

also known as

In-a That Morning I've Done What You Told Me To Do

Not very much is known about the origin of this spiritual, except that it was obviously created by Southern

blacks. How far back in time this spiritual goes was not reported in Work (ANSS), 198, the only other collection containing a version of it. For a spiritual that has something in common with this one, see the I Done Done What You Told Me To Do in Fisher, 130; Hallowell, 21; Johnson (BANS), 180; White, 122; and Work (ANSS), 160.

In That Morning III

O Lord, I've done what you told me to do,
 O Lord, I've done what you told me to do,
 O Lord, I've done what you told me to do,
 In that morning, O my Lord, in that morning, O Lord,
 In that morning when the Lord says "Hurry!"

O Gabriel, come on down the line, etc.

O gambler, you can't get on this train, etc.

O brother, have you got your ticket signed?, etc.

O sinner, don't let Satan hold you back, etc.

O Jesus, Jesus, He's the engineer, etc.

No. 806

IN THE ARMY OF THE LORD I

also known as

Farewell, Vain World, I'm	In the Service of the Lord
Going Home	Maxwell
I'm Bound to Die in the Army	Service of the Lord

This campground spiritual was very popular at one time, but is not as well-known today.

The first stanza is a real floater, appearing in at least six other revival hymns. See: I'm Going Home in McCurry, 214 and White & King, 282; Memphis, or Sweet, Sweet Home in McCurry, 107; The Promise in McCurry, 136; Travelling Pilgrim in White & King, 278; Benton, or I'm a Stranger, I'm a Pilgrim in McCurry, 152; I Belong to This Band in Jackson (SFS), 191, 219 & (WSSU), 236, 247 and White (SH), 176, 531. Both melody and words of this hymn are related to several old religious pieces, including Glory Hallelujah! given elsewhere in this Master Book.

Taken over by blacks, this campground "white" spiritual was made over into In the Army of the Lord II (below). As Jackson has noted, the original tune seems to be a reworking of the English-Scottish ballad, Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard (see Little Marty Gray in MB).

REFERENCES

Jackson (SFS), 216
Jackson (WSSU), 221, 266

McCurry, 62
White & King, 80

In the Army of the Lord I

Farewell, vain world, I'm going home,
I am bound to die in the army;
My Jesus smiles and bids me come,
I am bound to die in the army.

Chorus

I am bound to live in the service of
my Lord,
I am bound to die in the Army.

Sweet angels beckon me away, etc.
To sing God's praise in endless day, etc.

No. 807

IN THE ARMY OF THE LORD II

also known as

I'm a Soldier of the Cross In the Kingdom With
I'm Bound To Be a Soldier My Redeemer

This is a "make-over" by black people of the preceding spiritual. For another spiritual containing some similarities, see Heavenly Choir in this Master Book.

REFERENCES

Dett, 120

Jackson (WSSU), 267.

Grissom, 60

Kennedy (M-1), 146-147

In the Army of the Lord II

I started out for heaven in the army of Lord,
I started out for heaven in the army;
And I'm bound to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
O I'm bound to be a soldier in the army.

Chorus

In the kingdom with my Redeemer,
Got salvation to bring me over.

I'm a soldier of the cross in the army of the Lord,
I'm a soldier of the cross in the army;
O I'm bound to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
O I'm bound to be a soldier in the army.

I'm fighting for my Saviour in the army of the Lord,
I'm fighting for my Saviour in the army;
O I'm bound to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
O I'm bound to be a soldier in the army.

No. 808

IN THE HILLS OF ARKANSAS

also known as

Arkansas	Way Out in Idaho (Idyho)
Eureka!	Way Out West in Arkansas
Hurrah for Arkansas	We're Coming Arkansaw
Idaho	We're Coming Idaho

The original version, Way Out West in Idyho, written by Frank French and published in 1864, is not as well-known today as is this adaptation, In the Hills of Arkansas. Lynn Riggs used a rewritten version of Idaho in his play Green Grow the Lilacs, but he left the refrain more or less as it was.

Similar "place" songs exist in American tradition, and one of the more popular is Away Down East (see in MB). Most such songs undergo adaptation in time, with one place—town, area, state—being substituted for another. In this instance, the original Idaho was replaced by Arkansas.

For a version of the original, see version B below.

REFERENCES

Botkin (RFL), 440-441	Lingenfelter, 120-121
Botkin (WFL), 745	Lomax (CS-1938), 265-266
Brunvand (FSSI), 247-248	Lomax (FSNA), 309-310
Fife, 304-305	Lomax (OSC), 269-270
Glass (SW), 16-17	Owens (TFS), 129-130
Jordan, 298-300	Randolph, III, 14-17
Larkin, 77, 86	Silverman, I, 18

In the Hills of Arkansas (Version A)

There is a stream, they say, where crystal waters
flow,
Will cure any man whether sick or well, if he will
only go.

Chorus

We're coming, Arkansas! We're coming, Arkansas!
Our four-horse team will soon be seen in the hills
of Arkansas.

The roads are rough down there, and you will find
it so;
There's rocks and rill and rocks and stumps in the
hills of Arkansas.

The girls are strong down there, so healthy, clean,
and gay;
They card and spin from morn till night and dance
from night to day.

Remember what I said as we sat side by side?
I said that I would come for you, and you would be
my bride.

The fields are rough down there; they got holes
ev'ry where.
Although the country isn't much, the girls are plenty
fair.

VERSION B

They say there is a land where crystal waters flow
O'er beds of quartz and purest gold, way out in Idaho.

Chorus

O! wait, Idaho! We're coming, Idaho.
Our four horse team will soon be seen way out in Idaho.

We're bound to cross the plains, and up the mountains
 go;
 We're bound to see our fortunes there, way out in Idaho.
 We'll need no pick or spade, no shovel, pan, or hoe;
 The largest chunks are top of ground, way out in Idaho.
 We'll see hard times no more, and want we'll never know,
 When once we've filled our sacks with gold, way out in
 Idaho.

No. 809

IN THE HILLS OF MEXICO

also known as

Boggus, or Boggy Creek

The Hills of Mexico

This is a parody of The Buffalo Skinners (see Hired On IV in MB), which is a derivative of the lumbermen's song, Canaday-I-O.

According to Fife, this song "was known everywhere in the West."

REFERENCES

Dobie (CG), 45

Lomax (CS-1938), 41-42

Fife, 89-90

McConathy, 80-81

Fife (FAC), III, 157, 172

Pub (TFLS), II, 45

Haley, 201-202

Thorp & Fife, 196, 206, 217

Lingenfelter, 372-373

Webb (MTFL), 45

In the Hills of Mexico

Gather round me you old time cowpokes
 And I will sing you a song;
 No need for you to worry,
 It will not take me long.

It's all about some punchers
Who did agree to go
And spend the summer punchin'
In the hills of Mexico.

I was stranded out in Santa Fe
The year of Eighty-three;
A cattleman named Johnson
Stepped up and said to me:
"How do you do, young fellow,
How would you like to go
And spend the summer punchin'
In the hills of Mexico?"

Well, now I was broke and out of work,
So to Johnson I did say:
"Where your question is concerned,
The answer is the pay;
If you put out good wages,
Give horse and saddle, too,
I'd be willing to go
And stay the summer through."

With a line as smooth as ever heard,
Ol' Johnson was bound to win;
About twenty he signed on—
All able-bodied men.
The trip was not unpleasant
The way we had to go,
Until we crossed the Rio Grande
In the hills of Mexico.

There the water tasted just like brine,
All filled with alkali too;
Ol' Johnson rode before us,
And led us safely through.

Attacked by big mosquitos,
We had to travel slow—
There's no worse hell on this earth
Than the hills of Mexico.

At last our journey it did end,
We reached ol' Johnson's farm;
The first bronc I tried to break,
He damn near broke my arm!
While punchin' them damn longhorns
Our trials were never slow—
And that ain't countin' Injuns
In the hills of Mexico!

When the rounding-up was fin'lly done,
Ol' Johnson held back our pay;
He said we'd been extravagant,
Increasing debts each day.
But we didn't buy his story,
Or bankrupt tale of woe—
His bones are out there bleaching
In the hills of Mexico!

No. 810

IN THE PINES

also known as

The Longest Train

Where the Sun Never Shines

This song is still performed by various "country" artists, and it is widely known. Since Cecil Sharp included a version in his Appalachian collection, the song may have originated in England. However, Sharp's Black Girl merely has similar lines (Sharp, II, 278) and is not, in my opinion, a candidate for English origin for that reason alone. It is possible that this

song is nothing more than a "put-together" piece. Not only did it take on lines from several other songs over the years, but lines identified with it drifted into other songs. For examples, see Maid Freed From the Gallows in Fuson, 113; Mobilene and Pretty Little Girl in Brown, III, 334, V, 202 D; and Sweet Thing, Sweet Thing in this Master Book.

REFERENCES

Brown, III, 332-334;	Lomax (FSNA), 541-542
V, 201-203	Roberts (IP), 235-236
Gordon (FSA), 83-84	Roberts (SBS), 156-157
Jour (AFL), XLIX, 224	Silverman, II, 70
Leisy, 180-183	Silverman (FB), 216, 217-218

In the Pines

The longest train I ever saw
Ran through the mountain pines;
The engine passed at six o'clock,
The cab rolled by at nine.

Chorus

In the pines, in the pines,
Where the sun never shines,
I shiver when the cold winds blow.
The longest train I ever saw
Ran through the mountain pines.

The whistle of that lonesome train
Can turn my heart to stone;
It took the one I love away
And left me here alone.

The prettiest girl in this whole world
Lived down that railroad track,

Had clear blue eyes and golden hair
In curls all down her back.

The night wind whispers thro' the trees,
And gives a mournful sigh;
It seems to say, "forget, forget!"
As it goes drifting by.

No. 811

IN THE STATE OF EL-A-NOY
also known as

El-a-noy

The State of El-a-noy

The tune of this "place" song from American frontier days is an old Irish air: The Bog Deal Board. For a version obviously rewritten, see The Plains of Illinois In Cazden, I, 62-63.

REFERENCES

Agay (1), 38-39

Downes (1943), 110

Arnold, 162

Glass (SW), 14-15

Botkin (MRF), 561

Lomax (FSNA), 87

Carmer (SRA), 189-190

Sandburg (AS), 162-163

Silverman, I, 17

In the State of El-a-noy

'Way down upon the Wabash sich land was never known;
If Adam had passed over it, the soil he surely known.
He'd think it was the garden he'd play'd in when a
boy,

And straight pronounce it Eden, in the state of
El-a-noy.

Chorus

Then move your fam'ly westward, good health you will
enjoy,
And rise to wealth and honor in the state of El-a-noy.

'Twas here the Queen of Sheba came, with Solomon of
old,
With an ass load of spices, pomegranates and fine gold;
And when she saw this lovely land, her heart was filled
with joy.

Straightway she said "I'd like to be a Queen in
El-a-noy."

She's bounded by the Wabash, the Ohio and the Lakes,
She's crawfish in the swampy lands, the milk-sick and
the shakes;
But these are slight diversions and take not from the
joy
Of living in this garden land, the state of El-a-noy.

No. 812

THE INTOXICATED RAT

also known as

The Cat and the Mouse

This song, in the form of the English-Scottish ballad,
Our Goodman, was popularized during the late 1930s and
early 1940s by Art Dixon, a "country" music entertainer.
Other performers recorded the song, including Cisco
Houston on the Folkways label, but collectors have ig-
nored it. For other versions, see Leisy (SPS), 109
and Silverman, II, 169.

The Intoxicated Rat

The other night when I came home,
So drunk I could not see,
I got tangled up in the old door mat,
Fell flat as flat could be.
Had me a little bottle of rum
And I didn't have any more;
The cap broke off when I went down,
And it spilled out on the floor.

A rat came out of his little hole,
He caught the whiskey scent;
He scooted up and he lapped a little bit,
And back to his hole he went.
Back to his hole he went,
Right back to his hole he went;
He scooted up and he lapped a little bit,
And back to his hole he went.

But pretty soon he was back again,
Sidled up to the rum on the floor;
He was a little bit shy, but he winked
one eye,

And he lapped up a little bit more.
He didn't run back to his hole that time,
But he stayed by the puddle of gin,
And he said, "Dadgum my pop-eyed soul,
I'm gonna git drunk again."

He washed his face with his two front feet,
And on his hind legs sat;
Then with a twisted smile and a half-closed
eye,

Said, "Where's that dadgum cat?"
And he didn't go back to his hole.
He said, "dadgum my soul,
I'm only a rat but there ain't no cat
Can force me back to my hole."

Then his little eyes began to shine,
And he lapped up more and more;
And it made me glad that I had stumbled
And spilled it on the floor.
But soon the puddle of rum was gone,
And I didn't have any more gin,
And the little old rat was a-having a time
When the old tom-cat walked in.

The cat made a pass, the rat made a dash,
His boldness faded thin;
The cat jumped over and the rat got sober
And ran back to his hole again.
Ran back to his hole again,
Ran back to his hole again,
The cat jumped over and the rat got sober
And ran back to his hole again!

No. 813

INVITATION TO ADVENTURE I

also known as

A-Lumbering We'll Go	Once More A-Lumbering Go
A-Lumbering We Will Go	On the Tittabawassee
The Logger's Boast	We'll Roam the Forest Over

This is one in a series of songs that I have grouped together for convenience. All are related, at least by story theme, and several are adaptations or derivatives of the others.

Of the two versions given below, we know that A dates back to at least mid-19th century because a text of it is in John S. Springer's Forest Life and Forest Trees, New York, 1851, pp. 132-133. Version B came later, but exactly how much later is not known.

For variations, see the Ex-Ranger's Song in Shoemaker (MMP), 83, 91, and Invitation to Adventure III in this Master Book.

REFERENCES

Barry (MWS), 14-15

Beck (LLC), 29-32

Beck (SML), 18-21

Carmer (SRA), 59-60

Eckstorm, 41-43

Gray, 18-21

Lomax (USA), 166-167

Shoemaker (NPM), 70-71

Warner, 73

Invitation to Adventure I (Version A)

Come, all ye sons of freedom through out the State of Maine,
Come, all ye gallant lumbermen and listen to my strain.
On the banks of the Penobscot, where the rapid waters flow,
O we'll range the wild woods over and a-lumbering we'll go.

Chorus

When the white frost gilds the valleys, the cold congeals
the flood;

When many men have naught to do to earn their families
bread.

When swollen streams are frozen, and the hills are clad
with snow,

O, we'll range the wild woods over, and a-lumbering we'll
go.

When you pass thro the dense city, and pity all you meet,
To hear their teeth chattering as they hurry down the street;
In the red frost-proof flannel we're encased from top to toe,
While we range the wild woods over, and a-lumbering we'll go.

You may boast of your gay parties, your pleasures and your
plays,

And pity us poor lumbermen while dashing in your sleighs;

We want no better pasttime than to chase the buck and
doe—

O! we'll range the wild woods over, and a-lumbering we'll
go.

The music of our burnished axe shall make the woods resound,
And many a lofty ancient Pine will tumble to the ground.
At night, ho! round our good campfire we will sing while
rude winds blow,
And we'll range the wild woods over while a-lumbering we go.

When winter's snows are melted, and the ice-bound streams
are free,
We'll run our logs to market, then haste our friends to see.
How kindly true hearts will welcome us, our wives and child-
ren too;
We will spend with them the summer, and once more a-lumber-
ing we'll go.

And when upon the long-hid soil the white Pines disappear,
We will cut the other forest trees, and sow whereon we clear.
Our grain shall wave o'er valleys rich, our herds bedot the
hills,
When our feet no more are hurried on to tend the driving
mills.

Then no more a-lumbering go, then no more a-lumbering go,
When our feet no more are hurried on to tend the driving
mills.

When our youthful days are ended, we will cease from winter
toil,
And each one thro the summer war will tend to virgin soil.
We've enough to eat, to drink, to wear, content thro life
to go,
Then we'll tell our wild adventures o'er, and no more a-
lumbering go.

And no more a-lumbering go, and no more a-lumbering go,
O, we'll tell our wild adventures o'er and no more a-
lumbering go!

VERSION B

Come, all you sons of pleasure, and listen while I sing;
Come on, and go along with me and meet the timber king.
We will call upon Paul Bunyan while the winds of winter
blow,
And we'll roam the forest over and a-lumbering we'll go.

Chorus

We will roam the forest over and a-lumbering we'll go,
O! we'll roam the forest over and a-lumbering we'll go.

When the frost is in the valley, and the trees begin to
shed,
When cutters go into the woods to earn their daily bread,
When the streams are nearly frozen, and the hills are
"dressed in snow,
We will roam the forest over and a-lumbering we'll go.

You may talk about your parties and good times all you
please,
And you may pity us poor souls who cannot share your ease;
But we envy not your pleasure in the cities down below,
For we roam the forest over and a-lumbering we go.

When all the snows are melting, and the streams are flowing
free,
We'll float our logs to market and have ourselves a spree.
We will frolic through the summer, till the winds of winter
blow,
Then we'll roam the forest over and a-lumbering we'll go.

No. 814

INVITATION TO ADVENTURE II

also known as

Banks of the Ohio	The Lovely Ohio
Chase the Buffalo	The Pleasant Ohio
The Hunting of the Buffalo	We'll Chase the Buffalo
Hunt the Buffalo	We'll Hunt the Buffalo

During Colonial times, and for two or three decades following the Revolution, the "American West" was the area along and beyond the Ohio River. This song is among the earliest about "life along the banks of the Ohio."

There are two versions (A and B) given below, but I am unable to say with certainty which version is older.

For a shanty version, see The Buffalo in Whall (SSS), 92.

REFERENCES

Garner (SRA), 170-171	Lomax (USA), 103-104
Downes, 107, 131	Reeves (EC), 67
Jackson (ESUS), 32	Scott (SA), 74-75
Jordan, 305-307	Silverman, I, 18
Lomax (FSNA), 85	Songster (60), 174-175

Invitation to Adventure II (Version A)

Come, all you brisk young fellows, who have a mind to roam
Unto some foreign country a long way from home;
Unto some foreign country along with me go,
And we'll settle on the banks of the lovely Ohio.

Chorus

Sweet and shady groves! Thro the wild woods we'll wander,
And we'll hunt the buffalo, and we'll hunt the buffalo,
Through the wild woods we'll wander, and we'll hunt the
buffalo.

Come, all you pretty fair maids, and spin us some yarn,
To make us some nice clothing, to keep ourselves warm;
for you can knit and sew, my loves, while we do reap
and mow,

When we settle on the banks of the lovely Ohio.

There are fishes in the river just fitted for our use,
There's tall and lofty sugar cane that yields us some
juice;

There is all kind of game, my boys, beside the buck and
doe,

When we settle on the banks of the lovely Ohio.

If ever those wild Indians do unto us come nigh,
We will all unite together, lads, to conquer or die;
We will march into their tents, boys, and strike the
deadly blow,

When we settle on the banks of the lovely Ohio.

VERSION B

Come, all ye young men, who have a mind to range
In to the Western country, your station for to change;
For seeking some new pleasure we'll all together go,
And we'll settle on the banks of the pleasant Ohio.

Chorus Tag

(Repeat the final two lines of each stanza).

The land is good, boys, and you need not fear,
'Tis a garden of Eden in North America.
Come along, my lively lads, and we'll all together go,
And we'll settle on the banks of the pleasant Ohio.

Those blood-thirsty Indians you need not to fear,
We will all united be, and we'll be free from care;
We'll march into their towns, and we'll give a deadly blow,
And we'll fold you in our arms on the pleasant Ohio.

Come, all ye fair maidens, wherever you may be,
 Come, join in with us, and rewarded you shall be;
 Girls, if you'll card, knit and spin, we'll plough,
 reap and sow,
 And we'll settle on the banks of the pleasant Ohio.

No. 815

INVITATION TO ADVENTURE III

also known as

Break and Shoot the Buffalo	Up Jumped the Crow
Chase the Buffalo	We'll Chase the Buffalo
Rally Round the Cranebrake	We'll Hunt the Buffalo
Rise You Up	We'll Rally Round the Crane-
Shoot the Buffalo	brake
	We'll Shoot the Buffalo

Invitation to Adventure I and II journeyed westward together, or quickly followed one another, and they sired offspring all the way. As the American frontier extended and expanded, versions of the two related pieces were adapted to satisfy the tastes and needs of the people in the various communities.

The only entertainment available, for social purposes, were singing games for children and play-party-dance songs for young adults. Popular songs were changed to serve these purposes, and the preceding two songs were not exceptions. So many versions and variants resulted that all of them, together, would fill a book. The versions below, therefore, are merely representative of the group and the form.

For variations containing floaters, or lines taken from other songs, see: Douthitt, 34; Eckstorm, 243; Odum (NWS), 123; and Wilson (BA), 81.

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| Brown, III, 109-110 | Owens (TFS), 149-150 |
| Cambiaire, 143 | Perrow, XXVI, 137 |
| Collins, 34 | Randolph, III, 306-309 |
| Cox (SG), 249-251 | Randolph (OPP), 212 |
| Downes (1940), 106-107 | Randolph (Ozarks), 153-154 |
| Downes (1943), 130-131 | Sharp, II, 372 |
| Dudley & Payne, 30-31 | Shearin (SKFS), 38 |
| Duncan (PPHC), 13 | Wolford, 29-30 |
| Fife, 273 | |

Invitation to Adventure III (Version A)

Rise you up, my dearest dear,
And present to me your hand,
And we'll all run away
To some fair and distant land.

Where the ladies knit and sew
And the men they plough and hoe,
We'll ramble in the cranebrake
And shoot the buffalo.

All the way from Alabam'
Out to Texas I must go,
With a wave of my hand
And a splinter in my toe.

Where the buzzard killed the crow,
And the prairie winds they blow,
We'll ramble in the cranebrake
And shoot the buffalo.

Rise you up, my dearest dear,
And we'll leave your ma and pa;
If you chew tobacco,
I will give you a chaw.

Where the ladies knit and sew,
And the men they plough and hoe,
We'll ramble in the cranebrake
And shoot the buffalo.

VERSION B

Up jumped the crow,
And the hunter stubbed his toe,
As he rambled through the bush
For to shoot the buffalo.

Chorus

For to shoot the buffalo,
For to shoot the buffalo,
As he rambled through the bush
For to shoot the buffalo.

Where the women sew and patch,
And the men just itch and scratch,
They will all meet tonight
While the chickens sit and hatch.

Come along, my sweet and go
Where the prairie waters flow,
And we'll both sing this song
As we dance "Up Jumped the Crow."

As we dance "Up Jumped the Crow,"
As we dance "Up Jumped the Crow,"
And we'll both sing this song
As we dance "Up Jumped the Crow."

VERSION C

Right hand across't and you won't get lost,
Rally round the cranebrake and shoot the buffalo!
Left hand far back and you won't get sacked,
Rally round the cranebrake and shoot the buffalo!

Chorus

And shoot the buffalo! And shoot the buffalo!
Rally round the cranebrake and shoot the buffalo!

Boys cuss and swear and girls curl their hair,
Rally round the cranebrake and shoot the buffalo!
No tadpole pie when the creek goes dry,
Rally round the cranebrake and shoot the buffalo.

Buffalo is dead 'cause I shot him in the head,
Rally round the cranebrake and shoot the buffalo!
I'll take the hide for prove that he died,
Rally round the cranebrake and shoot the buffalo!

VERSION D

Break and shoot the buffalo!
Break and shoot the buffalo!
O we'll rally round the cane-brake
And shoot the buffalo!

O the buffalo is dead,
For I've shot him in the head!
O we'll rally round the cane-brake
And shoot the buffalo!

O the girls go off to school,
And the boys they love to fool!
O we'll rally round the cane-brake
And shoot the buffalo.

Break and shoot the buffalo!, etc

No. 816

INVITATION TO ADVENTURE IV

also known as

We'll Hunt the Buffalo

This is an adaptation of Invitation to Adventure I & II, and it could easily have passed as version E of III, but the changes were sufficient to warrant its standing alone. In Ford (TMA), 244-245, the only collection containing a version of this that I have seen, the song is classified as a dance piece.

Invitation to Adventure IV

We'll load the covered wagons,
And we'll hit the Indian trail;
We'll camp along the rivers
When the moon shines pale.
We'll dance around the camp fire,
Where the shadows come and go,
And when our Indian guide comes along
We'll hunt the buffalo.

Chorus

We'll shoot the buffalo!
We'll shoot the buffalo!
We'll rally round the cranebrake
And shoot the buffalo!

Chief Oronoco's daughter,
One we'll honor with great pride—
I'll forfeit forty ponies,
If she'll be my bride.
But if she dare to spurn me,
I will take my goods and go—
Till another Indian maid comes along,
We'll hunt the buffalo.

No. 817

INVITATION TO ADVENTURE V

also known as

Hunt the Buffalo	We'll Roam Across the Prairie
Shoot the Buffalo	We'll Roam the Prairies Over
We'll Hunt the Buffalo	We'll Shoot the Buffalo

I obtained this song from Orth Bell, Dodge City, Kansas, in the 1940s. That it is a close relative of Invitation to Adventure I & II is quite obvious.

Invitation to Adventure V

When the prairie grass turns green,
I will polish up my gun,
And I'll leave home forever
And have myself some fun.
When the summer breezes blow,
I will saddle up and go;
I will ride across the prairie
And shoot the buffalo.

When the birds start flying south,
I will take myself to town,
Where I'll spend all my money
Before I settle down.

While the women knit and sew,
And their husbands plow and hoe,
I will ride across the prairie
And shoot the buffalo.

If adventure you do crave,
Come along and go with me;
Across the plains we'll ramble,
Where the winds are blowing free.
Near the rugged Rocky Mountains,
Where the Indians come and go,
We will camp beside the river
And shoot the buffalo.

No. 818

THE IRISH GIRL I
also known as

As I Walked Out One Morning	I Went to Mass Last Sunday
Black-eyed Mary	I Wish I Was in London
Charming Molly	Little Molly
Dark-eyed Molly	The Lovely Irish Maid
Farewell Ballymonny	Lovely Mary
The Forsaken Lovers	The Lover's Lament
Going to Church Last Sunday	Lovin' Hannah
Handsome Molly	Meeting Is a Pleasure
I Chanced When I Was Walk-	My Irish Polly
ing	The Neat Irish Girl
In Courtship There Lies	The New Irish Girl
Pleasure	Pretty Polly
Irish Mary	Ruby Were Her Lips
The Irish Wash-Woman	Sail Around the Ocean
I Rode to Church Last Sunday	Stinging Bee
It Chanced When I Was Walk-	Sweet Bann Water
ing	With Feeling

The Irish Girl is a common title in folk-song tradition and, generally, it represents a group of songs rather than an individual selection. Irish Girl songs are bound together by similar stories and floating lines, though some of them are different enough to exist as independent pieces. In the group that follows, The Irish Girl I, II, III & IV, the first three are related: for there are more similarities than differences in the various texts. But IV is not related.

For songs similar in theme and form, see Courting is a Pleasure in Creighton (MFS), 71; Little Sweetheart in Henry (FSSH), 237; That Irish Girl in Morris, 439; and Yankee Shore in Peacock, I, 233.

There are three versions (A, B & C) below, and C contributed one of the tunes to which it is sung to the very popular Tom Dooley.

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| Brown, II, 279-283, 367-368; IV, 156, 210 | Karpeles (EFS), 254 |
| Creighton (MFS), 46 | Kennedy, 355 |
| Creighton (SBNS), 175-177 | Lomax (FSNA), 209 |
| Davis (FSV), 90 | MacColl & Seeger, 216-217 |
| Davis (TBV), 274-275 | McGill, 87-89 |
| Dean, 111-112 | O'Connor, 15 |
| Delaney (ISB) No. 1, 24 | Okun, 169-170 |
| Gardiner, 6-8 | Owens (TFS), 57-58 |
| Henry, Nos. 615 & 625 | Peacock, II, 465-466 |
| Henry (FSSH), 255-256 | Randolph, IV, 232-234 |
| Jour (AFL), XLV, 103; XLVI, 33-34 | Reeves, 130-131 |
| Jour (EFDSS), I, 25, 190 | Sedley, 116-117 |
| Jour (FSS), VIII, 16-17 | Sharp, II, 254-255 |
| Joyce (AIM), 2 | Shearin (SKFS), 14 |
| | Sherman & Henry, 149-150 |
| | Silverman, I, 178 |
-

The Irish Girl I (Version A)

As I left church last Sunday my true love passed me by;
I could tell she was changing by the rolling of her eye.
By the rolling of her eye, by the rolling of her eye,
I could tell she was changing by the rolling of her eye.

O, remember, sweet Mary, when first I held your hand?
You said if you should marry that I would be your man.
That I would be your man, etc.

You have broken your promise, and it's breaking my heart;
So it's farewell, dear Mary, it's forever we must part.

If you should wed another, I pray that he will please;
I will sail on the ocean hoping to give my heart ease.

While I am on the ocean, upon the waters deep,
I'll think of you, dear Mary, and the memories I will keep.

While this old world is turning, it's lonesome I will be,
For I can't stop a-wondering why you couldn't fancy me.

VERSION B

I wish I was in Dublin, or some old seaport town;
I'd get myself aboard some ship, and I'd sail the ocean
round.

And I'd sail the ocean round, and I'd sail the ocean round;
I'd get myself aboard some ship, and I'd sail the ocean
round.

I rode to church on Sunday, and Molly passed me by;
'Twas plain her mind was altered by the look in her dark
eye. , etc.

O Molly, charming Molly, with form so fair and small,
I swear by every star above that I love you best of all.

Her hair was dark and curly, her eyes were black as
crow,
Her cheeks were pink like roses in the early morning
glow.

O once we were true lovers, as lovers ought to be,
Until she started changing in her heart towards me.
I'll go by yonder river when everyone's asleep;
I'll think of charming Molly, and set me down and weep.
And set me down and weep, etc.

VERSION C

Wish I was in New York,
Or some old seaport town,
I'd sign myself on some old ship
And sail the ocean round.

Chorus

Sail around the ocean,
All across the sea,
And think of handsome Molly,
Wherever she may be.

I love blended whiskey,
But now it's time to go;
I will sail the deepest ocean,
Tho' tides run high or low.

Remember, dear Molly,
You gave me your right hand,
And said if you ever married
That I would be the man.

You've broken your promise,
So go with whom you please.
I will pray to God in heaven
To let my heart find ease.

The bells they are ringing,
The birds are singing too,
And perhaps one day, sweet Molly,
I'll sail back home to you.

No. 819

THE IRISH GIRL II

This is another form of the preceding song. For information
see headnotes to The Irish Girl I.

The Irish Girl II

As I walked out one morning, down by the river side,
I stood and looked around me and an Irish girl I spied.

So red and rosy were her cheeks, so curly was her hair,
And costly was the jewelry that Irish girl did wear.

Her shoes of Spanish leather were bound with spangles gay;
To hold her in my loving arms, most any price I'd pay.

The tears did glisten on her cheeks as she began to cry;
I heard her say, "My love is gone! forsaken here am I."

O, if I were a butterfly, I'd light upon her breast;
And if I were a bird with wings, I'd sing my love to
rest.

I wish I was in Ireland, or almost anywhere,
And in my hand a glass of wine to wash away all care.

I'd call for Irish whiskey, and pay before I'd go;
I'd roll sweet Polly in my arms and let the whiskey flow.

For love is such a killing thing! O have you felt the
pain?

How hard it is to love someone, and love that one in vain!

My only love is fairer than lillies as they grow;
Her voice is far clearer than any winds that blow.

Her ruby lips and sparkling eyes have so bewitched me,
That were I king of Ireland, the Queen of it she'd be!

No. 820

THE IRISH GIRL III

also known as

It Chanced When I Was Walking

This is the Irish gorm of the preceding song that is a derivative of a 1780s broadside. Moffat (MI) prints an adaptation of his own (admittedly a rewrite of the broadside), and says the tune was taken from Petrie's Collection, where it was entitled: This Time Twelve Months I Married. Barry (MWS), reprinted a text from Billy Holmes' Comic Local Lyrics, 1886, and says the tune is that of The Maid of Timahoe.

For references, see list under headnotes to The Irish Girl I.

The Irish Girl III

One morning as I strayed down by the river side,
A-looking all around me, an Irish girl I spied.
O, red and rosy were her cheeks, and golden was her hair,
And costly was the robe of green that Irish girl did wear.

Chorus

Let the winds blow high or low, my boys,
Let seas run mountains high,
It is the seaman's duty, boys, the hellum to stand by!

Her boots were Spanish leather, and neatly they did tie;
Her hair hung down in ringlets, and she began to sigh:
"O Jamie, dearest Jamie, by the marks of evergreen,
O will you now forsake me here and never more be seen?"

My love will not come nigh me, for all the moan I make,
Nor would she even pity me if my poor heart should break.
But were I of some noble blood and she of low degree,
I know she'd hear my lonely cry and come and pity me.

But be it so or not, on her I take my chance—
The first time that I saw her, she struck me in a trance;
Her ruby lips and sparkling eyes they have so bewitched me,
That were I king of Ireland now, the Queen of it she'd be!

Were I a butterfly, I'd light upon her breast;
And if I were a linnet, I'd sing my love to rest;
And if I were a nightingale, I'd sing the morning clear—
I'd sing to her my lonely song, for once I loved her dear.

O, were my love a rose-bud that in the garden grew,
And I the happy gardner, to her I would be true;
O every day, throughout the year, my love I would renew;
With flowers I would garnish her, sweet William, thyme
and rue.

I wish I were in Ireland a-sitting on the grass,
And in my hand a bottle, and on my knee a lass;
I'd call for liquors of the best and, then, before I go,
I'd roll you in my arms, love, though winds blow high or
low!

No. 821

THE IRISH GIRL IV

also known as

The Neat Irish Girl

This song is entirely different from the preceding three, but fits the subject and shares the title. For the source, see Creighton (MFS), 87.

The Irish Girl IV

Come all you good people out there,
And a warning take by me:
It's never leave your home,
Stay on your native shore;
For to go to far-off lands
Won't set you free.

Now once I was lost, surely lost!
'Twas the twentieth day of May,
When I was pressed aboard
A naval battle ship
For to fight in the wars
Far, far away.

On the fourteenth of July it was,
When the captain aft did spy
Full several sails aloft
A French man o' war,
With its big guns a-flashing
'Neath the sky!

We came bearing down upon them,
Our colors flying high;
Our captain cried, "Each man stand
True to his guns,
For the Lord knows
That some of us must die!"

Our captain he was wounded full sore,
And eighteen other men;
And when our standing rigging
Was so dreadful tore,
It was time for us
To surrender then.

If I had the wings of a bird,
The wings of a snow-white dove,
I'd fly straight to the arms
Of my neat Irish girl,
To the arms
Of the only girl I love.

No. 822

THE IRISH JAUNTING CAR

SOURCE SONG. The tune of this old Irish song was used for several other songs, many of them now established as folk pieces. For songs in this Master Book that are set to this tune, see: Hurrah! for Southern Rights; Hurrah! for the Sunny South I & II; and Hurrah! for the Union I. An earlier version is in Ditson (100SI), 25. A fragment of the text, recovered in Ohio, is in Eddy, 318.

The Irish Jaunting Car

Do you want a car, your honor?
Och! sure that's the one for you.
It's an outside Irish jaunting car,
Just painted green and blue.
It belongs to Larry Doolan,
And you'll have to travel far,
To find a better driver
Of an Irish jaunting car.

The fare is fifteen pence,
But as the distance isn't far,
I'll just say one and three pence, ma'am,
So jump upon the car.

If you want to drive 'round Dublin,
Sure you'll find me on the stand;
I'll take you to Raheny,
To pick cockles on the strand.
To the Phoenix Park, to Nancy Hands,
The Monument, and then
I'll take you to the Strawberry Beds,
And back to town again.
Get some bread and beef and porter,
And some whiskey in a jar—
That's the way to take your pleasure,
On an Irish jaunting car.

No. 823

IRISH MOLLY O

SOURCE SONG. The tune of this Irish piece has been used for other songs. For an American song using the tune, see Gold Seeker XII in this Master Book.

Irish Molly O was popular in America during the 1850s and 60s. Today, only a fragmented text remains (version A below). Version B is from Ireland.

For a different Mollie-O, see Morris, 440-441.

REFERENCES

Gardner (FSH), 213-214
Joyce (OIFMS), 213-214

O'Connor, 52
Shearin (SKFS), 13
Universal (ISB), 148

Irish Molly O! (Version A)

O come along, you pretty girls,
A warning take from me;
Don't ever build your nest
In the top of a tree.
The green leaves wither,
Their beauty will decay,
And the beauty of a fair young maid
Will also fade away.

Chorus

For she is young and beautiful,
The fairest one I know,
The Primrose of Ireland
Before my Guineas go—
The only one enticing me
Is Irish Molly O!

VERSION B*

(*According to Breatnach, 56-57, this version was written
by Frank Fahy.)

Oh! fairer than the lily tall, and sweeter than the rose,
As modest as the violet in dewy dell that blows;
With heart as warm as summer noon, and pure as winter snow,
The pride of Erin's isle is she, dear Irish Molly O!
But fever's breath struck down in death her father strong
and brave,
And who should now his little ones from want and sorrow
save?
"Oh! never fear, my mother dear, across the seas I'll go,
And win for you a new home there," said Irish Molly O.
And far away 'mid strangers cold she toiled for many a
year,
And no one heard the heart-wrung sigh or saw the silent
tear;

But letters fond the seas beyond would kind and
constant go,
With gold won dear, and words of cheer, from Irish
Molly O.

And one by one she sent for all the loved ones o'er
the foam,
And one by one she welcomed them to her fond heart and
home;
And last and best her arms caressed the aged head of snow—
"Oh, mother, we'll be happy now!" said Irish Molly O.

No. 824

THE IRISH WASHERWOMAN
also known as
Irish Washwoman

An old Irish reel that is widely known in the United States as a square-dance fiddle tune. It was published in England, in 1688, under the title: The Country Courtship. An american song sung to this tune, see My Government Claim in this Master Book.

REFERENCES

Ford (OTFM), 35

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Ford (TMA), 43

Shaw, 378

Thede, 118-119

The Irish Washerwoman*

*No words available. See under TUNES, No. 825.

No. 825

ISABEAU S'Y PROMÈNE

also known as

Carried Off to Sea	Isabeau Se Promène
Fair Isabeau Was Walking	Isabeau Went A-Strolling
Fair Isabel Went Walking	L'Enlèvement en mer

French folk song that came to North America with early French settlers and explorers. According to Berry, it "originiated along the Breton sea-coast." Two variants, Joli Fleur de Rosier and Mon Joli Coeur de Rosier are in Berry, 72 & 79.

The version below is from Gagnon, 37-39.

REFERENCES

Berry, 20-23	Scott (BA), 297-300
Botsford, I, 68	Tiersot (SP), 34-37

Isabeau s'y Promène

Isabeau s'y promène
 Le long de son jardin,
 Le long de son jardin
 Sur le bord de l'île,
 Le long de son jardin
 Sur le bord de l'eau,
 Sur le bord du vaisseau.

Elle fit un' rencontre
 De trente matelots.
 De trente matelots
 Sur le bord de l'île, etc.

Le plus jenne des trente,
 Il se mit à chanter,

Il se mit à chanter,
Sur le bord de l'île, etc.

-La chanson que tu chantes,
Je voudrais la savior, etc.

-Embarque dans ma barque,
Je te la chanterai, etc.

Quand ell' fut dans la barque,
Ell' se mit à pleurer, etc.

-Qu'avez-vous donc la belle,
Qu'a-vous à tant pleurer?, etc.

-Je pleur' mon anneau d'ere,
Dans l'eau-z-il est tombé, etc.

-Ne pleurez point la belle,
Je vous le plongerais, etc.

De la première plonge
Il n'a rien ramené, etc.

De la troisième plonge
Le galant s'est noyé.
Sur le bord de l'île,
Le galant s'est noyé
Sur le bord de l'eau,
Sur le bord du vaisseau.

English Translation

Fair Isabel went walking, strolling in her garden,
Strolling in her garden on the shore of an island,
Strolling in her garden near the ocean blue,
On a ship so true.

Along the shore she counted thirty sailing men,
Thirty sailing men came upon the island,
Thirty sailing men from the ocean blue,
On a ship so true.

The youngest of the thirty merrily sang a song,
Merrily sang a song on the island shore,
Merrily sang a song from the ocean blue,
On a ship so true.

"Now I wish that I could learn to sing a song as fine,
To sing a song as fine on the island shore,
To sing a song as fine from the ocean blue,
On a ship so true."

"Then board with me yon vessel, let me teach it to you,
Let me teach it to you on the island shore,
Let me teach it to you on the ocean blue,
On a ship so true."

She came aboard the vessel and started to cry,
And started to cry on the island shore,
And started to cry on the ocean blue,
On a ship so true.

"What ails you, lovely maiden? What makes you weep
so sore?, etc. "

"My lovely golden bracelet dropped into the sea, etc."

"Then dry your tears, fair maiden, I'll bring it back
to you, etc."

He dived beneath the waters, nothing did he find, etc.

Dive he down the second time, no bracelet could he
find, etc.

When he dived the third time, he himself was drowned,
etc.

No. 826

I SHALL NOT BE MOVED

also known as

Just Like a Tree

Standing by the Water

An old spiritual that has retained its popularity. For reasons I cannot explain, this song has been largely ignored by folk-song collectors. The tune of the song has been used for other pieces. For example, the farm workers' union used both title and tune for a song: see Fowke (SWF), 38; Scott (BA), 344; Seeger (6), 38; and Whitman, 72-73. For another rewrite, see I Shall Not Be Blue in Brown, III, 639.

I Shall Not Be Moved

Standing with the faithful, I shall not be moved!
Standing with the faithful, I shall not be moved!
Just like a tree that's planted by the water,
Lord, I shall not be moved!

Chorus

I shall not be, I shall not be moved!
I shall not be, I shall not be moved!
Just like a tree that's planted by the water,
Lord, I shall not be moved!

Walking with my Saviour, I shall not be moved!, etc.

On my way to heaven, I shall not be moved!, etc.

Take my hand and follow, I shall not be moved!, etc.

Jesus is my leader, I shall not be moved!, etc.

No. 827

ISN'T IT GRAND, BOYS

This song originated in England. It was evidently known on the college circuit in America, for there is a version in Best, 74. The version below came from Nancy Whiskey, an English "skiffle" performer, in the 1950s.

Isn't It Grand, Boys

Look at poor grandpa, lying in his coffin!
Isn't it grand, boys, to be bloody well dead?

Chorus

Let's not have a sniffle,
O, let's have a bloody good cry!
And always remember, the longer you live
The sooner you're going to die!

Look at the preacher: bloody well sanctified!
Isn't it grand, boys, etc. ?

Look at the choir: bloody big tonsils!
Isn't it grand, boys, etc. ?

Look at the coffin: bloody expensive!
Isn't it grand, boys, etc. ?

Look at the flowers: see how they're wilted!
Isn't it grand, boys, etc. ?

Look at the mourners: bloody big hypocrites!
Isn't it grand, boys, etc. ?

Look at the relatives: counting their money!
Isn't it grand, boys, etc. ?

Look at the tombstone: bloody big boulder!
Isn't it grand, boys, etc. ?

No. 828

ITISKIT, ITASKIT

also known as

Cry, Baby, Cry

Drop the Letter

Green and Yellow Basket

Hunt the Squirrel

I Sent a Letter to My Love

The Lost Letter

Children's game song, and one of many related pieces derived from the ancient English game, Drop the Glove or Drop the Handkerchief. For another derivative, see Chase the Squirrel in this Master Book.

A rewritten version by Al Feldman and Ella Fitzgerald (Robbins Music Corp., c. 1938) became a national hit via the recording of Ella Fitzgerald.

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| Bancroft, 88, 350 | Hornby, 116 |
| Bertail, 106 | Hudson (SMFL), 118 |
| Bett, 16, 29 | Jour (AFL), XXXI, 57; XL, |
| Botkin (AFL), 806 | 33; LX, 24 |
| Brown, I, 80-82 | MacLagan, 213-214 |
| Brown (OEAG), 32 | McIntosh (FSSG), 107 |
| Burne, 512 | Newell, 168-169 |
| Downes (1940), 199 | Northall, 364-365 |
| Downes (1943), 232 | Owens (ST), 7 |
| Folklore Journal, VI, 212 | Scott (FSS), 10 |
| Forbush, 41-42, 53-56 | Silverman, I, 348 |
| Gardner (FSH), 233-234 | Whitney & Bullock, 146 |
| Gardner (SPPG), 96-97 | Wier (YAM), I, 134 |
| Gomme, I, 109-112, 305-310 | Winn (1), 176-177 |
| Gutch (V), 250 | Wolford, 59 |
| Halliwell (NRNT), 165 | |

Itiskit, Itaskit

Itiskit, Itaskit,
A green and yellow basket;
I sent a letter to my love,
And on the way I dropped it.

I dropped it, I dropped it,
Yes, on the way I dropped it;
And one of you has picked it up
And put it in your pocket.

Itiskit, Itaskit,
You know I hate to ask it;
But one of you has picked it up—
And one of you is guilty.

I need it, I need it,
And I intend to have it;
I lost the letter to my love,
And now he'll never read it.

No. 829

IT'S SINFUL TO FLIRT

also known as

Flirting	Sinful to Flirt
Poor Willie Dead and Gone	Sweet Willie
She Said She Was Only	They Say It's Sinful to
Flirting	Flirt
She Was Only Flirting	Willie
Sinful Flirting	Willie Down by the Pond

This is one of those sentimental "parlor" songs so popular in 19th century America. Song has survived through oral circulation, particularly in the Southern states.

REFERENCES

Brown, II, 638-639; IV,
309-311
Bulletin (TFLS), III, 93
Cambiaire, 90-91
Davis (FSV), 94-95
Henry (FSSH), 238-242
Jour (AFL), XXXIX, 164;
XLII, 278; XLV, 89

Kincaid No. 3, 36
Laws (AB), G 19
Owens (TFS), 94
Randolph, IV, 272-273
Richardson (AMS), 57-58
Roberts (IP), 149-151
Shellans, 41

It's Sinful to Flirt

They say that it's sinful to flirt,
They tell me my heart's made of stone;
They tell me to either be kind,
Or else leave the poor boy alone.

One evening they stood on the beach,
And they were the only ones there;
A youth in the pride of manhood,
A young girl with dark brown hair.

His face was all pale with anguish,
All flushed with the sunset's glow;
With bowed head he listened to her,
And her voice was soft and low.

I never dreamed that you loved me,
Or knew that you could really care.
And sadly then she bowed her head
'Neath its crown of dark brown hair.

I am to be married next winter,
And she kindly offered her hand,
Then gathered her cloak around her
And left him alone on the sand.

She looks from her carriage window,
A haughty and beautiful face;
A lovely and stately woman,
All covered with satin and lace.

He moves with the crowd of strangers,
And his look is bitter and cold;
A young man too soon grown weary,
And too soon grown worn and old.

No. 830

IT'S THE SAME THE WHOLE WORLD OVER

This old English "music hall" song has been circulating in America since World War I, when it became a favorite with soldiers over-seas. Song dates back to the 19th century in England, but, unfortunately, authors and collectors of works in which versions appear gave little or no information concerning its origin.

REFERENCES

Dolph, 138-139	Sandburg (AS), 200
Downes (1940), 288-289	Shay (PF-1), 108-110
Downes (1943), 334-335	Shay (PF-3), 56-57
Leisy (SPS), 94-95	Silverman, II, 204
Loesser, 280	Whitman, 166

It's the Same the Whole World Over

She was just a parson's daughter,
Pure and unstain'd as they came;
First he had her, then he left her,
And the poor girl lost her name.

Chorus

It's the same the whole world over,
It's the poor who gets the blame;
It's the rich who gets the pleasure—
Ain't it all a bleedin' shame?

Then she went to London city,
For to hide her horrid shame;
There she met another fellow—
Once again she lost her name.

Look at him with all his horses,
Gulping champagne in his club.
While the victim of his passions
Gulps her beer down in a pub.

See her in her horse and carriage,
Driving daily through the park;
Tho' she's made a wealthy marriage,
Still she hides a broken heart.

In their poor and humble dwelling,
Where her grieving parents live,
Drinking champagne she has sent them,
But they never can forgive.

In a rose surrounded cottage,
There was born a child in sin;
But the baby had no father—
So she gently did him in.

No. 831

IT'S TIME FOR MOVING ON
also known as

Done Laid Around

Yonder Comes the High Sheriff

The tune to this song is older than the words, and it is

used for other songs, including one called I Saw The Light. According to Carl Sandburg, "Convicts of the Kentucky penitentiary at Frankfort...made this song." Arthur Kyle Davis obtained several versions from blacks in Virginia, plus a version in a small booklet that was published by a deceased French professor at the University of Virginia.

This song was real popular during the "folk craze" of the 1950s and 1960s, and it was recorded many times. The version below is from John Love, Charlotte, N. C., 1934. For other versions, see Sandburg (AS), 213 and Silverman, I, 77.

It's Time For Moving On

I've hung around and sung around
This Southern town too long;
Now all my money's gone,
Yeah, all my money's gone!
I've hung around and sung around
This Southern town too long,
And it's time for moving on.

I had a pal who stole my gal,
And now I have no friends;
And that's the way it ends,
Yeah, that's the way it ends!
I had a pal who stole my gal,
And it's time for moving on.

I'll take the freight that leaves at eight,
And I'll be on my way.
I'm leaving here today,
Yeah, I'm leaving here today!
I'll take the freight that leaves at eight,
'Cause it's time for moving on.

No. 832

I'VE BEEN REDEEMED

also known as

Been Washed in the Blood of the Lamb

A slave spiritual that was rescued and given a new lease on life by the original Fisk Jubilee Singers. For other versions, see Chappell (FSRA), 150 and Marsh (SJS), 192.

I've Been Redeemed

I've been redeemed! I've been redeemed!

I've been redeemed! I've been redeemed!

I've been redeemed! I've been redeemed!

Been washed in the blood of the Lamb! (4)

That flows from Calvary!

There is a fountain filled with blood,

Drawn from my Saviour's veins;

And sinners plunged beneath that flood

Lose all their guilty stains.

No. 833

I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THE RAILROAD

also known as

The Levee Song

Working on the Railroad

An old and widely-known song that is a favorite of non-professional harmonizers and singing groups. Insofar as I could determine, the song appeared in print for the first time in 1894, in Carmina Princetonia (8th edition), p. 24. The same tune is used for The Eyes of Texas Are Upon You (see Whitman, 194).

REFERENCES

Best, 28	Leisy (SPS), 74-75
Brewer, 190	Luther, 252
Brown, III, 262-263; V, 146-148	Oberndorfer, 30
Chamberlain, 108-109	Shay (PF-1), 79
Henry (SSSA), 81	Shay (PF-3), 39
Kennedy (AB), 55	Silverman, I, 367
Leisy (LAS), 32-33	White, 274
	Whitman, 65

I've Been Working on the Railroad

I've been working on the railroad
All the live-long day;
I've been working on the railroad
Just to pass the time away.
Don't you hear the whistle blowing,
Rise up so early in the morn?
Don't you hear the captain shouting,
Dinah, blow your horn?

O, I was born in Mobile town,
A-workin' on the Levee;
All day I roll the cotton down,
A-workin' on the Levee.
I used to have a dog named Bill,
A-workin' on the Levee;
He ran away but I'm here still
A-workin' on the Levee.

No. 834

I WANT TO BE, or I WISH I WAS
also known as

Cowboy Wishes
Granger Boy

I'd Love to be a Granger
I Long to be a Cowboy

I Long to be a Granger	I Want to be an Angel
I Long to be a Something	I Want to be a Something
I Want to be a Cowboy	I Wish I Was a Cowboy
I Want to be a Granger	I Wish I Was a Granger
I Want to be a Mormon	I Wish I Was a Mormonite

Here we have a series of songs, six in all, that came from a single source: the hymn, I Want To Be An Angel (version A, below). The original hymn was written by Urania Locke Bailey (1820-1882) under the alias Sidney Paul Gill, and it was so popular that special purpose parodies quickly followed. I Want to be a Cowboy (version B) is attributed to D. J. O'Malley, the cowboy poet. I Want to be a Granger (version C) was used by rebel farmers as political propaganda. I Want to be a Mormon (version D) is one of many songs about Mormons and their way of life. I Want to be a Something (version E) is a Play-party song and I Wish I was a Mormonite is another anti-Mormon song.

All versions are sung to the same tune.

REFERENCES

Botkin (APPS), 199-202	Piper (SPPG), 283
Fife (SSS), 125	Pound, 173
Hubbard, 406	Pound (SFSN), VII, No. 1,
Johnson (NCS), 30-31	22; XVIII, No. 7, 54
Jour (SG), Apr. 7, 1894	White (CP), 14
Lingenfelter, 209, 331	White (GALD), 91-92

I Want To Be, or I Wish I Was (Version A)

I want to be an angel,
 And with the angels stand,
 A crown upon my forehead,
 A harp within my hand.

VERSION B

I want to be a cowboy,
And with the cowboys stand,
Big spurs upon my bootheels
And a lasso in my hand.
My hat broad-brimmed and belted
Upon my head I'll place,
And wear my chaparajos
With elegance and grace.

And when my work is over,
To Cheyenne I will head,
Fill up on beer and whiskey,
And paint the damn town red!
I'll gallop thro the front streets
With many a frightful yell;
I'll rope the slant-eyed heathen
And yank them straight to hell!

VERSION C

I want to be a granger
And with the grangers stand,
With a haystack on my shoulder
And a pitchfork in my hand..

VERSION D

I want to be a Mormon
And live the Mormon shine,
In the shade of a big cactus
And drink sweet Dixie wine.

The Mormons they are happy
And contented all their lives,

With a little patch of carrots
And their houses full of wives.

VERSION E

I want to be a something
And with the somethings stand,
With something on my shoulder
And something in my hand.

Chorus

It's honor to your right hand,
It's honor to your left,
So swing your right hand partner
And promenade your left,
And promenade your left,
And promenade your left,
Swing your right hand partner
And promenade your left.

I want to be a hobo
And with the boboes stand,
With a knapsack on my shoulder
And a bundle in my hand.

I want to be a Christian
And with the Christians stand,
With a church around the corner
And a bible in my hand.

VERSION F

I wish I was a Mormonite,
And lived in Utah State,
In the shadow of the Temple,
Close beside its "holy gate,"

I want to see my father when I die, etc.

I want to see my mother when I die, etc.

I want to see my Jesus when I die, etc.

No. 836

I WANT TO GO TO HEAVEN WHEN I DIE II

also known as

Listen to the Lambs Want to Go to Heaven When I Die

Spiritual with common title, common theme, and common form. For spirituals related by title and other lines, see I've Got a Brother in the Snow-White Fields in Brown, III, 593-594; Praying All Night Long in White, 119; and To See God's Bleedin' Lam' in Johnson (SBNS), 152.

For other versions of the song below, see Chambers (TNS), 55-57; Dett, 136-137; Johnson (BANS), 78-79; Work (ANSS), 111.

I Want to Go to Heaven When I Die II

Come on, sinner, and walk with the cross,
I want to go to heaven when I die;
Foot might slip and your soul get lost,
I want to go to heaven when I die.

Chorus

Listen to the lambs, listen to the lambs,
Listen to the lambs crying,
I want to go to heaven when I die.

Come on, brother, it isn't a game, etc.
Angels waiting for to write your name, etc.

Come on, sister, with your ups and downs, etc.
Angels waiting for to give you a crown, etc.

No. 837

I WILL BOW AND BEND

also known as

Who Will Bow and Bend Like a Willow?

This is a hymn of a religious group called Shakers.
Self-styled The United Society of Believers in Christ's
Second Coming, the sect originated in England, in the
18th century. They were known as Shaking Quakers because
of their tremblings during periods of worship.
In 1774 a woman named Ann Lee arrived in the United
States with eight followers. Two years later, this
group settled in New York state and slowly increased
in number until communities of Shakers were as far west
as Indiana. The sect began to decline at the time of
the Civil War and, today, except for a dozen or so, the
Shakers have disappeared.
This song dates from around 1843.

I Will Bow and Bend

Who will bow and bend like a willow?
Who will turn and twist and reel
In the gale of simple freedom,
From the bow'r of Union flowing?
Who will drink the wine of power,
Dropping down like a shower,
Pride and bondage all forgetting?
Now the wine is freely working.

Chorus

O ho! I will have it!
I will bow and bend to get it!
I'll be reeling, turning, twisting,
Shaking out the starch and stiff'ning!

No. 838I WONDER WHEN I SHALL BE MARRIED

American version of an old Scottish song, but with limited popularity in the United States. For a similar and perhaps related song, see When Shall We Get Married in Reeves, 221.

REFERENCES

Cazden, II, 22-23

Morris, 153-154

Lloyd, 66

Ritchie, 77

Wheeler (KMFS), 21-25

I Wonder When I Shall Be Married

I wonder when I shall be married,
Oh! Be married!
I wonder when I shall be married,
For my beauty's beginning to fade.

My mother she is so willing,
Oh! So willing!, etc.
For she's four daughters besides.

My father has forty good shillings,
Oh! good shillings, etc.
And they'll be mine when he dies.

My shoes have gone to be mended,

Oh! be mended!, etc.

And my petticoat dyed green.

And they will be ready by Sunday,

Oh! by Sunday!, etc.

Oh, say, won't I look like a queen?

No. 839

I WOULDN'T MARRY...I

also known as

I Would Not Marry an Old Man

Shabby De-Rue

I Wouldn't Have an Old Man

Shab-I-Da Ru-Dy

This is one of a group of songs that share a common form, theme, and, in many instances, titles and lines. Both form and theme are widespread in folk-song tradition. As Belden pointed out, the theme comes in three forms: "(1) that in which the woman speaks, (2) that in which the man speaks, and (3) that in which both a man and woman speak, addressing and answering one another." In the numbered versions which follow all three forms are represented.

There are dozens of variations of each form, and it is not to be believed that all of them came down to us from a single source. Songs of this type are found everywhere in the English-speaking world. Many dissimilar songs also contain the I Wouldn't Marry theme and some of them have stanzas belonging to one or another of the songs in this series. Examples are: Oh, Ain't I Gone in Ames (MPP), 300; Guerilla Boy in Belden (BS), 377; Paper of Pins in Thomas (DD), 160; and the Play-party song in PUB (TFLS), I, 33. Similar songs are: A Single Life in Brown, II, 36-37 and Jinny Go Round and Around in Randolph, II, 351-352.

Several collectors have uncovered versions of I Wouldn't Marry songs containing stanzas found in old game songs. For example, Sharp, II, 381-382, has a version of I Wouldn't Marry as version B of Green Grass. Brown, III, 30-31, has a composite song, Laurie Lee, which begins with a stanza of I Wouldn't Marry.

Two Scottish songs on the same subject in Christie, I, 141-142 and 182-183, to which some collectors refer, are not related to any of the American versions I have seen of I Wouldn't Marry.

In the version below it is the female who speaks: she is not opposed to marriage, but informs us whom she will not marry, and why.

According to Belden, a text of this song appeared in the News and Leader, Springfield, Mo., Sept. 11, 1938.

REFERENCES

- | | |
|--------------------------|-------------------------|
| Belden (BS), 262 | Fuson, 91-92 |
| Brown, III, 34-35; V, 17 | Henry (FSSH), 309-310 |
| Brown (BLNC), 11 | Henry (SSSA), 26 |
| Bulletin (TFS), V, 38 | Jour (AFL), XXVIII, 175 |
| Eddy, 186-187 | Morris, 156-157 |

I Wouldn't Marry...I

Shu-bee-du-roo-dy,
Fol-la-ka-doo-dy-eye-aye!
Shu-bee-du-roo-dee-row!

They say I'm too choosy,
That I'll die an old maid—
Shu-bee-du-roo-dee-row!
So I'll take my chair
And I'll sit in the shade—

Shu-bee-du-roo-dee-row!

Shu-bee-du-roo-dy,
 Fol-la-ka-doo-dy-eye-aye,
 Shu-bee-du-roo-dee-row!

Oh, I wouldn't marry a man who is rich,
 For he'd get drunk and call me a witch.

Oh, I wouldn't marry a man who is poor,
 For he'd go begging from door to door.

Oh, I wouldn't marry a big farmer's son,
 For all he'd want is his dog and gun.

Oh, I wouldn't marry a man who is fat,
 For he might stumble and mash me flat.

No. 840

I WOULDN'T MARRY...II

also known as

Farmer Boy	A Railraod Man for Me
A Farmer Boy for Me	A Sailor Boy for Me
A Farmer's Wife I'll Be	A Sailor's Wife I'll Be
If Ever I Get Married	A Soldier Boy for Me
Railroader	Song of the Southern
A Railroader for Me	Volunteers

Same form and theme as the preceding song, but the two stories are different. In this version the woman expresses her dislikes also, but she tells us the kind of man she will not marry and the kind of man she will marry.

There are many versions of this particular form because it lends itself readily to adaptation. The man "preferred" by the woman may be a farmer, a railroader, a sailor, a

soldier, etc.

During the Civil War the "farmer" was replaced by a "soldier" by the Confederates (see version B below).

REFERENCES

Botkin (RFL), 463-465	Pound (POB), 225
Brown, III, 31, 33, 35; V, 17-20	Randolph, III, 259-260
Langstaff (1), 96-98	Scott (BA), 221-223
Lomax (FSNA), 414-415	Sharp, II, 381
	Silverman, I, 113
	Wilder, 119-120

I Wouldn't Marry...II (Version A)

I wouldn't marry a lawyer,
He's always quoting books;
I'd rather marry a farmer boy,
Regardless of his looks.

Chorus

Farmer boy, farmer boy,
A farmer boy for me;
If ever I get married,
A farmer's wife I'll be.

I love to wash the dishes,
I love to sweep the floor,
I love to kiss that farmer boy
Behind the parlor door.

I wouldn't marry a preacher,
And here's the reason why:
He's always talking sin and such,
And eating apple pie.

I love to feed the chickens,
I love to milk the cow,
I love to hear my farmer boy
Go whistling to the plow.

I wouldn't marry a doctor,
And here's the reason why:
He goes about the country-side
And makes the people die.

VERSION B

I wouldn't marry a conscript
A-hiding in the wood,
I'd rather marry a volunteer
Who's doing what he should.

Chorus

Soldier boy, soldier boy,
A soldier boy for me;
If ever I get married,
A soldier's wife I'll be.

I wouldn't marry a doctor
Who tries to heal the sick,
I'd rather marry a soldier boy
Who marches double quick.

I wouldn't marry a lawyer
Who's pleading at the bar;
I'd rather marry a soldier boy
Who wears a Southern star.

No. 841

I WOULDN'T MARRY...III

also known as

I Wouldn't Marry an Old Maid I Wouldn't Marry a Yellow
Gal

This is the form in which the male speaks, telling us
the kind of woman he wouldn't marry. It is obviously
adapted from the preceding song.

REFERENCES

Brown, III, 30-31

Perrow, XXVIII, 136-137

Bulletin (TFS), II, 4

Talley, 56

Jour (AFL), XXXVI, 379;

White, 323-324

LII, 20

I Wouldn't Marry...IIITune: I Wouldn't Marry...II

I wouldn't have an old maid,
I'll tell you the reason why:
Her neck's so long and stringy,
I'm afraid she'd never die!

Chorus

Let's go walking by the ocean,
And let's dance upon the shore.
Farewell, farewell, you girls,
You'll see me here no more.

I wouldn't have a widow,
And on that you can depend!
She's had too much experience
For to compromise or bend.

I wouldn't have a fat gal,
I'll tell you the reason why:

She's always in the kitchen
Eating chocolate cake and pie.

I wouldn't have a rich gal,
And I'll tell you why I won't:
She always holds the money,
While a-making sure you don't!

No. 842

I WOULDN'T MARRY...IV

also known as

I'll Never Marry a Man
at All

I'm Determined to be an Old
Maid

I'll Not Marry at All

I Won't Marry at All

I'm an Old Livelong Maid

I Would Not Marry A-tall

The Old Maid

The Old Maid's Song

This form of the song has the woman rejecting all marital possibilities and, finally, rejecting marriage itself.

REFERENCES

Brown, III, 32 H, 33 J

Linscott, 211-212

Bulletin (TFS), V, 38

Pound, 208-209

Cox (FSV), 174-175

Pound (SFSN), XXII, No. 1

Harbison, 213-214

Randolph, III, 64-65

Henry (FSSH), 310-312

Tolman, 188

I Wouldn't Marry...IV

I wouldn't marry a man who's young,
Listen to his flatt'rin tongue;
All the songs have been sung, and so
I'll not marry at all.

I wouldn't marry a man's who's old,
 Even tho' he offers gold;
 He'll not have me to scold, O no!
 I'll not marry at all.

I wouldn't marry a man who's poor,
 Even tho' true love he swore;
 I don't like being poor, and so
 I'll not marry at all.

I wouldn't marry a man who's rich,
 Tho' I'd neither sew nor stitch;
 He shant have me to ditch, O no!
 I'll not marry at all.

I wouldn't marry a man at all—
 Fat or slim or short or tall—
 Even tho' one may call, O no!
 I'll not marry at all.

A very happy old maid I'll be,
 Tho' young men keep courting me,
 I'll not marry at all, at all,
 I'll not marry at all.

No. 843

I WOULDN'T MARRY...V

also known as

Get Away, Old Man, Get Away	The Old Man
Go Away, Old Man	The Old Man and the Young
I Wouldn't Have an Old Man	Woman
I Wouldn't Marry an Old Maid	Stand Back, Old Man, Get
I Wouldn't Marry an Old Man	Away
	A Young Man He is Young

In this form of the wouldn't marry theme both the man and the woman speak, addressing each other. He proposes, she rejects him—again and again.

REFERENCES

Belden (BS), 263	Jour (AFL), XXVIII, 175;
Brown, III, 34-35	XLIV, 428
Eddy, 298-299	Lomax (SBS), 32-33
Emrich (FAL), 559-560	Randolph, III, 127-128
Gardner (BSSM), 420-421	Shay (PF-2), 132 & (PF-3),
Henry (FSSH), 309	199
Hubbard, 154-155	Shellans, 8-9
	Williams (FSUT), 305

I Wouldn't Marry...V

Oh, will you marry me, sweet girl?
If only you'll agree
I'll give you ev'rything I own.
Oh, say you'll marry me!

I'd rather have a poor young man
With nothing to his name,
Than give myself to you, old man,
And live in wealth in fame.

For a young man he is young,
A young man he is gay;
A Young Man's heart is full of love—
Get away, old man, get away!

I'll give you silver, give you gold,
And I'll build a mansion grand;
I'll give you pearls and diamonds too,
If you'll give me your hand.

I'll never marry you, dear sir,
For you are far too old;

I'll wait and have a fine young man,
And you may keep your gold.

For a young man he is young,
A young man he is gay;
A young man's heart is full of love,
Get away, old man, get away!

The ripest apple soon will sour,
And the warmest love turns cold,
A young man's vow is soon forgot—
Be wise and take the gold.

I will not marry you, old man!
On that you can rely.
I'll marry me a fine young man,
Or know the reason why!

For a young man he is young,
A young man he is gay;
A young man's heart is full of love,
Get away, old man, get away!

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No. 844

JACK AND JILL

In its earliest versions, this English nursery rhyme consisted of only one stanza. Like many another nursery rhyme, Jack and Jill is responsible for much speculation among scholars regarding its antiquity. We find the verse in many old English collections, such as Mother Goose's Melody, or Sonnets for the Cradle, 1765, and Gammer Gurton's Garland, or The Nursery Parnassus, 1784. A sheet music version, with music composed by H. L. Handy, was issued by Bland and Weller in 1795, entitled: Jack and Gill. Piece is also sung as a round.

REFERENCES

Bertail, 83
Moorat, 8
Opie, 224-226

Taylor (BR), 15
Wier (YAM), I, 106
Winn (1), 88

Jack and Jill

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water,
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

Little Jane ran up the lane,
To hang her clothes for drying;
She called for Nell to ring the bell,
For Jack and Jill were dying.

Nimble Dick ran up so quick
He tumbled o'er a timber;
He bent his bow to shoot a crow,
But killed a cat in the window.

No. 845JACK AND JOE
also known asGive My Love to Nell
Give My Love to Nell, O
JackGive My Love to Nellie,
Jack
Jack, Joe and Nell

A popular music-hall song that dates back to about 1900. It was a traditional favorite with "country" singers through the 1940s. Versions have appeared in dozens of song folios, but without certified author and/or composer.

REFERENCES

Arnold, 76	Kincaid No. 2, 12
Brown, II, 635-638;	Lair (100), 64
IV, 307-309	Morris, 64-65
Henry (FSSH), 173-175	Neely, 244-245
Henry (SSSA), 135	Owens (TFS), 102
Hubbard, 100-101	Pub (TFLS), XXIII, 199
Hudson (BSM), 160-161	Randolph, IV, 336
Jour (AFL), XLIV, 110	Roberts (IP), 206-207
	Shearin (SKFS), 24

Jack and Joe

Some years ago both Jack and Joe
Set sail across the foam;
Each vowed a fortune he would gain
Before returning home.
In one short year Jack gained his wealth,
And he set sail away;
And when the boys shook hands to part,
Poor Joe could only say:

CHORUS

Give my love to Nellie, Jack,
And kiss her once for me;
She's the fairest girl in all this world,
As you will plainly see.
Treat her kindly, Jack old boy,
And tell her I am well,
And when you meet, oh, don't forget
To give my love to Nell.

Two years had passed when Joe, at last,
Had wealth enough for life;
And he set sail across the foam,
To make sweet Nell his wife.
But on the way he heard them say
That Jack and Nell had wed;
And so he cried, and then he sighed
And wished he'd never said:

They chanced to meet upon the street—
Says Joe, "You selfish elf!
The next girl that I learn to love,
I'll kiss her for myself!
But all is fair in love they say,
And since you're gone and wed,
I'll not be angry with you, Jack,"
And once again he said:

No. 846

JACKET SO BLUE

also known as

A Company of Boatmen	His Jacket Was Blue
A Company of Wagoners	The Wagoners

This is an American adaptation of the old English street ballad, The Bonny Scotch Lad, the tune of which remains

more or less the same. The first to adapt the song to their environments were American soldiers. Then came the Lumberjacks and rivermen, and, finally, the frontier freight haulers.

For comparison, see The Bonny Scotch Lad in this Master Book.

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Beck (FLM), 217-218

Creighton (FSNB), 97, 99

Belden (BS), 301

Gray, 111-114

Cazden, 76, 114

Moore (BFSS), 252-253

Jacket So Blue

Tune: The Bonny Scotch Lad

A company of boatmen I'll have you all know,
Set out from Ox County for Vicksburg to go.
There's one in that company with whom I am through;
He is a jolly, jolly boatman with jacket so blue.

"O, you handsome boatman, I'll buy your discharge;
I'll free you from boating and set you at large.
If only you'll love me and always prove true,
I'll never put a stain on your jacket so blue."

"You say, noble lady, you'll buy my discharge,
And free me from boating and set me at large,
If only I'll love you and always prove true,
You'll never put a stain on my jacket so blue.

"There is a fair maid back in old Tennessee,
And I know how long she has waited for me;
And she has long loved me much more than you do,—
She'll never put a stain on my jacket so blue."

No. 847

JACKSON VS ADAMS I

also known as

The Man We Love So Dearly

Andrew Jackson and John Quincy Adams were Presidential candidates for the first time in 1824. There was not too much musical activity in that campaign, but there was one or two songs with staying power. Campaign songs, as we know them, did not arrive in large number until the heated Presidential campaign of 1828. To understand the viciousness of the 1828 campaign, however, one must be acquainted with the bitterness created during the campaign of 1824.

We tend to forget that in those days there was only one political party, The Democratic-Republican, and Presidential candidates were not nominated by votes at a National Convention—for party conventions on a national scale were yet unknown. A Congressional caucus chose the candidate in 1824, and the man they chose was William H. Crawford of Georgia, then Secretary of the Treasury. It proved to be an unpopular choice and soon others had joined the race. One of these, John C. Calhoun, withdrew to become a candidate for Vice-President. Voters could choose between the following candidates: John Quincy Adams, Secretary of State; Henry Clay, U. S. Senator from Kentucky; William H. Crawford, Secretary of the Treasury; and Andrew Jackson, U. S. Senator from Tennessee.

When the votes were counted, Jackson was in the lead, Adams was second, Crawford, despite the fact that he suffered a paralytic stroke during the campaign, was third, and Clay was last. Jackson garnered over forty thousand more popular votes than Adams, which clearly made him the peoples' choice, but the electoral count was 99 to 84.

The election was thrown into the House of Representatives.

Henry Clay immediately urged his small but loyal following in the House to support John Quincy Adams. Pro-Jackson members charged that Clay also exacted a promise from Adams to make him Secretary of State in exchange for support in the House. Both Adams and Clay deneied the charge. When the dust settled, the House elected John Quincy Adams and he, in turn, appointed Clay as Secretary of State.

The Jacksonians were infuriated and broke completely with the established part. As a result, the two-party system returned to American politics. The Jacksonians called themselves Democrats and their opponents became known as National Republicans. From that moment the elite ruling class was in deep trouble; and the way of doing things in Washington, at the Federal level, began to undergo serious changes. John Quincy Adams was harassed at every turn. No matter what he recommended, the Congress voted against it. As Adams grew more and more ineffectual, the Democrats grew more and more powerful. Andrew Jackson was at the head of the first nationwide party machine ever established in the United States, and when the campaign of 1828 began the result was predetermined. Jackson won by a landslide.

One thing is unquestioned: the Democrats had the best song-writing talent. They also had a leader and a candidate who was generally adored; he was the most beloved military hero since George Washington. Unlike Washington, however, Jackson was a man of and from the common people. In fact, he was the first man from the common ranks to become President of the United States.

This first song is a paeon of love from the Philadelphia Mercury, April 26, 1828.

Jackson vs Adams I

Tune: Wha'll Be King But Charlie

Come lads and lassies, let us hie
With dresses neat and gaily,
And watch the time when he'll pass by—
The man we all love dearly.

Chorus

Come thro the heather, around him
gather,
You're all the welcomer early.
Round Jackson cling with all your kin,
The man we love so dearly.

There's not a lass in all the land
Who's heard of the brave action,
Who'd give her love, her heart and hand
To him who ain't for Jackson.

And here's success to Jackson's cause,
We're for him late and early:
For freedom and our country's laws,
And him we all love dearly.

No. 848

JACKSON VS ADAMS II

also known as

John Adams' Son, My Jo, John

Political balladeers recovered their voices in 1828 and John Quincy Adams was their special target. The follow-in song is one of their more scurrilous musical attacks.

Jackson vs Adams II

Tune: John Anderson, My Jo

John Adams' son, my jo, John!
When life ye first began,
Amang the fed'ral crew, John,
Ye were a leading man.
They did their best to lay, John,
Our Constitution low—
And ye aboon them a' were seen,
John Adams' son, my jo!

John Adams' son, my jo, John!
Ye prais'd the British then;
To build up aristocracy,
Ye plied both tongue and pen.
Ye libell'd Thomas Jefferson,
As "dusky" Sal will show,
Wi' with lascivious an' profane,
John Adams' son, my jo!

John Adams' son, my jo, John!
Your time is almost spent!
The people won't be governed
By intrigue and management.
Ere one short year goes by, John,
To Quincy ye shall go
And build light houses in the sky,
John Adams' son, my jo!

No. 849

JACKSON VS ADAMS III

also known as

Johnny Q, My Jo, John

Johnny the Broker

Southerners preferred anybody to John Quincy Adams.
The major issue in 1828 was States' Rights. Other issues

were Civil Rights, Tariffs, Education, Bureaucratic growth, etc. As always, Politicians appealed to passions rather than intellect. Consider the following anti-Adams piece which appeared in the Richmond, Va. Enquirer, Sept. 30, 1828.

Jackson vs Adams III

Tune: John Anderson, My Jo

O, Johnny Q, my jo, John,
Your father sought a crown,
To deck his brow, and you would now
Pull freedom's temple down.
Could you but one obtain, John,
You ne'er would stand for wo;
You'd seize with joy, the glittering toy,
O, Johnny Q, my jo.

O, Johnny Q, my jo, John,
The Monticellian sage
You did oppose, in verse and prose,
When party strife did rage.
You then was with the Feds, John,
Who fain would overthrow
What had been done by Washington,
O, Johnny Q, my jo.

O, Johnny Q, my jo, John,
Your honor's deeply stain'd;
The gem that now hangs on your brow
By bargain was obtained.
A bargain made with Clay, John,
As all the world do know!
And Webster too, was bought by you,
O, Johnny Q, my jo.

O, Johnny Q, my jo, John,
Your race will soon be run!
Nor regal gem, nor diadem,
Descend upon your son.
You, to your country seat, John,
Reluctant then must go,
Where time mis-spent you will lament,
O, Johnny Q, my jo.

No. 850

JACKSON VS ADAMS IV

also known as

Jackson is Coming

Our Jackson is Coming

When the vicious, putrid 1828 campaign came to a close, the votes were counted. From the muck and mire of the election rose an extremely popular, recently widowed and deeply embittered President, Andrew Jackson. He blamed his wife's death on her villifiers and warned them to "look to God for Mercy."

John Quincy Adams was also bitter, for his wife too had undergone political torment by having her reputation trampled in the mud. Adams waited out his term of office without a word for or to his successor. Like his father before him (see Jefferson vs Adams I), John Quincy did not attend his successor's inauguration but departed Washington the night before.

As soon as Jackson's victory was known, the Democrats celebrated by singing the following song.

Jackson vs Adams IV

Tune: The Campbell's Are Coming

Chorus

Our Jackson is coming, Oh, ho! Oh, ho!
Our Jackson is coming, Oh, ho! Oh, ho!
Our Jackson is coming!
The far echoes swelling
Resound that he's coming, Oh, ho! Oh, ho!

Columbia's shout of ecstasy!
The glorious sounds ring far and free,
Thundering abroad, sublime if rude,
A nation's noble gratitude!

Yet hark! shrill rising on the air—
What dirge funereal mingles there?
Sad Triumph droops, her tears are shed
Above the fair, the good, the dead!

But tho' the husband's heart be rent,
The Sage and Chieftain is unbent;
He comes to right the helm of state,
And the republic renovate!

No. 851

JACKSON VS ADAMS V

also known as

A New Jackson Song

One of many songs praising General Andrew Jackson's
1828 victory. Text is from Songster (10), 108-109.

Jackson vs Adams V

Tune: Auld Lang Syne

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind,
For Jackson he is President,
And Adams left behind.

For Jackson he is President,
And Adams left behind.

Let's drink to General Jackson's health,
Who fought for New Orleans,
And he is now our President,
But not by traitorous means.
And he is now, etc.

He drove the British from our shores,
In spite of old king George;
For in his hopes of conquering us,
We conquered all his lords!
For in his hopes, etc.

And to the great, the just, the good,
We'll ever bring to mind,
And ne'er shall Hickory be forgot,
In the days of auld lang syne.
And ne'er shall, etc.

No. 852

JACKSON VS CLAY I

also known as

Henry Clay's Remonstrance

In 1828 Henry Clay was still Secretary of State, the office given him by John Quincy Adams in 1824. The Jacksonians hated him almost as much as they hate John Quincy. Naturally, when Jackson became President in 1828, Clay was out as Secretary of State. The song below was published July 2, 1828, in the U. S. Telegraph, a pro-Jackson newspaper.

Jackson vs Clay I

Tune: I Won't Be a Nun

Now is it not a pity
Such a cunning dog as I

Should be turned out of office,
To pay my debts or fly?
But I won't be turned out—
No! I won't be turned out!
I'm so fond of money
That I cannot be turned out!

I love to eat good dinners,
And to make a dinner speech,
And when I've got a skinful
I sometimes love to preach.
So I won't be turned out—
No! I won't be turned out!
I love my place so dearly
I cannot be turned out!

No. 853

JACKSON VS CLAY II

also known as

King Andrew

The political rift caused by the results of the 1824 Presidential campaign widened into a gulf by 1828. With Jackson's victory came a new kind of President and a new approach to the Presidency. Old enemies regrouped, and several political parties came into existence. One of the most notable was the Anti-Masonic Party, organized in 1826 to deny support to any Mason running for public office. This party held the first nominating convention at Baltimore, in 1831, and it was the first of any American political party that year. The Anti-Masonics also issued the first written party platform. A coalition group calling themselves Whigs were also being heard from in 1834, but did not nominate a candidate for President.

A group calling themselves Nullifiers was gaining more than a little strength in the South, largely due to the activities of Vice-President John C. Calhoun. And there was the National Republican Party that had become independent as the result of Jackson's 1828 victory. These and other groups, some smaller, and individuals all had one theme in common: Get rid of Andrew Jackson! When the 1832 campaign began, the opposing parties had three candidates in the Presidential race:

National Republican: Henry Clay, U. S. Senator
from Kentucky.

Nullifier: John Floyd, Governor of Virginia.

Anti-Masonic: William Wirt, ex-Attorney General.

Andrew Jackson's personal popularity and the strength of his Democratic political machine proved to be an unbeatable combination. Clay, the leading contender, won only 49 electoral votes. Jackson won a whopping 219. The opposition did not surrender, however; they banded together to do battle with Old Hickory in the 1834 Congressional campaign. A coalition of National Republicans, disgruntled Democrats, Anti-Masons, Whigs, and other anti-Jackson individuals and groups organized a political army and declared war. The song below was their battle anthem.

Identity of individuals named in the song are as follows:

Lou, or Lewis: Lewis Cass, Secretary of War,
or Louis McLane, Secretary of State.

Ben: Attorney General Benjamin Franklin Butler.

Bill: Postmaster General William Taylor Barry.

Roger of Tawney hue: Roger B. Taney, who assisted
with the U. S. Bank withdrawals.

Blair the book: Francis P. Blair, published of the
Globe, pro-Jackson newspaper.

Kendall, chief cook: Amos Kendall, journalist and
major power behind King Andrew's throne.

Isaac surnamed the True: Isaac "Ike" Hill,
U. S. Senator and alumnus of the Kitchen
Cabinet.

Levi: Levi Woodbury, Secretary of the
Navy.

Jackson vs Clay II

King Andrew had five trusty Squires
Whom he held his bid to do;
He also had three pilot fish,
To give to the Sharks their cue.

Chorus

There was Lou, and Ben, and Bill,
And Roger of Tawney hue,
And Blair, the book, Kendall, chief cook,
And Isaac surnamed the True.

And Blair push'd Lewis, and Ben touch'd
Billy,
And Ike jogged Levi, and Cass touch'd Amos
And Roger of Tawney hue.

Now was not this a medley crew
As ever mortal knew?
Now was not this a medley crew
As mortal ever knew?

King Andrew had an itching palm
To finger the nation's cash.
Most of 'em thought 'twas just the thing,
Though some they thought it rash.

Chorus

He'd asked Lou, and Ben, and Bill,
And Roger of Tawney hue,

And Blair the book, Kendall, chief cook,
And Isaac surnamed the True.

The general took his cook's advice
And hurried away the Rhino;
But where it went—aye, there's the rub!—
I'm sure neither you nor I know.

For there's Lou, and Ben, and Bill, etc.

No. 854

JACK THE JOLLY SAILOR I
also known as

Come, My Own Love	Poor Jack
Come, My Own One	Sailor's Song
Dirty Jack	The Saucy Jack Tar
The Dirty Sailor	The Saucy Sailor
Jack of Tar	The Saucy Sailor Boy
Jack Tar	The Tarry Sailor

This is one in a series of similarly titled and themed but independent songs, all of which originated in England. The principal character in each song is called Jack, Jack Tar, or Jack the Sailor, and each deals in his own way with deception and seduction.

Many versions of these songs have merged in American versions, making it difficult to separate them. For that reason they are herein lumped together under a common title and separated by Roman numerals.

The "dialogue courting" form below has much in common with Paper of Pins (see Courting Case I), but is far less bawdy than several of its English ancestors.

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Barrett, No. 32	Jour (FSS), V, 342-345
Brown, II, 339-340; IV, 194-195	Karpeles, 201-202
Butterworth, 10-11	Karpeles (EFS), II, No. 299
Cox (FSS), 389	Laws K 38, 160
Creighton (TSNS), 202	Morris, 373-375
Davis (SSC), 72-73	Reeves (EC), 228
Doerflinger, 294-295	Sharp, II, 235
Flanders (VFSB), 151-152	Sharp (EFS), I, 68
Fowke (TSSO), No. 8	Sharp (FSFS), 42-43
	Sharp (100), 102-103

Jack the Jolly Sailor I

Pretty maiden, lovely maiden,
Oh, what joy to me you bring!
If you'll come with me, sweet maiden,
I'll give you this golden ring.

Go away, you dirty sailor!
Do I look as if I'm mad?
Why should I marry a sailor
When there's others to be had?

I have money in my pocket,
I have silver, I have gold;
I will gladly give it to you,
If you won't treat me so cold.

Go away, you dirty sailor!
You're the one who's really mad!
Go and find another maiden—
There are plenty to be had.

It may be that I'm dirty, love,
 But with water I'll be clean;
 And I'll gladly take a bath, love,
 If you won't treat me so mean.

Go away, you dirty sailor!
 Keep your silver, keep your gold;
 I will never wed a sailor,
 For I love a soldier bold.

No. 855

JACK THE JOLLY SAILOR II

also known as

Doo Me Ama	Jack of Tar
The Esquire and the Maiden	Jack the Jolly Tar
Esquire, Maiden and Sailor	The Jolly Tar
Jack in London City	Pooly Ooly
	The Tarry Sailor

The story in which one man takes the place of another, to sleep with and make love to an unsuspecting woman, is told by at least a dozen songs. The song below is representative of the type.

Some authorities have suggested that this song is a derivative of Glasgerion. Several of the earlier collectors published versions as "secondary" versions of Child No. 67, but if true I have never been able to recognize the relationship. Glasgerion (Child No. 67) is not part of U. S. tradition and the story it tells, although of the "night visit" variety, is far removed from the story told by Jack the Jolly Sailor II. This is not to imply that a study of Glasgerion and other "night visit" ballads is inappropriate. Indeed, such a study is always helpful to the folklore student and ballad collector. It is the

artificial association of one song with another and the use of the word "secondary" that I find objectionable. Aside from an apparent desire to associate one's collection with the Child canon, the term "secondary" has no meaning and no merit.

See and compare: Jolly Roving Tar in Creighton (FSNB), 37 & (TSNS), 178.

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| Flanders, II, 82-86 | Peacock, I, 288-290 |
| Greenleaf, 106-107 | Pub (MLA), XXXVI, 565ff |
| Hubbard, 117 | Sedley, 10-11 |
| Jour (FSS), I, 239; II, 38-39 | Shay (IMWS), 36-38 |
| Karpeles, 149-150 | Sharp (ECFS), 174 |
| Karpeles (EFS), I, 694-697 | Whall (SSS), 16-17 |
| | Williams (EFS), 54 |

Jack the Jolly Sailor II

As Jack was strolling through the park,
He saw a girl and fellow in the dark;
He stopped and heard the young man say:
"With you this night I mean to lay!"
Pooly ooly, polly olly, pooly ooly aye.

"I'll tie a string around my finger,
And dangle it out my bedroom window;
You tug the string tonight at ten,
And I'll come down and let you in."

The girl then hurried from the park,
And Jack the sailor followed in the dark.
All in his mind he formed a plan
To take the place of her young man.

The string she tied around her finger
And let it drop out her bedroom window;
Jack tugged the string at nine, not ten,
And she came down and let him in.

She slipped the string from off her finger,
But let it dangle from her window;
Her lover tugged and tugged at ten,
But no one came to let him in.

He walked away with heavy heart,
And thought she'd made him play a foolish part.
How could he know that in her bed,
By then she'd lost her maidenhead?

She woke quite early in the morning,
To wake and give her lover warning;
And there was Jack in pants and shirt,
His face and hands all streaked with dirt.

"How come you're here, you dirty sailor?
You broke and robbed me of my treasure!"
"I pulled the string at nine, not ten,
And you came down and let me in."

"Well, since it's true, the deed I'll weather,
But you and I must stay together."
She loved the sailor, loved him well,
And told the other to go to hell!

No. 856

JACK THE JOLLY SAILOR III

also known as

The Brisk Young Sailor Lad	The Feather Beds
East Tennessee Girl	The Green Bed, or Beds
The Esquire and the Maiden	I'll Tell You Of a Story

Jackson	The Sailor and the Landlady
Jack the Jolly Tar	The Sea Captain
Johnnie and the Landlady	What Luck, Young Johnny?
Johnny the Sailor	Young Johnnie
The Liverpool Landlady	Young Johnny

In this song a mother is involved, which is not always the case in "testing" type songs. The form has the sailor coming home almost in rags, pretending to be penniless, to find out whether or not his sweetheart loves him enough to accept him as a poor sailor. Once he is rejected, the truth is revealed: he is very wealthy and will now have nothing more to do with his sweetheart.

All "testing" songs do not end the same, however. For one in which the "testing" of the sweetheart is only a prelude to murder, see the following examples: The Little Lowland Maid, or The Pretty Sailor, or The Lowland Maid in Broadwood (ETSC), 66-67 and Jour (FSS), I, 188-189.

Another form comes with a happy ending. For an example of the form, see It's Of A Sailor Bold in Hammond, 22-23.

Finally, there is a European form called The Shipwrecked Sailor that has Jack coming ashore in tattered garments and with pockets lined with gold. He goes to visit several false lovers, all of whom turn him away. Then he visits Nancy, a girl he had once deserted for the faithless women, and she receives him with love and sympathy.

The form given below involves Jack, the sweetheart, her mother and the boarding house. An American adaptation known as Jackson was written to suit the conditions and circumstances of the War with Mexico, but it tells the same story. For versions of the Jackson piece, see Luther, 135-136 and Sandburg (AS), 430-431.

Some versions of the song below share a title in common with other songs. For a different Liverpool Landlady, see Jour (FSS), VIII, 16 and Karpeles (EFS), I, No. 188. For another song known also as The Sea Captain, see

Maid on the Shore in this Master Book.

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191-192 | Leach (BB), 640-641 |
| Campbell & Sharp, No. 48 | Luther, 135-136 |
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| Cox (FSS), 390-391 | Mackenzie (QB), 193-194 |
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| Flanders, II, 82-86 | Perrow, XXVIII, 156 |
| Gardner (BSSM), 91-93 | Pub (TFLS), XXIII, 84-86 |
| Greig, II, <u>art.</u> 115 | Randolph, I, 250-253 |
| Greig & Duncan, No. 48 | Randolph (Ozarks), 189-191 |
| Henry (FSSH), 168-172 | Sandburg (AS), 430-431 |
| Hudson (FSM), 156-158 | Sharp, I, 365-368 |
| Jour (AFL), XXV, 6-7; XXXV,
373; XLII, 290 | Shearin (SKFS), 14 |
| | Treat, 45-46 |
| | Williams (EFS), 48 |

Jack the Jolly Sailor III

There was a young sailor who lately came ashore,
So ragged in apparel 'twas thought that he was poor.

The boarding house he went to was modest, neat and trim;
He went to see the owner, and she remembered him.

"O welcome home, dear Johnny; you're welcome as can be.
Last night my daughter Molly she mentioned you to me.

"What news, what news, dear Johnny, have you brought
from the sea?"

"My news is bad," he answered, "For all is gone from me.

"My ship it started leaking, and soon was sinking
free;

The last of all my money went down into the sea.

"Call down your daughter Molly, go call her down to me;
We'll drink and drown our sorrow, then married we shall
be."

"My daughter she is busy, she cannot come to you;
And neither will I trust you for drinks of one or two."

When Johnny heard her say this, he shook his weary head
And asked her for a candle to light his way to bed.

"The feather beds are full, John, and have been for a
week;

It's for some other lodgings you must go out and seek."

When she had finished speaking, with nothing more to say,
Young Johnny asked a reckoning, which he had to pay.

"You owe me thirty shillings, but this includes the old."

'Twas then young Johnny pulled out his hands all filled
with gold.

The gold was quite surprising, and she began to rue,
Saying, "For the future, Johnny, the joke is all on
you.

"I only meant to tease you, and have a little fun;
You know my daughter Molly thinks you're the only one.

"The feather beds are empty, and they have been all
week;

It's time for you and Molly to take a pleasant sleep."

"I will not sleep in your beds, I'd rather walk the
street;

For when I had no money, your words were not so sweet.

"But now that I've got plenty, I'll live my life alone,
And neither you nor Molly shall share in what I own."

No. 857

JACK THE JOLLY SAILOR IV

also known as

Some Other Girl Shall Wear
This Ring

The Tarry Sailor
The Watchet Sailor

This is another form of the foregoing three songs, but here we have no mother to contend with; the action and the dialogue is between the sailor and his sweetheart.

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Laws, P 4, 250

Peacock, I, 316-317
Sharp (EFS), II, No. 21
Wehman (CS), No. 10, 3

Jack the Jolly Sailor IV

When Jack the Sailor returned to shore,
O lucky was his po'tion;
For he had plenty of gold in store,
All gained beyond the ocean.

To his sweetheart's house he straight did go,
To seek out her devotion;
"O, Nancy, is it yes or no?
For I have quit the ocean."

Then Nancy spoke all with a frown,
"I'd rather wed a tailor!
I can have a man of high renown,
And I'll never wed a sailor."

Young Jack held up his purse to show,
And Nancy saw it full of gold;
He said, "Now, Nancy, yes or no—
Will you wed with a tarry sailor?"

This time she spoke all with a smile,
To tell of her devotion:

"O, I was joking all the while!
You know that I love my sailor."

"If you were joking I did but jest,
But that's another question.
I see it's money you love the best,
So you won't get your sailor."

No. 858

JACOB'S LADDER I

also known as

Climbing Jacob's Ladder
Soldiers of the Cross

We Are Climbing Jacob's
Ladder

Originally a campground revival song, this piece is now recognized as a 19th century spiritual. Phrases and lines such as "climbing Jacob's ladder" and "soldier of the cross" are not exclusive to any one song. For examples, see Don't You Grieve After Me and Way in the Kingdom in this Master Book. Also see Sinner Man B in Sharp, II, 291 and The Welcome Table in Creighton (MFS), 173 & (TSNS), 280.

"Jacob's ladder" is from Jacob's dream (described in Genesis 28:12); and that event has inspired many religious songs. The song below and the one following it (Jacob's Ladder II) are representative of the type.

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Dett, 118

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Fisher (NSS), 117

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Jackson (ASWS), 7	Odum (NWS), 111
Johnson (BANS), 59-61	Sharp, II, 295
Leisy, 185	Silber (HSB), 71
Leisy (LAS), 140	Silverman, II, 96
Leisy (SPS), 199	White, 59-60
Lomax (FSNA), 453-454	Whitman, 201
	Work (ANSS), 220

Jacob's Ladder I

We are climbing Jacob's ladder,
We are climbing Jacob's ladder,
We are climbing Jacob's ladder,
Soldiers of the Cross.

We are climbing ever higher, (3)
Soldiers of the Cross.

We are climbing up to heaven, (3)
Soldiers of the Cross.

No. 859

JACOB'S LADDER II

also known as

I Want to Clumb Up Jacob's Ladder

This is one of the Slave Spirituals recovered by Allen (SSUS), 96, or 151. For a Creole version, see Cohen (LS), 110.

Jacob's Ladder II

I want to climb up Jacob's ladder,
 Jacob's ladder, O, Jacob's ladder;
 I want to climb up Jacob's ladder,
 But I can't climb it
 Till I make my peace with the Lord.
 O, praise ye the Lord!
 I'll praise Him till I die,
 I'll praise Him till I die,
 And sing Jerusalem.

No. 860

JAIL KEYS

This is an old American "kissing" game-song. According to Newell, 237, "there is no British equivalent." Nevertheless, one could compare the English games, Bull in the Park and Garden Gate, in Gomme, I, 50-51 & 146-147.

Jail Keys

Jail keys all rattling around you,
 Jail keys all rattling around you,
 Jail keys all rattling around you,
 Jailor, come open the door.

No. 861

J'AI TANT DANSE

also known as

Come and Dance, Fair Maiden Gay I've Danced So Much

An old French song that crossed the Atlantic and managed

to survive in most of the French-speaking communities in Canada and the United States. For an Indiana version, see Berry, 56-57. For version recovered in Quebec, see Gagnon, 48-49.

J'ai tant danse

J'ai tant danse, j'ai tant sauté,
Dansons ma bergère, Oh! gai,
J'en ai décousu mon soulier.

À l'ombre,
Dansons ma bergère joliment,
Que le plancher en rompe!

J'en ai décousu mon soulier,
Dansons ma bergère, Oh! gai,
J'ai 'té trouver le cordonnier.

À l'ombre, etc.

J'ai 'té trouver le cordonnier,
Dansons ma bergère, Oh! gai,
-Beau cordonnier, beau cordonnier,
À l'ombre, etc.

Beau cordonnier, beau cordonnier,
Dansons ma bergère, Oh! gai,
Veux-tu racc'moder mon soulier?
À l'ombre, etc.

Veux-tu racc'moder mon soulier?
Dansons ma bergère, Oh! gai,
Je te donn'rai un sou marqué.
À l'ombre, etc.

Je te donn'rai un sou marqué,
Dansons ma bergère, Oh! gai,
-De sous marqués j'en ai-z-assez,
À l'ombre, etc.

De sous marqués j'en ai-z-assez,
Dansons ma bergère, Oh! gai,
Faut aller trouver le curé,
À l'ombre, etc.

Faut aller trouver le curé,
Dansons ma bergère, Oh! gai,
Pour dans un mois nous marier.
À l'ombre, etc.

Pour dans un mois nous marier,
Dansons ma bergère, Oh! gai,
-Nenni, un mois n'est pas assez,
À l'ombre, etc.

Nenni, un mois n'est pas assez,
Dansons ma bergère, Oh! gai,
Faut m'attendre encore une année.
À l'ombre, etc.

ENGLISH TEXT

I'm here to dance, none have I skipped,
Come and dance, fair maiden gay!
The soles on both my shoes are ripped,
Hey didle day!

Chorus

Come and dance, fair maiden so gay,
Let's wear the floor away!

My foot is showing through my shoe, etc.
We'll find a cobbler here for you, etc.

We'll find a cobbler here for you, etc.
And he'll repair your worn-out shoe, etc.

And he'll repair your worn-out shoe, etc.
I'll gladly pay the fee for you, etc.

I'll gladly pay the fee for you, etc.
So we can dance the whole night through, etc.

The work you do is very rough, etc.
Without my shoes it sure is tough, etc.

Without my shoes I'll rest at least, etc.
Let's go right now and see the priest, etc.

The priest must be asleep in bed, etc.
Let's wait a month before we wed, etc.

In one more month we shall be wed, etc.
A month is time enough, I said, etc.

A month is time enough, I fear, etc.
So let us wait another year, etc.

No. 862

J'AI TANT D'ENFANTS À MARIER!

also known as

I Have So Many Maids to	There Are So Many Pretty
Wed	Girls to Marry

In France, where it originated, and in America, where it circulated from settlement to settlement, this song was once associated with a round dance.

For an English relative, see Widow of the Land in MB. For other versions of this song, see Berry, 44-45 and Gagnon, 149-150.

J'ai tant d'enfants à marier!

J'ai tant d'enfants à marier!
J'ai tant d'enfants à marier!
Grand Dieu! je n'sais comment
Pouvoir en marier tant.

Mademoiselle, on parle à vous;
On dit que vous aimez beaucoup.
Si c'est vrai que vous aimez,
Entrez dans la danse, entrez!

Faites le pot à deux anses;
Regardez comme l'on danse;
Fermez la bouche; couvrez les yeux;
Saluez qui vous plaira mieux.

ENGLISH TEXT

There are so many girls to marry!
There are so many girls to marry!
Lord! I know not how nor when
I'll find time to marry them.

O fair young maid they say of you,
That you know love and know it true.
If it's true, the things they say,
Join in our dance today.

If it be false by any chance,
Nevertheless, I wish you'd dance.
Close your mouth, open your eyes,
Bow to him whom you most prize.

No. 863

JAMES BIRD

also known as

The Ballad of James Bird

This song, written and composed by Charles Miner and published in his paper, The Gleaner, Wilkesbarre, Pa., 1814, tells of a real war hero and describes an historical event. James Bird, recognized as a hero of the War of 1812, was fighting beside Perry at a battle on Lake Erie in 1813. For some reason he left the ship without permission. Legend has it that he went ashore to visit a young lady. Whatever the reason, he was arrested as a deserter, court-martialed and sentenced to death. His sentence aroused so much public protest that the President sent a pardon. Unfortunately, the pardon arrived after the execution had taken place.

The words of this song are sometimes sung to the old religious melody, Come Thou Fount of Every Blessing.

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| Brown, II, 525-528 | Moore (BFSS), 271-273 |
| Burt, 183-184 | Pound, 93-97 |
| Cox (FSS), 261-262 | Rickaby, 139 |
| Eddy, 265-267 | Shoemaker (MMP), 164-166 |
| Flanders (BMNE), 18-21 | Shoemaker (NPM), 159 |
| Hubbard, 287-288 | Silber (SI), 200-202 |
| | Thompson (BBB), 344-348 |

James Bird

Sons of freedom, listen to me,
And ye daughters, too, give ear,
To a sad and lonesome story,
As sad as ever you shall hear.

Hull, you know, his troops surrendered,
And defenseless left the west;
Then our forces quick assembled,
The invaders to resist.

There was one among the number,
Tall and graceful in his mein,
Firm his steps, his look undoubted,
Ne'er a nobler youth was seen.

One sweet kiss he snatched from Mary,
Craved his mother's prayers once more,
Pressed his father's hands and left him
For Lake Erie's distant shore.

Mary tried to say, "Farewell, James,"
Waved her hand and nothing spoke;
"Farewell, Bird, may heaven protect you,"
From the rest a parting broke.

Where is Bird? the battle rages;
He is in the strife, I know;
Now the cannons roar tremendous,—
Dare he nobly meet the foe?

Ah, behold him, see with Perry,
In the selfsame ship they fight;
Altho' his messmates fall around him,
Nothing can his soul affright.

But alas! a ball has struck him,
See the crimson current flow!
"Leave the deck," exclaims brave Perry.
"No," cried Bird, "I will not go."

Then did Bird receive his pension?
Was he to his friends restored?
Did he ever to his bosom
Clasp the maid his heart adored?

But there came such dismal tidings
 From Lake Erie's distant shore;
 Better if Poor Bird had perished
 Amid the cannon's opening roar.

Tho' he fought so brave at Erie,
 Freely bled and nobly dared,
 Let his courage plead for mercy;
 Let his precious life be spared!

See him kneel upon his coffin;
 Can his death do any good?
 Spare him! Hark, oh God, they've shot him!
 See his bosom stained with blood.

Farewell, Bird, farewell forever,
 Home and friends shall see no more;
 But his gallant form lies buried
 On Lake Erie's farthest shore.

No. 864

JAMIE CAMPBELL

also known as

Bonnie, <u>or</u> Bonny George	James Campbell
Campbell	Jamie
Bonnie, <u>or</u> Bonny James	Sir James Campbell
Campbell	Willie Campbell

This old English-Scottish ballad was never widely known in American tradition, but fragmented versions have been recovered here and there. Background data associated with this song contains a lot of theory and very few facts. According to Motherwell, the ballad is "probably a lament for one of the adherents of the house of Argyle (see Argyle and Airlie in MB) who fell in the battle of Glenlivet, stricken on Thursday, the third day of October, 1594." Two or three collectors claim that the ballad

refers to the murder of Sir John Campbell in 1591. Professor Child was of the opinion that far too many Campbells were killed in battles and feuds "before and after 1590" to allow one to "guess as to an individual referred to" in the text.

An American variation of this ballad is in Combs (FSMEU), 144-145.

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| Coffin, 128 | Leach (BB), 560 |
| Combs (FSUS), 126-127 | Moore (BFSS), 102-104 |
| Cunningham, III, 2 | Motherwell (1827), 44 |
| Davis (MTBV), 267-269 | Quiller-Couch, 423-424 |
| Edwards (CHSB), 158 | Smith (SM), V, 42 |
| Flanders, III, 237-238 | Thomas (BMMK), 25-26 |
| Herd MSS, I, 40; II, 184 | Whiting (TBB), 59-61 |
| Houseman, 220 | |

Jamie Campbell

Oh, it's up in the highlands, one early bright day,
Young Bonnie James Campbell went riding away.
Where is young Jamie? Oh, where can he be?
Home came his saddle, home came his horse, but
never home came he.

Oh, it's down came his mother, to stand and to stare;
And down came his widow a-tearing her haie.
Weeping and moaning, together they learn
Jamie the husband, Jamie the son, would not
to them return.

Oh, it's handsome and happy, with courage rode he,
A plume in his helmet, a sword at his knee.

Jamie, young Jamie, too bloody to see;
 Home came his saddle, home came his horse,
 But never home came he.

No. 865

THE JAM ON GERRY'S ROCKS

also known as

The Break at Jerry's Rock	Gerry's Rocks
The Canadian Shanty Boys	Jack Monroe, <u>or</u> Munro
The Death of Young Monroe	Jam at Gerry's Rock
Foreman Monroe	The Jam on Jerry's Rock
Foreman Young Monroe	Shanty-Boys
Geary's Rocks	Young Monroe, <u>or</u> Munroe

Occupational song with a tragic theme. Log-driving was probably the most difficult and dangerous work connected with the lumbering industry. The drive began in the Spring, and for two or three weeks men walked the logs as they were carried down stream by fast moving waters, swollen by melting snows. At almost any narrow or rocky place along the way, it was likely that several logs would catch and hold. When this happened, thousands more would pile up and the men were faced with a log jam. To break a log jam was no simple thing. The problem was in finding the "key log", prying it free, and get safely out of the way as the logs began moving. Miscalculation means death.

According to Cox (FSS), 236, this "song originated in Maine and is founded on fact, Gerry's Rock, since blown up, was on the West Branch of the Penobscot River."

According to Flanders and Eckstorm, the text of this song was first printed in the Maine Sportsman, Jan., 1904, XI, p. 125. For an extensive history of the song, see Eckstorm, 176-178.

Opening lines of some versions are from the Irish street ballad, Pat O'Brien. A variation of the tune of Pat O'Brien is also used for some versions of this song. Other tunes used, though usually at variance with the originals, are Loss of the Albion, The Maid of Timahoe and The Western Rangers.

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| Beck (LLC), 194-197 | Leach (BB), 771-773 |
| Beck (SML), 134-136 | Linscott, 217-220 |
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| XII, 21-23 | Lomax (USA), 170-171 |
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| Cox (FSS), 236-238 | Moore (BFSS), 341-343 |
| Cox (TBFS), 137 | Morris, 107-109 |
| Creighton (TSNS), 267-268 | Peacock, III, 752-753 |
| Dean, 25-26 | Rickaby, 11-19 |
| Doerflinger, 238-240 | Roberts (IP), 124-126 |
| Eckstorm, 82-90 | Sandburg (AS), 394-395 |
| Flanders (NGMS), 44-46 | Scott (BA), 175-178 |
| Focus, IV, 428 | Shay (ASSC), 111-113 |
| Friedman, 418-421 | Shay (PF-2), 108-111 |
| Gardner (BSSM), 270-273 | Shay (PF-3), 180-182 |
| Gordon (FSA), 58 | Shoemaker (MMP), 86 |
| Gray, 3-9 | Shoemaker (NPM), 72, 74 |
| Greenleaf, 331-333 | Silverman, II, 418 |
| Greig & Duncan, No. 230 | Thompson (BBB), 259 |

The Jam on Gerry's Rocks

Oh, come ye jolly shanty boys, wherever you may be,
And give me your attention, and hear a tale from me.
I'll tell you of six brave shanty boys with courage
strong and brave,
Who broke the jam on Gerry's Rocks, and went to a
wat'ry grave.

It was a Sunday morning, boys, as you will quickly hear,
The logs were rolling mountain high— we couldn't keep
'em clear.

The foreman said, "Prepare, my boys, this is no time
for fear;

It's break the jam on Gerry's Rocks, so all the logs
will clear."

It being Sunday morning, boys, they did not think it
right;

While some of them were idling, the others hid from
sight.

Six young and daring shanty boys then volunteered to go
And break the jam on Gerry's Rocks, along with Jack
Monroe.

Before they'd rolled too many logs, they heard the
foreman say:

"Now, boys, you'd best be on your guard; that jam will
soon give way."

He had no sooner spoke the words, the jam did break
and go;

It took away those six brave boys, along with young
Monroe.

When comrades in the camp that night this sadness came
to hear,

They rushed down to the river bank, their hearts all
filled with fear.

Unto their sad misfortune, boys, their sorrow, grief
and woe,
All bruised and mangled on the shore, and dead, lay
Jack Monroe.

We lifted him most carefully, and gently combed his
hair.

There was one fair form amongst us whose cries did
rent the air;

There was one fair form amongst us, a maid from
Rivertown;

Her moans and cries were for young Jack, her lover who
had drowned.

We buried him quite decently all on the tenth of May,
So come, you jolly shanty boys, and for your comrade
pray.

Engraved upon a Hemlock tree, that on the bank does grow,
You'll find the name and drowning date of young and brave
Monroe.

No. 866

JAYBIRD

also known as

The Jaybird Died	Jaybird Sittin' on a Hickory
Jaybird Died with the	Limb
Whoopingcough	Lord Have Mercy On My Soul
	Way Down Yonder a Long Way Off

The Jaybird caught the folk fancy, and especially the
black man's. Several versions of this song, as well as
one or two others, present the Jaybird as an impudent
character. Lines and stanzas associated with the song

below are also found in other songs, including a version of The Blue Tail Fly in Scarborough (NFS), 191.

Three versions are given below but they are merely representative of the variety in circulation.

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| Davis (FSV), 201 | Scarborough (SC), 11, |
| Ford (TMA), 96 | 385 |
| Jour (AFL), XXVI, 131; | Talley, 14-15, 36 |
| XLIV, 170, 425 | White, 243 |

The Jaybird (Version A)

The Jaybird jumped from limb to limb,
And he told Brer Rabbit to do like him;
Brer Rabbit said, "You cunning elf,
You just want me to fall and kill myself!"

Chorus

I love long-legged gals!
I love long-legged gals!
Lord, have mercy on my soul!

The Jaybird sat upon that limb;
He winked at me and I winked at him.
He laughed at me! my gun went "crack"
And kicked me down on the flat of my back.

He looked at me, I looked at him;
I picked up a rock and hit him on the shin.
He hopped around and said with a grin,
"Little man, don't you ever do that again!"

The Jaybird died with the whooping-cough,
The Bluebird he died with the measles;
'Long came a Crow his fiddle to play,
Saying, "Let's all dance Pop! goes the
Weasels!"

They hopped it low, they hopped it high,
They hopped it to, and they hopped it by;
They hopped it far, and they hopped it nigh—
That fiddle 'n' bow sure made 'em fly!

(VERSION B)

Jaybird pulling a two-mule plow.
Sparrow, why not you?
"My legs so long and slumber, Lord,
I'm scared it'll break 'em in two."

Jaybird died with the whooping-cough,
Sparrow with the flue;
A Redbird came and skipped around,
And said, "This ain't nothing new."

(VERSION C)

A Fiddle-Dance Form

Jaybird, Jaybird, sittin' on a limb,
He winked at me and I winked at him;
I picked up a rock and I hit his shin,
Sez he, "You better not do that again."

No. 867

THE JEALOUS LOVER

also known as

Abbie Summers	The Jewish Lover
Alice Summer	Lemo
Annie, My Darling	Little Alice Summers
Blue-Eyed Ella, or Ellen	The Lone Green Valley
Down By the Drooping Willow	The Lone, Lone Valley
Down By the Weeping Willows	Lonely Valley
Down in a Lone Valley	Lorilla
Edward	The Murder of Florella
Emma	My Ella
Fair Ella (Ellen or Emily)	Sweet Fair Ella
Fair Young Ellen	Sweet Larilla
Flo-ella	Under the Weeping Willow
Flo-ella's Death	Way Down in Lone Green
Florella	Valley
Florilla	The Weeping Willow
Jealous Lover of Lone	
Green Valley	

"Murdered girl" song, and one that is widely known in America. Versions and variants are available by the dozen, and all of them tell essentially the same story. For that reason, it was decided to give only two versions here (A & B) and refer to others. The "jealous lover" theme is not exclusive to any one song or form and its song of origin is, therefore, difficult to identify. According to Phillips Barry, this song is a derivative of the early 19th century English street ballad, The Murder of Betsy Smith. It is an opinion shared by Randolph and several other recognized collectors. On the other hand, Malcolm Laws said, no "demonstrable process of oral tradition could within a few decades transform

so poor a ballad (Betsy Smith) into one of such relatively high quality." Without a deep desire to take sides, I feel obligated to point out that Laws, in my opinion, allowed a narrow scholastic view to interfere with his insight. It should be obvious that all the time required to lift a ballad from a low to a higher state of quality is the time it takes one talented author to sit down and rewrite it.

I do not know if this song is or isn't a derivative of Betsy Smith, but I do know that in its present form and in all the versions I have seen of it, The Jealous Lover is strictly American. I also know that it has been adapted to fit real crimes, such as The Murder of Mary Phagan and The Murder of Pearl Bryan (see version of each in this Master Book).

There are other songs known as The Jealous Lover which are not related to this one or to each other. For such songs, see: Creighton (FSNB), 121 & (MFS), 103; Karpeles (EFS), I, 310; and Laws (AB), 21, 263. Also see the untitled piece in Hudson (FSM), 233-234.

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| Cox (FSS), 197-202 | Gardner (BSSM), 83-85 |
| Cox (FSWV), 18-19 | Greenleaf, 365-366 |
| Cox (TBFS), 130-131 | Henry (BMFS), 26-27 |
| Creighton (SBNS), 320-321 | Henry (FSSH), 211-214 |
| Doerflinger, 287-288 | Henry (SSSA) 51-52 |
| | Hudson (FSM), 185-187 |

Jour (AFL), XX, 264; XXII, 370; XXVIII, 168; XXX, 344; XXXIX, 116; XLII, 280; XLV, 131; XLVI, 38	Peacock, III, 632-633 Pound, 102-103 Pound (SFSN), V, 1 Quarterly (SFL), III, 19 Randolph, II, 44-53 Randolph (Ozarks), 173 Richardson (AMS), 30-31 Ritchie (SFC), 150-151 Roberts (IP), 131-133 Shellans, 68-69 Shoemaker (MMP), 206-207 Shoemaker (NPM), 57-58 Spaeth (WSM), 121-122 Stout, 50 Wheeler (KMFS), 49-55 Wilgus, 288-290
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The Jealous Lover (Version A)

Down in the Lone Green Valley,
Where flowers bloom and fade,
There lived a jealous lover
Who loved a fair young maid.

The moon was shining brightly,
The stars blinked in the sky,
And no one dreamed that Ella
That night was doomed to die.

The evening sun was sinking,
The evening shadows grew,
As near young Ella's cottage
The jealous lover drew.

"Come, Ella, let us wander,
For I have things to say;

Come, walk with me off yonder,
And plan our wedding day."

"O Edward, I'm so weary,
And don't know what to say;
But since you are determined,
I'll walk a little way."

Beneath the stars they wandered,
But seemed so far apart
He felt the sting of anger
Arise within his heart.

Upon her knees before him
Young Ella begged for life,
But deep into her bosom
He drove the fatal knife.

"O Edward, I forgive you,
With this, my final breath;
I never did deceive you—
And now you've caused my death!"

"O God in heaven, pity,"
The jealous lover cried;
"I love my darling Ella,
And by my hand she died."

Now all you girls take warning,
And listen unto me;
If you have a loving sweetheart,
Beware of jealousy.

(VERSION B)

Down by the weeping willow,
Where the violets gently bloom,

There sleeps our sweet Florella,
So silent in the tomb.

She died not broken hearted,
Tho' with loving heart she fell;
The hand of him who killed her
Was one she loved so well.

"Come, love," said he, "let's wander,
Yonder through the meadow gay;
And there we'll talk in private
About our wedding day."

"The meadow's dark and dreary,
And I do not care to roam;
I'm feeling tired and weary,
So let us go back home."

"Florella, I must tell you,
I have made a solemn vow:
No power on earth can save you—
I mean to kill you now!"

Down on her knees before him,
She pleaded for her life;
But deep into her bosom
He plunged that fatal knife!

"O darling, I forgive you
With my last dying breath;
I never have deceived you—"
She closed her eyes in death.

No. 868

THE JEALOUS SISTER

also known as

The Barkshire Tragedy	The Old Lord By the North-
The Berkshire Tragedy	ern Sea
Binnorie	Old Man From (In) the North
The Bonnie Mill-Dam o'	Countree
Binnorie	The Old Man in the Old
The Bonny Busk of London	Countree (Country)
Bowee Down	The Old Woman By the Sea-
Bowie, Bowerie	shore
Bow Ye Down	Sister, Dear Sister
Bow Your Bend to Me	The Sister's Murder
The Cruel Sister	The Swim Swom Bonny
The Drowned Lady	There Was an Old Jaynor
The Fair Sisters	There Was an Old Woman
The Little Drowned Girl	Lived in the West
The Miller and the King's	The Three Sisters
Daughter	The Twa Sisters
The Miller's Daughters	The Twin Sisters
The Miller's Two Daughters	The Two Fair Sisters
My Sister Kate	The Two Little Sisters
The Old Farmer in the	The Two Sisters
Countree	The Two Young Daughters
The Old Farmer in the North	The Wed Lady
Countree	The West Countree
	The Youngest Daughter

This ballad has been reported under a multitude of titles in both Europe and America. The story is an ancient one, of course, and is not exclusive to any particular country's folklore. Versions and variants are plentiful on both sides of the Atlantic, but most American texts are derived from English versions. Scottish versions stem from the Swedish form known as De Tva Systrarna, which, in turn, is similar to the

Polish Trzy Siostry.

Barry, Child and Brewster each made a study and gave an analysis of the spread and affiliations of The Jealous Sister. In America, the supernatural elements of the European versions were eliminated or considerably reduced. American variations go far afield in many instances, with one of the better known examples being Three Old Maids on a Saucer Brim. The difficulty in tracing, relating and, sometimes, in identifying versions of The Jealous Sister lies in the high number of plot variations and confusions which, as Helen Flanders pointed out, are more numerable "than in those of any other Child ballad." The version below is merely one of many, as a glance at the number of works containing versions will indicate. Bronson alone has 97 tunes and texts.

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| Brown, II, 32-35; IV, | Coffin, 38-42 |
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| Brown (BLNC), 9 | Cox (FSS), 20-21, 521 |
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- Cunningham, II, 109
Davis (MTBV), 35-50
Davis (TBV), 93-104, 522,
555
Dean-Smith, 113
Dobie (TBE), 141-143
Eddy, 17-18
Flanders, I, 150-170
Flanders (BMNE), 209-210
Flanders (NGMS), 3-4
Folklore (FC), 1953, No.
147
Friedman, 161-167
Gainer, 10-12
Gardner (BSSM), 32-34
Gray, 75-77
Greenleaf, 9
Greig & Duncan, No. 213
Greig & Keith, 9-13
Henry (FSSH), 38-44
Houseman, 96-97
Hubbard, 5
Hudson (FSM), 68
Hudson (FSW), 524
Hudson (SMFL), 4-5
Jamieson, I, 48, 315
Jour (AFL), XVIII, 130;
XIX, 233; XXVII, 57;
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295, 347; XLV, 1-8;
XLVIII, 306-307
Jour (FSS), I, 253; II,
282; VIII, 242
Kinloch MSS, II, 49; V,
425; VI, 89
Kinsley, 69-72
Leach (BB), 74-78
Leisy, 330-332
Lomax (FSNA), 184-185
MacColl & Seeger, 51-53
Moore (BFSS), 18-21
Moore (ECC), No. 3
Morris, 243-247
Motherwell, I, 274-275
Motherwell MS, 104, 147,
245, 383
Neal, No. 37
Niles (BB), 47-53
Niles (MSHF), No. 4
Notes (1st series), VI,
102; (4th), V, 23
Ord, 430-432
Peacock, I, 179-180
Petrie, 688
Pinkerton (STB), 72
Pound, 11-13
Pound (POB), 53-54
Pound (SFSN), I, 12
Prior, I, 381
Pub (TFLS), X, 141-143
Quarterly (SFL), VIII, 138
Quiller-Couch, 104-106
Raine, 118
Randolph, I, 50-63
Randolph (OMF), 211-213
Richardson (AMS), 27
Ritchie (FS), 63
Roberts (IP), 16-19
Sanders, 25-29
Scarborough (SC), 164-165

Scott (MSB), II, 143;	Stokoe, 8-9
(1902), III, 352	Stout, 1-2
Sharp, I, 26-35	Taylor, 238-246
Sharp (FSEO), 18-21	Thomas (DD), 70-73
Sharpe (BB), 30	Thomas (SG), 76-78
Shearin (BBCM), 4	Thompson (BBB), 393
Shearin (SKFS), 7	Wells, 149-150
Smith (AA), 2	Whiting (TBB), 32-34
Smith (SM), VI, 72	

The Jealous Sister

A farmer lived in the North Country,
O bow down to me;
A farmer lived in the North Country,
And his two daughters were quite lovely.

Chorus

True I'll be to my love,
For my love is true to me.

A young man came a-courting there,
O bow down to me;
A young man came a-courting there,
And thought the youngest girl most fair.

He gave to her a beaver hat, etc.
Her sister didn't much like that.

O sister, sister, let's walk out, etc.
And watch the ships all sail about.

As they walked near the salty brim, etc.
The oldest pushed the youngest in.

O sister, sister, give me your hand, etc.
And I'll give you my house and land.

I'll give you neither hand nor glove, etc.
But I will have your own true love.

The miller's son sat on the bank, etc.
And saw her body as it sank.

O father, father, come here and see, etc.
A woman drowned in front of me.

The miller fetched a big long hook, etc.
And fished her body from the brook.

The miller stole the girl's diamond ring, etc.
Then threw her body in again.

They took the miller and hanged him high, etc.
And said her sister, too, must die.

No. 869

JEANIE AND JAMIE

also known as

The Duke of Athol	When Ye Gang Awa, Jamie
Huntingtower	When Ye Gang Awa, Jemmy
Jamie	When You Go Away, Jamie

American versions of this ballad, except for one in Child, bear little or no resemblance to the original ballad with which collectors tend to associate them. Child IV, 299, in an appendix dealing with Richie Story, quotes Aytoun, II, 239, saying: "The words, recast in a romantic form and applied to a more interesting subject have been set to music by a noble lady, and are now very popular under the title of 'Huntingtower.'"

The version below—an American one—is far removed from English-Scottish versions and has no recognizable connection whatsoever with the Richie Story ballad.

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Jeanie and Jamie

O when you go away, Jamie,
Far across the sea, laddie,
When you go to Germany,
What will you send to me, laddie?

I'll send you a brand new gown, Jeanie
Finest in the town, lassie;
It shall be of silk and gold,
With valenciennes set round, lassie.

No. 870

JEANNETTE AND JEANNOT

SOURCE SONG. This song of English origin was written by Charles Jefferys and Charles W. Glover; it became popular in America during the mid-19th century. Since then the melody has been used for several songs, some of which deal with specific situations in the United States. For examples, see Gold Seeker VI & XXI in this Master Book and California As It Is in Silber (SGAW), 114-116.

For other versions of this song, see Greig & Duncan, No. 102; Johnson (FS), 338-340; and Songster (10), 121.

Jeannette and Jeannot

You are going far away,
Far away from poor Jeannette,
There is no one left to love me now,
And you too may forget.
But my heart will be with you,
Wherever you may go—
Can you look me in the face,
And say the same Jeannot?
When you wear the jacket red,
And the beautiful cockade,
Oh, I fear you will forget
All the promises you made.
With the gun upon your shoulder,
And the bay'net by your side,
You'll be taking some proud lady,
And be making her your bride.

No. 871

JEFFERSON DAVIS I

also known as

Jeff Davis Is A Gentleman Jeff Davis Rode A White
Horse

Jefferson Davis (1808-1889) is remembered as President of the Confederate States of America, but he was much more than that. He was a U. S. Senator from Mississippi (1847-1851), Secretary of War (1853-1857), and, after that, he returned to the Senate (1857-1861).

When Mississippi seceded, he resigned from the U. S. Senate and became provisional President of the Confederacy. Later that year, 1861, he was elected to a full six year term. Almost immediately the song-makers got busy, some to build him up and some to tear him down. The song below was a musical dart aimed at Abraham Lincoln while praising Davis. For other versions, see Brown, III, 461 and Scarborough (SC), 74.

Jefferson Davis I

Jeff Davis is a gentleman,
Abe Lincoln is a fool;
Jeff Davis rides a milk-white steed,
Abe Lincoln rides a mule.

It's whiskey by the gallon,
And sugar by the pound;
A great big bowl to put it in,
And spoon to stir it 'round.

Jeff Davis is our President,
Abe Lincoln is a Yank,
And when the Yankees lose this war,
They'll have old Abe to thank.

No. 872

JEFFERSON DAVIS II

also known as

Old Abe Is Sick

Up! Up! With Jeff

I have seen this particularly piece of Confederate musicana in only one collection, Brown, III, 462.

Brown gives only the first three stanzas, which he obtained in 1928. The last two stanzas are from my grandfather who sang them with stanza one.

Jefferson Davis II

Old Abe is sick, old Abe is sick,
Old Abe is sick in bed;
He's a lying dog, a lying dog,
With meanness in his head.

He wants our cotton, he wants our cotton,
He wants our cotton too;
He shall have it, he shall have it—
Some tar and feathers too.

Down with old Abe, down with old Abe,
And all his Yankee crew!
Up! Up! with Jeff! Hurrah for Jeff,
A Southern man so true.

Old Abe's a liar, old abe's a liar,
Old Abe's a demon too;
Up! Up! with Jeff! Our own good Jeff,
For he will see us through.

So up with Jeff and down with Abe,
And flinch not at the foe;
We'll raise the flag, the rebel flag,
And lay the Yankees low!

No. 873

JEFFERSON DAVIS III

also known as

Jeff in Petticoats

Oh! Jeffy D!

Northern songwriters also gave their attention to the Confederate President, and Union soldiers lustily sang the following lines as they marched:

Hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree,
Hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree,
Hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree
As we go marching on!

When Union victories became "numerous and devastating," Amos Patton (Boston, 1864), penned the following musical taunt:

Oh, how do you like it as far as you've got?
Jefferson D! Jefferson D!
Are you glad you began it, or d'ye wish you
had not?
Jefferson D! Jefferson D!

For full text, see Lawrence, p. 430.

Kennedy (TAB), 140-141 has another musical taunt by Henry Sylvester Cornwell, which begins:

You're a traitor convicted, you know very well,
Jefferson D! Jefferson D!
You thought it a capital thing to rebel,
Jefferson D!
But there's one thing I'll say:
You'll discover some day,
When you see a stout cotton cord hang from
a tree,
There's an accident happened you didn't foresee,
Jefferson D!

After Lee's surrender, which happened despite objections to it by Davis, the Northern songwriters had a field

day ridiculing the deposed Confederate President. The song below is one of those political satires founded upon rumor rather than fact. In 1865, following Lee's surrender and the capture of Davis, the Northern press encouraged people to believe that Davis, upon being pursued by the Union Army, attempted to escape by disguising himself as a woman, in his wife's clothing. The story was based solely on the fact that when Davis came out of his tent to face his captors, his wife had placed a shawl over his shoulders to protect him from the chilly weather. Henry Tucker wrote the words and George Cooper composed the music to this song. For other versions, see Levy (GN), 376 and Loessor, 256.

Jefferson Davis III

Jeff Davis was a hero bold,
You've heard of him, I know;
He tried to make himself a king
Where Southern breezes blow.
But Uncle Sam, he laid the youth
Across his mighty knee,
And spanked him well,
And that's the end of brave old Jeffy D.

Chorus

Oh! Jeffy D! You "flow'r of chivalree,"
Oh, royal Jeffy D!
Your empire's but a tinclad skirt,
Oh, charming Jeffy D.

This Davis, he was always full
Of bluster and of brag,
He swore, on all our Northern walls
He'd plant the rebel flag.

But when to battle he did go,
He said, "I'm not so green,
To dodge the bullets I will wear
My tin-clad crinoline."

Now when he saw the game was up,
He started for the woods,
His hand-box hung upon his arm
Quite full of fancy goods.
Said Jeff, "They'll never take me now,
I'm sure I'll not be seen;
They'd never think to look for me
Beneath my crinoline."

Our Union boys were on his track
For many nights and days;
His palpitating heart it beat
Enough to burst his stays.
O! what a dash he must have cut
With form so tall and lean!
Just fancy now the "what is it,"
Dressed up in Crinoline!

The ditch that Jeff was hunting for,
He found was very near;
He tried to shift his base again,
His neck felt rather queer.
Just on the out-"skirts" of a wood
His dainty shape was seen;
His boots stuck out, and now they'll hang
Old Jeff in Crinoline.

No. 874

JEFFERSON DAVIS IV

also known as

Jeff Davis' Last Ditch

The Sour Apple Tree

Written by J. W. Turner and published at Boston by the
Oliver Ditson Co., this song also satirizes "Jeff in
female attire" theme. Also see Lawrence, 430.

Jefferson Davis IV

The Yankee boys have caught him—
The traitor, Old Jeff D!—
I wonder if they'll hang him
To the Sour Apple Tree!
Don't you think it will be right?
And justice, I declare!
To hang him up "to dry," my boys,
And dangle in the air.

O when our soldiers found him,
I'll bet he did look rich
With his petticoats around him
As he stood in the "last ditch!"
Old Jeff, he wasn't wise
With boots on, don't you see!
It was a splendid sight, I'm sure,
Such "Southern Chivalry!"

Now if they hang him, it will be
A moral lesson taught
To those who might in future times
Like him be evil fraught.
Some think it will be right—
Whatever it may be;
I really think they'll hang him
To the "Sour Apple Tree!"

No. 875JEFFERSON VS ADAMS I

also known as

Jefferson and Liberty

The Presidential election held Nov. 4, 1800, had two political firsts: the first one-term President and the first electoral tie vote, which meant that the decision as to the winner would be made by the House of Representatives. Balloting to decide the tie took place Feb. 11, 1801. The 36th ballot was taken on Feb. 17th. Ten states voted for Jefferson, four for Burr. Thomas Jefferson became the first President elect to be inaugurated in Washington, C. C.

There was no radio, no television, no motion pictures and only a few newspapers to spread the news and advertise about the candidates. But there were songs, and they were beginning to be used for political purposes more and more.

The song given below was pro-Jefferson and probably helped defeat John Adams, because it exploited the public detestation of the alien and sedition laws. It is to Jefferson's credit that he swept these laws aside as soon as he took office.

The tune to the song is Irish, and was called The Gobby-O, or, Willy Was A Wanton Wag. The earliest printed version of which I am aware is in The American Songster (Providence, R. I., 1807), pp. 253-255. According to Silber (SAVB), however, the song was first published in the Aurora, Jan. 29, 1801, under the title: A Patriotic Song, for the Glorious Fourth of March, 1801.

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Jefferson vs Adams I

The gloomy night before us lies,
The reign of terror now is o'er;
Its gags, inquisitors and spies,
Its hordes of harpies are no more.

Chorus

Rejoice, Columbia's sons, rejoice!
To tyrants never bend the knee;
But join with heart, and soul and voice,
For Jefferson and Liberty.

No lordling here with gorging jaws,
Shall wring from industry its food;
No fiery bigot's holy laws,
Lay waste our fields and streets in blood.

Here strangers from a thousand shores,
Compell'd by tyranny to roam,
Shall find, amidst abundant stores,
A nobler and a happier home.

From Europe's wants and woes remote,
A dreary waste of waves between;
Here plenty cheers the humble cot,
And smiles on every village green.

What heart but hails a scene so bright,
What soul but inspiration draws;
Who would not guard so dear a right,
Or die in such a glorious cause?

Let foes to freedom dread the name,
But should they touch the sacred tree,
Twice fifty thousand swords would flame,
For Jefferson and Liberty!

No. 876

JEFFERSON VS ADAMS II

also known as

Jefferson and Liberty

This song is a parody of Adams vs Jefferson (see in this Master Book), a song used by supporters of John Adams in the 1796 campaign. The text is from Lawrence, 163, who got it, in turn, from the American Patriotic Songbook, published in 1813, pp. 64-65.

Jefferson vs Adams IITune: Star-Spangled Banner

Ye Sons of Columbia, who cherish the prize,
The arms of your fathers so valiantly gain'd,
Like the sun unobscur'd may your glory arise,
And your liberties flourish forever unstain'd,
While Mars clad in gore, bids the far thunders roar,
May freedom and peace bless our dear native shore,
And ne'er may the Sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls in waves.

By art more than arms our foes have long try'd,
To lead the brave Sons of Columbia in slav'ry;
Their force we've withstood, and their power defy'd,
And repuls'd each attack with Republican brav'ry.
Though our internal foes may our freedom oppose,
Our firmness and zeal, to the universe shows
That ne'er will the Sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls in waves.

Remember election is liberty's base,
By which noble charter our freedom we cherish:
At the helm of our nation than Jefferson place,
That our free Constitution and rights ne'er may perish.

Still America's pride in her cause has been try'd,
And he in her councils was born to preside,
That ne'er may the Sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls in waves.

No. 877

JEFFERSON VS ADAMS III

also known as

Federalists! Be On Your Guard! Yankee Doodle-Federalist
Republicans! Be On Your Guard! Yankee Doodle-Republican

During the summer of 1800 a full-fledge bi-partisan battle for the Presidency came into being for the first time. In those days presidential candidates did not electioneer, for electioneering was considered bad taste; so the contest was waged by supporters through the press and with songs. The opposing ideologies of Jefferson and Adams were expressed in the two songs given here, both sung to the same tune: Yankee Doodle.

The Federalist song (Version A) was published in the Gazette of the United States and the Philadelphia Daily Advertiser, May 28, 1800. The Republican reply (Version B) appeared in the Centinel of Freedom, July 15, 1800.

Jefferson vs Adams III (Version A) Tune: Yankee Doodle

Federalists! be on your guard!
Look sharp to what is doing:
Your foes, you see, are working hard,
To bring about your ruin.

Chorus

Yankee Doodle, look about,
Yankee Doodle Dandy!

Look about and keep 'em out,
And with your vote be handy!

There's not a man among you all
But what sincerely glories,
To help effect the destin'd fall
Of Democrats and Tories.

Then rally strong, and you'll defeat
Their schemes of wicked action,
And trample down beneath your feet
The Jeffersonian faction.

Be staunch and true on freedom's side,
And keep a firm connexion;
Don't let the Democrats divide
Your votes at next election.

VERSION B

Tune: Yankee Doodle

Republicans! ne on your guard!
Look sharp to what is doing!
The Feds, you see, are working hard
To bring about your ruin.

Chorus

Yankee Doodle, here's a cup,
Take a little brandy!
Twill serve to keep your spirits up—
Drinking is the dandy.

There's not a man among us all
But tells his vaunting story
Of Johnny Quincy's destin'd fall—
That cursed British Tory!

Chorus

Yankee Doodle, push the glass;
Send about the brandy.
He that flinches is an ass!
Jefferson's the Dandy.

Then rally strong, and you'll defeat
Their schemes of wicked action,
And trample underneath your feet
The Royal British faction.

Chorus

Yankee Doodle, keep it up,
Push about the brandy;
John Quincy's out of luck,
Jefferson's the Dandy.

The cry for war has no release,
But hot and hotter waxes!
Then vote him in, he'll give us peace
And pay off all our taxes.

Chorus

Yankee Doodle Jefferdoo,
Son-y, doodle dandy,
Son-y, doodle, Jeffer do
Sink the price of brandy!

No. 878

JEFFERSON VS ADAMS IV

also known as

The Duke's Retreat to Braintree

The election over, the country waited for its third
inauguration ceremony, which, for the first time, would
take place in the Capitol. The outgoing President, John

Adams, did not attend the ceremonies; he would not have any contact with Jefferson at all. He spent the last night of his Presidency making appointments, to leave Jefferson with a Federalist judiciary, and departed Washington at Four O'Clock in the morning. His sudden departure for Braintree (now Quincy, Mass.), in anger and disappointment, inspired the following political satire which appeared in The American Republican Harmonist in 1803.

The words can be sung to Yankee Doodle, but the 1803 version gives the name of the tune as I Followed Him To Glasgow Town.

The version below is from Lawrence, 167.

Jefferson vs Adams IV

John Adams was a President,
And fain he would again be;
But Jefferson we chose instead,
And sent the Duke to Braintree.

The fourth of March, 'twas early morn,
As in the story you may plain see,
He rose dejected and forlorn,
And scurried away to Braintree.

While cypress did his brow adorn,
Pale envy did contain he;
'Twas in his breast a rankling thorn,
And he took it on to Braintree.

When he to Philadelphia came,
The Tories did him again see;
With wine and beer they did him cheer,
And wished him safe to Braintree.

At Hartford, in Connecticut,
Was his Highness complimented;

Yet their address he open'd not,
But returned it as presented.

And when to Quicny he was come,
The Yankees did him again see;
And tho' with grief they all were dumb,
They welcomed him to Braintree.

God prosper long this land of fame,
And long may we remain free;
And God prevent as President
The Duke's return from Braintree!

No. 879

JENNY JENKINS

also known as

Jennie Jenkins

Jenny Jane

Jenny Lane

Julie Jenkins

Tooley Wooley Iser

Will You Wear Red?

This is an American game song, widely distributed and still played and sung. It appears to be a derivative of the old English game song, Jenny Jones (see Virginia Jones in this Master Book). Also see and compare: Mary Wore Her Red Dress in Seeger (1), 130-131.

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Jenny Jenkins

Will you wear red, Jenny dear, Jenny dear?
O will you wear red, Jenny Jenkins?
I won't wear red,
It's a color that I dread!

Chorus

I'll wear me a fol-di-rol-dy,
Tit-tle-dy-ol-dy,
With a double fil-li-ty tol-dy toll!
Roll, roll, roll, Jenny Jenkins, roll!

Will you wear blue, etc?
I won't wear blue
For the color pleases you!

Will you wear green, etc?
I won't wear green—
It's a shame to be seen!

Will you wear white, etc ?
I won't wear white
For the color is too light!

Will you wear yellow, etc ?
I won't wear yellow
And be chased by a fellow!

What will you wear, etc ?
What do you care,
As long as I'm not bare?

No. 880

JERRY, GO AND ILE THAT CAR!

also known as

The Old Section Boss

This is an occupational-type song; it was sung by railway workers. According to Sandburg, "In 1884 Charles Lummis heard Gunnysack Riley sing this at Albuquerque, New Mexico. Later, as an editor (in Los Angeles), he wanted the verses and put the matter up to Santa Fe railroad officials, who sent out a general order covering the whole system...A lost song was dug up..." The text was printed in The Railroad Man's Magazine, Vol. IV, No. 3, Feb. 1931, pp. 478-479.

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Jerry, Go and Ile That Car!

Come all you railroad section men

An' listen to my song;

It is of Larry O'Sullivan,

Who now is dead and gone.

For twenty years a section boss,

He niver hired a tar—

Oh, it's "joint ahead" and "cinter back,"

An' "Jerry, go an' ile that car!"

For twenty years a section boss

He worked upon the track,

And be it to his credit now,

He niver had a wrack.

He kept every joint right up to the point
With the tap of the tamping-bar;
And while the boys was a-shimmin' up the ties,
It's "Jerry, go an' ile that car!"

'Twas in November, in the winter time,
And the ground was covered with snow,
"Come, put the handcar on the track,
And over the section go!"
With his big soldier coat buttoned up to his
throat,
All weathers he would dare—
And it's "Paddy Mack, will ye walk the track,"
And "Jerry, go an' ile that car!"

"Give my respects to the Roadmaster,"
Poor Larry he did cry,
"And lave me up, that I may see
The old handcar before I die.
Then lay the spike-maul upon his chest,
The gauge and the old claw-bar,
And while the boys are filling up the grave,
Oh, Jerry, go an' ile that car!"

No. 881

JESSE JAMES I
also known as

Ballad of Jesse James

Jessey, or Jessie James

There are several songs dealing with the career and exploits of Jesse James. Of the lesser known pieces, there is Jesse James and His Boys in the Woody Guthrie Manuscripts (Library of Congress), p. 200, which begins:

Jesse James and his boys rode the Dodge

City trail,

They held up the midnight southern mail...

Another is the Jesse James piece collected by Edith Fowke and reprinted in Fife, 257 and Lomax (ABFS), 131, which begins:

Living in Missouri was a bad bold man,
He was known from Seattle down to Brimingham,
From Boston, Massachusetts, right across the
States,

Nevada, Colorado, and the Golden Gates.

Another is The Death of Jesse James in Fife, 258 (once recorded by The Vagabonds on Montgomery-Ward Records, No. 4443), which begins:

'Twas way down in Missouri,
there lived a shootin' man,
Tall and dark and slender,
he'd ride out with his band.....

Another is Frank Luther's Jesse James, reprinted in Fife, 260, which begins:

You've heard of heroes brave in all their glory,
In history you have often read their names,
But lend an ear and you will hear the story
About that famous bandit Jesse James.

Yet another, I Went Down to the Depot, is in Emrich (FAL), 303 and Sandburg (AS), 374, begins:

I went down to the depot, not many nights ago,
And there I done something I never done before.
I got down on my knees and delivered up the keys
To Frank and his brother Jesse James.

For a treatment sung by blacks, see Belden (BS), 403 and Friedman, 479B.

Jesse James began his career in service with Quantrell during the Civil War. In the 15 years following that upheaval, Jesse and his brother, Frank, became the most notorious and sought-after criminals in America. Jesse's career ended on April 4, 1882, when he was shot down by Robert Ford, a member of his own gang, in a house on Lafayette street in St. Joseph, Missouri. The name

"Thomas Howard" was an alias used by Jesse at the time of his death, which accounts for the reference to "Mister Howard" in the song below.

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| Brown, II, 557-562; IV,
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| Davis (FSV), 283 | Morris, 99 |
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| Finger (FB), 57-59 | Pub (TFLS), XXIII, 112 |
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XXIV, 387; XXV, 17;
XXIX, 178; XXXIV, 124;
XLIV, 87; XLV, 150 | Shekerjian, 33-35 |
| Kennedy (AB), 231-232 | Silber (HSB), 40 |
| Kennedy (TAB), 217-218 | Silverman, I, 66-67 |
| | Stout, 109-110 |
| | Tolman, 178 |

Jesse James I

Jesse James was a lad who killed many a man,
He robbed the Glendale train;
He stole from the rich, and he gave to the poor,
Had a hand, and a heart, and a brain.

Chorus

Poor Jesse had a wife who mourned for his life,
Three children who were brave;
But that dirty little coward that shot Mister Howard
Has laid poor Jesse in his grave

It was Robert Ford, that dirty little coward;
I wonder how he did feel?
He ate Jesse's bread, and he slept in Jesse's bed,
Then laid poor Jesse in his grave.

Now Jesse was a man, a friend to the poor,
He'd never see a man suffer paid;
And with brother Frank he robbed the Chicago bank,
And then they robbed th Glendale train.

It was brother Frank who robbed the Gallatin bank,
And took the money out of town;
It was in this very place that they had a little race,
For they shot Captain Skeets to the ground.

They went to the crossing not very far from there,
And there they did the same;
The agent on his knees he delivered up the keys
To the outlaws, Frank and Jesse James.

It was on a Saturday night, Jesse was at home
A-talking to his family brave,
When that thief and coward he shot Mister Howard,
And laid Jesse James in his grave.

Poor Jesse went to rest, his hand on his breast,
The devil upon his knee;
He was born one bright day in the county of Clay,
And he came from a solitary race.

No. 882

JESSE JAMES II
also known as
Jesse, Jesse

This is a more recent song about Jesse James, and it is
from Dickson Hall's Outlaws of the Old West (MGM LP AL-
BUM E3263). Used with author's permission.
The tune is a variation of Peter Gray.

Jesse James II

Once on a time there lived a man
Who rode the western plains,
And he was best in all the West
At robbing banks and trains.

Jesse! Jesse! Jesse James,
His mother's fav'rite son;
But he was wild, and as a child
He learned to use a gune.

His brother was an outlaw too,
But wasn't quite as bad;
Tho' he was rough and he was tough,
He gave it all he had.

Jesse! Jesse! Jesse James,
The leader of the gang;
He led them all until his fall,
And did not live to hang.

He married him a pretty girl,
She tried to change his ways;
He changed his name but just the same
He lived on borrowed days.

Jesse! Jesse! Jesse James—
A price was on his head!
He met a friend who took him in,
And shared his wine and bread.

'Twas Robert Ford, a trusted friend,
Caught Jesse by surprise;
He shot him down and fled from town,
A Judas in disguise.

Jesse! Jesse! Jesse James,
Shot in the back one day;
But later on, when he was gone,
His killer died that way.

No. 883

JESUS GONNA MAKE-UP MY DYIN' BED

Old Negro spiritual that is still popular in several of the Southern states. There are several varying versions, but none are so different that they cannot be immediately identified.

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Arnold, 170	Dobie (TBE), 56, 60
Coleman, 80	Kennedy (M-2), 105-109
Courlander (NSA), 49	Parrish, 178-179
	Work (ANSS), 112-113

Jesus Gonna Make-Up My Dyin' Bed

When you hear that I'm a-dyin',
Do no cryin' before I'm dead.
All I want my friends to do
Is take that old pillow from under my head.

Chorus

Well, well, well, I mean to die easy!
Well, well, well, you heard what I said!
Well, well, well, I mean to die easy!
Jesus gonna make-up my dyin' bed!

Mary was a grievin' woman,
Martha told her He wasn't dead;
Jesus slept for three whole days,
To show us why dyin' ain't nothin' to dread.

No. 884

JESUS, WON'T YOU COME BY-AND-BY?

Slave spiritual. First collected and published in 1867.
See Allen (SSUS), 60, 110 and Sandburg (AS), 469.

Jesus, Won't You Come By-and-By?

You ride that horse, you call him Macadoni,—
Jesus, won't you come by and by?
You ride him in the morning and you ride him
in the evenin',—
Jesus, won't you come by and by?
The Lord knows the world's gwine to end up,—
Jesus, won't you come by and by?

You trudge the road, you hear the sinner cryin',—
 Jesus, won't you come by and by?
 You trudge it in the morn' and you trudge it in the
 evenin',—
 Jesus, won't you come by and by?
 The Lord knows the world's gwine to end up,—
 Jesus, won't you come by and by?

No. 885

THE JEW'S DAUGHTER

also known as

The Duke's Daughter	A Little Boy Lost His Ball
Fair Scotland	A Little Boy Threw His Ball
Harry Hughes	Little Harry Hughes and the
Hugh of Lincoln	Duke's Daughter
It Rained a Mist	Little Harr Huston
It Rained, It Mist	Little Saloo
The Jewish Lady	The Little School Boy
The Jew Lady	Little Sir Hugh
The Jew's Garden	The Queen's Gardeen
The Jew's Lady	Sir Hugh, or The Jew's Daughter
Little Boy and the Ball	Water Birch

The events described in this ballad supposedly occurred in the 13th century. In the Annals of Waverly, written in the year 1255, we read: "Little Sir Hugh was crucified by the Jews in contempt of Christ with various preliminary tortures..." Then the body was thrown into a well. "The body was seen floating on the water and, upon its recovery, it was found that the hands and feet were pierced with wounds..." The writer tells us that the Jews were suspected, and adds: "The king ordered an inquiry. Eighteen Jews confessed, were convicted, and eventually hanged." The ballad was based upon that story. But as Percy said, the belief

that Jews crucified Christian children "has been always alleged in excuse for the cruelties exercised upon that wretched people, but which probably never happened in a single instance."

Halliwell prints an Anglo-French version of 92 stanzas which is thought to have been written at the time of, or soon after, the event. On the other hand, no English version has been recovered earlier than the middle of the 18th century. Probably the story came into existence as the result of a documented piece of history, and the evidence leads directly to the Throne of England. Henry III, who took advantage of every opportunity to exploit the Jews, was king in 1255.

Henry needed to replenish his treasury due to the arrival of his son, Edward, who had come home with his newly acquired bride, Eleanor of Castile. At that time a young boy was murdered in Lincoln and the crime was charged to the Jews. Henry was delighted. 91 Jews were arrested, charged with being accomplices and sent from Lincoln to London. 18 of the wealthiest Jews were hanged, 20 others were locked up in the Tower of London, and Henry confiscated their money and property. This is not a speculative statement. Henry's commission for the trial, and the warrant to sell the goods of the Jews who were found guilty, are still in existence.

Chaucer shifted the locale of the story to Asia and used it in his Canterbury Tales.

Strange as it may seem now, in our time, the ballad was extremely popular in early America. Many variants have been collected, with at least 14 in West Virginia alone. The version below is merely representative of the large number available.

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Brown, II, 155-160; IV,
82-83
Bulletin (FSSN), V, 6-7
Bulletin (VFS), VII, 6;
IX, 7; XI, 5
Burne, 539
Campbell & Sharp, No. 26
Child, III, 233-254
Coffin, 110-112
Cox (FSS), 120-127
Creighton (SBNS), 16-17
Davis (TBV), 400-415,
587-590
Dean-Smith, 85
Eddy, 66-67
Flanders, III, 119-126
Flanders (BMNE), 30-32
Flanders (NGMS), 254-256
Friedman, 62-67
Gainer, 68-69
Henry (BMFS), No. 11
Henry (FSSH), 102-105
Hubbard, 24
Hudson (FSM), 116-117
Jamieson, I, 140, 151
Johnson (SMM), VI, No. 582
Jour (AFL), XV, 195; XIX,
293; XXIX, 108; XLIV,
64; XLVII, 358; LXXI,
12
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Kinsley, 317-320
Korson (PSL), 36-38
Leach (BB), 425-431
Lomax (FSNA), 511
MacColl & Seeger, 86-88
Mason, 46-47
Morris, 302-303
Motherwell, I, 202-206; II,
266
Newell, 75-78
Percy (RAEP), I, 54-60
Pound, 13-15
Quiller-Couch, 353-355
Randolph, I, 148-151
Reeves (EC), 244-245
Rimbault (MIPR), 46
Roberts (IP), 67-69
Scarborough (SC), 171, 403
Scarborough (NFS), 53-55
Seeger (1), 68
Sharp, I, 222-229
Sharp (100), 22-23
Smith (SCB), 148-150
Tolman, 164-165
Tolman & Eddy, 344
Treat, 43

It rained, it mist, it rained, it mist,
It rained throughout the town;
The boys and girls went out to play,
To toss the ball around, round,
To toss the ball around.

At first they tossed the ball too high,
And then again too low;
Then o'er the Jew's garden wall it fell,
Where no one dared to go, go,
Where no one dared to go.

Out came the Jew's old daughter, all dressed,
All dressed in spangles of gold;
"Come in, come in, my lad," she said,
"And you shall have your ball, ball,
And you shall have your ball."

She took him by his little white hand,
She led him through the hall,
She sat him down on a winding chair
Where none could hear his call, call,
Where none could hear his call.

She lay him down upon a table top,
She pierced his heart within;
And then she took a deep silver bowl,
His heart blood to catch in, in,
His heart blood to catch in.

She took him to the garden again,
The Jews were fast asleep;
She threw his body into a well,
A well so dark and deep, deep,
A well so dark and deep.

The day had passed, the evening had come,
 The parents sought their son;
 And every parent received their child,
 But Huey's they had none, none,
 But Huey's they had none.

No. 886

JIM ALONG JOE

also known as

Get Along, Josie

Jim Along Josey

Hey, Jim Along, Jim Along Joe

Jim Along Josie

This song was introduced on the minstrel-show stages and published in sheet music form by Firth & Hall in 1840. From the 1840s through the Civil War era Jim Along Joe spawned many offspring. There are game and play-party versions plus other adaptations. For example, see Ducks in the Millpond in Randolph, III, 386 and Seeger (1), 122-123. For songs similar in form but not necessarily related, see The Courting Boy in Talley, 141 and Hogs in the Cornfield in Ames (MPP), 318 and Botkin (APPS), 209.

For a dance and play-party version, see version B below. Version A is almost identical to the 1840 original.

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 Botkin (APPS), 214-216
 Bulletin (TFS), V, 33
 Ford (TMA), 239-240
 Gardner (SPPG), 105-106
 Hamilton, 290
 Jour (AFL), XXIV, 295;
 XXVII, 290; XXVIII,
 268; XXXII, 493;
 XXXIII, 105

Keach, 29
 Lair (SLL), 43
 Luther, 104
 Nathan, 435-438
 Piper (SPPG), 268
 Randolph, III, 385-386
 Scarborough (NFS), 105
 Seeger (1), 72-75
 Shay (DFW), 105-106
 Spaeth (WSM), 103-104

Van Doren, 493

White, 242-243

Jim Along Joe

(Version A)

Oh, I'm from Louisiana, a s you all know;
Down where Jim-A-Long Josey's all the go.
The niggers all rise when de bell do ring,
An' this is de song dat they all sing.

Chorus

Oh! Jim-along, Jim-a-long, Josey!
Jim along, Jim along Joe!
Oh! Jim-along, Jim-a-long, Josey!
Jim along, Jim along Joe!

Oh! when I gets dat new coat, an' I'll have
it soon,
Wid a new pair o' tight-kneed traousaloon,
Dey'll see me walkin' wid my Susanna,
An' white folks will think I'm Santa Anna.

The New York niggers all think they're fine,
All because dey drink de genuine;
The Southern niggers dey live on mush,
An' when dey laugh, white folks say "hush!"

A big bullfrog he jumped in my water-trough,
Rooster fell-a-dead with the whooping cough;
Across the river, as I'm sure you know,
Is where I'm called Jim-a-long Joe.

I went to sleep an' I had a bad dream,
Dreamed I was a-drowing in a stream;
But when I woke up, I was high and dry,
The white cat scratched out de black cat's eye!

Oh! I'm de kind o' nigger dat don't mind
troubles,
Dey jus' float away like dey was bubbles;
De ambition dat this nigger feels
Is showin' de science of his heels!

VERSION B

One foot up and one foot down,
Honor your partners and swing them
'round.

Chorus

Hey, Jim along, hey, a-Jim along,
my Josey!
Hey, Jim along, hey, a-Jim along,
Joe!

Cornstalk fiddle and a shoe-string bow,
If this ain't dancing I don't know.

Hear the music, hear the beat,
And see that girl with dancing feet!

Mama said, and Papa too,
I must not kiss a boy like you!

Lift that pretty girl, put her down,
Take her hand and spin her around!

Have some cake and have some pie,
We will say goodnight but not goodbye!

No. 887JOAQUIN MURIETA I

also known as

Joaquin the Horse
ThiefThe Song of Joaquin
Wakken

California outlaw song. Text by J. A. "Old Put" Stone, who wrote the words to the tune of Now I Warn All You Darkies Not To Love Her, a popular minstrel-show song of the 1840s. Stone's text was published in his Original California Songster, 1855.

Joaquin Murieta was a Mexican bandit in and around the California gold camps, but his career is mostly myth. He operated from the Spring of 1850 to July, 1853, when Captain Harry Love, accompanied by 20 men, captured and killed Murieta and his men. Love beheaded Murieta's body and carried the head to Sacramento. The outlaw's head was preserved in alcohol and placed on public display, to prove that Murieta was really dead.

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Jour (AFL), XXVII, 93

Dwyer, 147

Lengyel, 43

Gardner (BSSM), 332

Lengyel (HB), 34

Grant (SF), 146-147

Lingenfelter, 318

Songster (144), 26-27

Joaquin Murieta I

I suppose you have heard all the talkin'
Of the very noted horse-thief, Joaquin;
He was caught in Calaveras,
But he couldn't stand the joke,
So the Rangers cut his head off
And have got it now in soak.

Chorus

Now I warn everybody not to ramble,
Never drink, never fight, never gamble!
For you'll never have a cent,
All your money will be spent,
And you to Sacramento
To the prison brig be sent.

They took Three-Finger Jack and cut his hand off
Then the Rangers drove the rest of the band off;
Then they took the head and hand
And had it will preserved,
And the Rangers got the credit
Which they very much deserved.

Joaquin to the mountains was advancing,
When he saw Lola Montez a-dancing;
When she danced the spider-dance,
He was bound to run her off,
And he'd feed her eggs and chicken,
Make her cackle, crow and cough.

Joaquin, just before he was taken,
Killed a Chinaman and then stole his bacon;
Then he went to Sonora,
Where he killed eleven more,
And the big Digger Indian,
Which made the twenty-four.

You have heard of the steel he wore around him,
I will tell you what it was when they found him,
'Twas a long-tom iron
To protect him in his crimes,
And they swore by the holes
He'd been shot a thousand times.

Now the head, it can be seen at Sacramento,
But to have it there they never did into to;
For he fought like the devil,
While they had half a show,
But the Rangers put an end
To the terror of Mexico.

No. 888

JOAQUIN MURIETA II

This is a more recent song than the preceding one, and
it is from Dickson Hall's MGM Album Outlaws of the Old
West. Song is used here by permission of the author.

Joaquin Murieta II

When Mexico lost California,
Joaquin Murieta rode to fame;
Americanoes learned to hate him,
And trembled just to hear his name.

He robbed and pillage California,
His deeds spread terror thro' the land;
Joaquin Murieta was a bandit,
And had three hundred in his band.

At first he was a peaceful rancher,
Who loved his country and his home,
And then Americanoes robbed him
Of everything he called his own.

He lost his ranch, and then his brothers—
Americanoes were to blame;
But when they took his sweetheart from him,
He set the countryside aflame.

He blazed a trail of tears and sorrow,
Until the Rangers came that day;
They shot him down beside the river,
Just as he tried to get away.

Joaquin Murieta was an outlaw,
But some say he was not to blame;
And Californians still remember—
They've made a legend of his name.

No. 889

JOE BOWERS

This is a mid-19th century song of adventure and lost love in the American West. Authorship has been attributed to various individuals, one of whom was Mark Twain, but no claim has been clearly authenticated.

According to W. E. Connelly (Doniphan's Expedition, topeka, Kansas, pp. 5, 10-11), the song was "probably" written by John Woodward, a man associated with Johnson's Minstrels in the years 1849-150s. Connelly "probably" obtained his "probability" from Johnson's Original Comic Songs, San Francisco, 1860), wherein Joe Bowers is credited to J. E. Johnson and John Woodward.

The claim that Joe Bowers was a real person was based upon information in H. C. Merwin's Life of Bret Harte, 1911, p. 59. There is no hard evidence to support such a claim.

The song, however, was one of the more popular of the gold rush era. Broadside versions were issued by A. W. Auner, Philadelphia; De Marsan, New York, List II, No. 48; Partridge, No. 178; and Wehman, New York, No. 455. Versions were also published many songbooks and folios, including: Carncross & Sharples's Minstrel, 1860, p. 38; Gus Williams' Old-Fashioned G. A. R. Camp-Fire Songster, p. 9; J. S.

Berry's Comic Song Book, 1863, p. 60; the Missouri Historical Review 36, Jan. 1942, pp. 204-208; and Tony Pastor's Comic and Eccentric Songster, New York, 1862, p. 28.

Both text and tune of Joe Bowers were frequently adapted. Cowboys adapted the words for Lackey Bill—see Lomax (CS-1919), 83 or (CS-1938), 187—and The Girl I Left Behind VI (see in this Master Book). Innes Randolph borrowed the tune for his I'm A Good Old Rebel (see in this Master Book). For an adaptation by lumbermen, see Shoemaker (NPM), 146.

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295-296 | Lengyel (HB), 23-25 |
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| Downes (1940), 130-131 | Luther, 125 |
| Downes (1943), 158-159 | McMullen, 140 |
| Dwyer, 56-57 | Moore (BFSS), 323-325 |
| Fife, 33-34 | Neely, 185-187 |
| Friedman, 431-432 | Owens (TFS), 132-133 |
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| Hubbard, 302-303 | Pound (SFSN), VII, No. 16 |
| Hudson (FSM), 197-198 | Quarterly (SFL), I, 13-15;
II, 131-133 |
| Ives (SA), 176-177 | Quarterly (WFL), XVI, 111-
120 |
| Ives (SB), 262, 238 | Queries (8/29/37), 27 |
| Jour (AFL), XXV, 16;
XXVIII, 5-7 | Randolph, II, 191-195 |

Ritchie (FS), 69
Scott (FSS), 47
Seeger (6), 47
Shay (DFW), 138-139
Shearin (SKFS), 39
Shellans, 23

Shoemaker (NPM), 39
Silber (SGAW), 18-22
Silverman, II, 210
Songster (29), 39
Songster (86), 98
Vitus, 12

Joe Bowers

My name it is Joe Bowers, I've got a brother Ike;
I come from old Missouri, yes, all the way from Pike.
I'll tell you why I left there, and how I came to roam,
And leave my poor old mammy, so far away from home.

I used to love a girl there, they called her Sally Black;
I asked her for to marry me, she said it with a whack.
Says she to me, "Joe Bowers, before we hitch for life,
You orter have a little home in which to keep your wife."

Says I, "My dearest Sally, oh Sally, for your sake,
I'll go to Californy and try to raise a stake."
Says she to me, "Joe Bowers, oh you're the man to win!
Give me a kiss to seal the bargain," and she threw a
dozen in!

I shall ne'er forget my feelings when I bid adieu to all;
Sally cotched me round the neck, then I began to bawl.
When I sot in, they all commenced—you ne'er did hear
the like—

Now they all took on and cried, the day I left old Pike.

When I got to this 'ere country, I hadn't nary a red,
I had such wolfish feelings I wish'd myself most dead.
But the thoughts of my dear Sally soon made them feelings
git,

And whispered hopes to Bowers—Lord, I wish I had 'em
yit!"

At length I went to mining, put in my biggest licks,
Come down upon the boulders jus' like a ton o' bricks;
I worked both late and early, in rain, and sun, and
snow,

But I was working for my Sally, so 'twas all the same
to Joe.

I made a very lucky strike, as the gold itself did tell,
And saved it for my Sally, the gal I loved so well;
I saved it for my Sally, that I might put it at her
feet,

That she might kiss and hug me, and call me something
sweet.

But one day I got a letter from dear, kind brother Ike—
It came from old Missouri, sent all the way from Pike;
It brought me the goldarn'dest news as ever you did hear—
My heart is almost bustin', so please excuse this tear.

It said my Sal was fickle, that her love for me had fled;
That she'd married with a butcher, who's hair was orful
red!

It told me more than that—oh! it's enough to make one
swear;

It said Sally had a baby, and the baby had red hair!

No. 890

JOE FOWLER BLUES

The Joe Fowler of this song was a boat, not a person; it was, according to Wheeler (SD), 49-50, who found and printed the version below, "one of the most popular packets on the river. She was named for a member of a family vividly identified with historical events on the Western waters—the Mississippi River and its tributaries."

When the packet boat trade became unprofitable, the Joe Fowler was turned into an excursion boat and re-named the Crescent. She was destroyed by fire in 1920.

Joe Fowler Blues

Lawd, Lawd, seems lak I heerd
The Joe Fowler blow,
Lawd, Lawd, Lawd,
Seems lak I heerd the Joe Fowler blow
Blowed me lak she nevuh did befo',
Lawd, Lawd, Lawd,
Blowed me lak she nevuh did befo'.

Lawd, Lawd, blowed lak she had
My baby on bo'd,
Lawd, Lawd, Lawd,
Blowed lak she had my baby on bo'd.
Know you goin' to miss me when I'm gone,
Lawd, Lawd, Lawd,
Know you goin' to miss me when I'm gone.

Lawd, Lawd, miss me
From rollin' in yo' arms,
Lawd, Lawd, Lawd,
Miss me from rollin' in yo' arms.
Fare thee well, honey, fare thee well,
Lawd, Lawd, Lawd,
Fare thee well, my honey, fare thee well.

No. 891

JOE TURNER BLUES

This song was made nationally popular by W. C. Handy, who called it "the granddaddy of blues." Handy took the traditional theme and wrote himself a song. This, however,

is a version of the original song as it was sung in the South. The real name was Turney, not Turner, but the occupation was correctly stated. Pete Turney was Governor of Tennessee. When his term began in 1892, Pete appointed his brother Joe the "long-chain man." It was Joe's job to transport convicts from Memphis to the penitentiary at Nashville. In the mouths of black singers, the name Turney gradually became Turner and, as the song spread from place to place, lines were replaced. The song contained different words in various areas of the South. For examples, in Georgia it was known as Gwine Down That Long, Lonesome Road; in and around Henderson, Kentucky, it known as Gwine Down The River Fo' Long; and in Texas, it became Michigan Water Tastes Like Cherry Wine.

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| Downes (1943), 374-375 | Scarborough (NFS), 265-266 |
| Odum (NHS), 206-207 | Silverman, II, 24 |
| | Silverman (FB), 29-30 |

Joe Turner Blues

I heard Joe Turner done come back,
But he ain't come back to stay;
I heard tell Joe Turner done come back today,
And he found my man, took his away.

Come like he never come before,
But still had his big pistol on;
I heard tell Joe Turner didn't stay too long,
That he took my man and now he's gone!

I'm goin' down river awhile,
But I don't intend for to stay;
That mean old Joe Turner took my man away,
But they gonna turn him loose someday.

They say Joe Turner's come to town,
And he brought a long, long chain;
He shackled my man and put him on a train,
And my tears are falling down like rain.

No. 892

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO

SOURCE SONG. The tune of this song was written down in Queen Elisabeth's Virginal Book in 1578. The words to the version given below were written by Robert Burns, and it was very popular in 19th century America. Dozens of songs use the melody, and some of these are among our finest folk songs. For examples, see Jackson vs Adams II & III and John Chinaman, My Jo in this Master Book; John-ny Bull, My Jo, John in Scott (BA), 118; and When Old Mauch Chunk Was Young in Korson (MMP), 35-36.

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Elson, 81	Rogers, 48
Hopekirk, 71-72	Sedley, 249-250
Knight, 218	Songs (15), 143
Macfarren, 8-9	Wier (LS), 69
MacKay, 72	

John Anderson, My Jo

John Anderson, My Jo, John,
When we were first acquaint,
Your locks were like the Raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is bald, John,
Your looks are like the snow,
Yet blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my Jo.

John Anderson, my Jo, John,
We climb'd the hill together,
And many a canty day, John,
We've had wi' one another.
Now we must totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go;
And we'll sleep together at the foot,
John Anderson, my Jo.

John Anderson, my Jo, John,
When nature first began
To try her canny hand, John,
Her master-work was man;
And you amang the lave, John,
Sae trig frae tap to toe—
She proved herself nae journey-wark,
John Anderson, my Jo.

No. 893

JOHN BROWN'S BABY

A game song sung to the air of John Brown's Body (see immediately following this song). Also see Ten Little Indians in this Master Book. This parody may also be seen in Forbush, 58-59 and Winn (1), 114.

John Brown's Baby

Tune: John Brown's Body

John Brown's baby had a cold upon his chest,
John Brown's baby had a cold upon his chest,
John Brown's baby had a cold upon his chest,
So they rubbed it with camphorated oil.

Chorus

Glory, glory, hallelujah! Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah! They all went marching on!

No. 894

JOHN BROWN'S BODY

also known as

John Brown's Body Lies A-Moldering in the Grave

John Brown was hanged December 2, 1859. This song about him was used as a marching piece during the Civil War and as a spiritual thereafter. The tune is used for several songs, the most famous being Battle Hymn of the Republic (see elsewhere in this Master Book). Authorship of the words is attributed to various persons. According to Staton, p. 50, the words were "written by Frank E. Jerome," who became a resident of Russell, Kansas where he was employed by the Russell Record. According to others, the words were written by an unknown soldier of the 12th Massachusetts regiment, stationed at Fort Warren, Boston. When the 12th Massachusetts regiment was on its way to the front, the soldiers sang the song as they marched through Boston and New York. Almost instantly it became a popular success. For additional information on the tune, see headnotes to Battle Hymn of the Republic.

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| Arnett, 84 | Johnson (FS), 476-478 |
| Best, 117 | Kennedy (TAB), 172 |
| Botkin (APPS), 221 | Kobbe, 158-159 |
| Chapple (HS), 313 | Lomax (ABFS), 528-529 |
| Doerflinger, 72-73 | Lomax (USA), 120-121 |
| Dolph, 248-250 | Luther, 172, 209 |
| Downes (1943), 178 | Mackenzie (SH), 88 |
| Gardner (FSH), 237 | Marsh (SJS), 223-224 |
| Glass (SS-2), 6 | Okun, 32-33 |
| Hugill (1), 442-444 | Piper (SPPG), 270 |

Seeger (6), 62

Silverman, II, 325

Smith (MW), 40

Songs (15), 61

Staton, 50

Terry, II, 18

Whitman, 35-36

John Brown's Body

John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave,
But his soul goes marching on!

Chorus

Glory, glory, hallelujah! Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah! His soul is marching on!

He captured Harper's Ferry with his nineteen men
so true,
And he frightened old Virginia till she trembled
through and through;
They hung him for a traitor, themselves the traitor
crew,
But his soul goes marching on.

John Brown, he died that the Slave might be free (3)
But his soul is marching on!

Now has come the great and glorious jubilee, (3)
When mankind will all walk free.

No. 895

JOHN CHINAMAN, MY JO

This blatantly racist song was issued as gold rush humor
by its author, J. W. Conner, in Conner's Irish Song Book,

San Francisco, D. E. Appleton & Company, 1868. The song is given here because it is one of the very few dealing with the Oriental population in America.

REFERENCES

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Dwyer, 119

Lingenfelter, 301

John Chinaman, My Jo

Tune: John Anderson, My Jo

John Chinaman, my Jo, John, you're coming precious fast;
Each ship that sails from Shanghai brings an increase on
the last.

And when you'll stop invading us, I'm blest, now, if
I know;

You'll outnumber us poor Yankees, John Chinaman, my Jo.

John Chinaman, my Jo, John, you not only come in shoals,
But you often shake the washing stuff, and spoil the
water holes.

And, of course, that riles the miners, John, and enrages
them, you know;

For they drive you frequently away, John Chinaman, my Jo.

John Chinaman, my Jo, John, you used to live on rice,
But now you purchase flour, plums, and other things that's
nice.

And I see a butcher's shop, John, at your Chinese place
below;

And you like your mutton now and then, John Chinaman, my
Jo.

John Chinaman, my Jo, John, the folks at you may rail,
Here's blessings on your head, John, and more power to
your tail.

But a bit of good advice, John, I'll give you, ere I go—
Don't abuse the freedom you enjoy, John Chinaman, my Jo.

No. 896

JOHN HARDY

also known as

John Harty

This is a "badman song" based upon an actual crime. John Hardy worked for the Shawnee Coal Company and had a reputation for being a roughneck. He got into an argument during a crap game and killed a man. He was caught, tried, convicted and sentenced to death. He was hanged in Welch, West Virginia, January 19, 1894. Cox (FSS), who says the song originated in West Virginia, gives excellent notes of the song, including testimony of several persons who knew Hardy.

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284-285 | Lomax (FSNA), 271-273 |
| Cox (FSS), 175-178 | Lomax (PB), 119 |
| Downes, 216-217, 318-319 | Lomax (USA), 306-307 |
| Friedman, 392-396 | Morris, 93-94 |
| Gainer, 114-115 | Okun, 160-161 |
| Gainer (100), No. 14 | Pub (TFLS), VII, 115-116 |
| Gordon (FSA), June 5,
1927 | Randolph, II, 144-147 |
| Jour (AFL), XXII, 247;
XXVI, 163; XXVIII,
14; XXIX, 400; XXXII,
505-520 | Roberts (IP), 163-165 |
| Laws (AB), I 2 | Roberts (SBS), 122-123 |
| Leach (BB), 759-761 | Roberts (TSCF), No. 30 |
| Lomax (ABFS), 124-126 | Sharp, II, 35-36 |
| | Shearin (SKFS), 19 |
| | Silverman, I, 65 |
| | Talley, 105 |
| | White, 189 |

John Hardy

John Hardy was a desp'rate little man,
Carried two guns every day;
He shot a man on that West Virginia line—
You oughta seen Joh Hardy get away,
Lord, Lord,
You oughta seen John Hardy get away.

He went to the end of the East Stone bridge,
Where he thought he would be free;
But stepped a man and took him by the arm,
Saying, Johnny, come and walk with me.
Lord, Lord, etc.

They took John Hardy down to the town,
They looked him up in jail;
He asked for his mama and his papa
To come and go his bail.
Lord, Lord, etc.

His mama and his papa they came 'round,
And brung the money for to pay,
But money don't do in a murdering case,—
They kept John Hardy locked away.
Lord, Lord, etc.

John Hardy had a pretty little girl,
The dress that she wore was blue;
She came skipping thro' that old jail hall,
Saying, "Daddy, I will always be true."
Lord, Lord, etc.

John Hardy had another little girl,
The dress that she wore was red;
She followed John Hardy to the hanging ground,
Saying, "Daddy, I would rather be dead."
Lord, Lord, etc.

I been to the East, I been to the West,
I been this wide world round;
I been to the river and been baptized,
Now I'm a-standing on the hanging ground.
Lord, Lord, etc.

John Hardy stood upon the scaffold there,
His loving wife began to cry;
The very last words he ever heard her say
Was, "I'll meet you in the sweet bye and bye!"
Lord, Lord, etc.

No. 897

JOHN HENRY AND THE HAMMER I
also known as

Ballad of John Henry
Every Monday Morning

Johnnie Henry
Steel-Driving Man

John Henry is an American folk hero; he is in a class all by himself. Unlike Paul Bunyan, who did highly exaggerated things, John Henry was a man rather than a superman. He was like you and me—only a little bit better. His story celebrates a triumph of man over machine. That explains his popular appeal. That and the fact that his contest with a machine has real meaning. For the machine was being tested to determine whether or not the steel drivers, or shakers, and the drill holders, or turners, should be replaced. So John Henry was not just a black man showing off muscle—he was a man fighting for his job, his family and his fellow workers. In fact, he represents all human struggle against great natural and mechanical forces. So he became a hero, a legendary figure, and one that may yet save us.

John Henry, the Steel-Driving Man, an undated broad-side signed W. T. Blankenship was discovered around the latter part of the 19th century, and its appearance aroused an almost unbelievable interest. John Henry was discussed in articles, newspapers, university class-rooms and at dinner parties. Two questions were of prime importance to folklorists and historians: Did such a person ever exist? Did a contest between a steel-driver and a steam-drill ever take place? The answer to the first question is yes, to the second no. For those interested in the details, the following works are recommended: B. A. Botkin's A Treasury of American Folklore (New York, 1944), B. A. Botkin's A Treasury of Southern Folklore (New York, 1949), Louis W. Chappell's JOHN HENRY: A Folklore Study (Jena, Germany, 1933), Marion Cooke's Tracking Down a Ghost (TRACKS, Vol 29, Feb. 1944, No. 2, Chesapeake & Ohio, Nickel Plate, Pere Marquette), and Guy B. Johnson's JOHN HENRY: Tracking Down a Negro Legend (Chapel Hill, 1929). To locate these works, consult the Bibliography and Reference Guide in this Master Book.

There are two types of John Henry songs— the ballad type and the work-song type; and each type has its own form and structure. There are, literally, hundreds of versions of each type and this fact caused a division of opinion among folklorists as to which came first, the ballad type or the work-song type. A lot of time was wasted on this question, but not here. I do not know which type came first.

I do know that the "fusion" process was at work, resulting in the mixing together of similar but unrelated songs. For example, John Hardy (see preceding song) was a contemporary of John Henry, and the song about him was almost as popular. It is not surprising to learn that the two names were frequently substituted, one for the

other, at the folk level. The fused versions are there to substantiate the fusion process. For a thorough and documented discussion of the Hardy-Henry fusion, see Henry (FSSH), 441-442; Jour (AFL), XXXII, 505-520; Steely, 184-185, and White, 189-190.

We find John Henry mentioned in many songs, sometimes for no apparent reason. Other songs present him as this or that or simply copy the form and tune of one of the many ballads about him. For example, one song presents him as a river roustabout, and has him saying:

Looked up and down the river,
Twice as far as I could see.
Seed befo' I gits to be twenty-one,
De Anchor Line gonter b'long to me,
Lawd, Lawd,
De Anchor Line gonter b'long to me.

Above stanza is from Roark Bradford's JOHN HENRY (New York: Harper & Bros., 1931), pp. 1-4. It was reprinted in Botkin (AFL), 239.

In a version given by Brown, II, 270 & IV, 292, John Henry says, "I been a miner all o' my life." In other songs he is a "railroad man" and a "water boy" or is nothing more than a tagged on name. For an example of the latter, see My Li'l John Henry in Lomax (ABFS), 198-199 or Little John Henry (same piece) in Lomax (FSNA), 561-564. The same piece is also in Lomax (OSC), 258-261.

The A and B versions given below are both of the ballad type.

For a variation, see The Yew-Pine Mountains in Combs (FSUS), 166.

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298-301

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Courlander (NSA), 64-72	Lomax (PB), 88
Cox (FSS), 185-186 <u>H</u>	Lomax (USA), 258-261
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Emrich (CBF), 21	Okun, 78-79
Friedman, 383-386	Ritchie (SFC), 264-265
Gainer, 112-113	Roberts (IP), 160-163
Gainer (100), No. 13	Sandburg (AS), 24-25
Grafman, 107	Scarborough (NFS), 220-222
Haywood (FSW), 40-41	Scott (SA), 17
Henry (FSSH), 446-447	Seeger (1), 154-155
Ives (SA), 228-230	Seeger (6), 82
Johnson (JH), 89, 123	Siegmeister, 68-71
Jour (AFL), XXII, 249; XXVI, 163	Silverman, II, 414
Kennedy (TAB), 77-80	Talley, 105
Leach (BB), 756-757	White, 189-191, 260-263
Leisy, 189-191	Whitman, 65-66
Leisy (IAS), 34-35	Williams (BS), 407
	Work (ANSS), 242-243

John Henry and the Hammer I A

John Henry had a little baby boy,
He held him in the palm of his hand;
And he looked at him and he said with a grin,
"You're gonna be a steel-drivin' man, Lawd! Lawd!
You're gonna be a steel-drivin' man."

John Henry overheard the captain say,
"I'm gonna bring a steam drill around;
Gonna take that steam drill out there on the job,
I'm gonna whop that steel on down, Lawd! Lawd! etc

John Henry told the captain with a smile,
"A man ain't nothin' more than a man,
But if I can't do what that steam drill can do,
I'll die with my hammer in my hand, Lawd! Lawd!

John Henry took his hammer in his hand
And said, "Come on and sing, shaker, sing!
I'm throwin' forty pound from my hip on down—
Jus' listen to that cold steel ring, Lawd! Lawd!

The sun was bright and burnin' hot all day,
There was never a sign of a breeze;
That new steam drill didn't pay the heat no mind—
Kep right on a-workin' with ease, Lawd! Lawd!

John Henry's hammer struck a little fire,
As he hammered on that stone mountain-side;
And he pounded on til his heart gave away,
And he lay down his hammer and he died, Lawd! Lawd!

They haul'd his body 'way from the track,
And they dug him a grave in the sand;
At his head they put a tombstone that said:
"In this place lies a steel-drivin' man, Lawd! Lawd!
In this place lies a steel-drivin' man."

VERSION B TUNE: SAME AS A

For similar versions, see: Greenway, 107; Henry (FSSH),
446-447 C and Work (ANSS), 242-243.

John Henry was a little bitty boy,
A-sittin' on his Papa's knee,
When he shouted out, for the whole world to hear:
"That hammer's gonna be the death of me, Lawd! Lawd!
That hammer's gonna be the death of me!"

They took John Henry down to the mine,
He picked up a hammer from the ground;
When the hammer struck, you could feel the
 whole earth shake,
And nothin' but his hammer comin' down, Lawd! Lawd!

John Henry had a woman that he loved,
And he called her his sweet Julie Ann;
Julie Ann went down to the mine for a day,
And she hammered steel like a man, Lawd! Lawd!

O, who will shoe your pretty little feet?
And who's gonna glove your hand?
And who's gonna buy you a long silken gown?
And who's gonna be your lovin' man? Lawd! Lawd!

My Papa will shoe my little feet,
And my Mama she will glove my hand;
And I'll buy myself my own silken gown,
For I won't ever marry no man, Lawd! Lawd!

John Henry spoke to his captain and said,
"I know a man ain't nothin' but a man,
But before I'll let your steam drill beat me down,
I'll die with my hammer in my hand, Lawd! Lawd!"

John Henry tried but took sick and died,
And they buried him deep in the sand;
And somebody wrote on the stone at his head,
"John Henry was a steel-drivin' man, Lawd! Lawd!"

John Henry had a pretty little gal,
The dress that she wore it was red;
And she walked down the rack, and she never
 looked back,
Says, "I'm goin' where John Henry fell dead, Lawd!
 Lawd!

I'm goin' where John Henry fell dead."

No. 898

JOHN HENRY AND THE HAMMER II

also known as

Big Ben Tunnel

Nine Pound Hammer

Ever Since Uncle John Henry

This Ole Hammer

Been Dead

Here we have three different but related "work type" John Henry songs. The songs given as versions A, B, and C are associated with John Henry because his name appears in the various texts. Another thing the songs have in common is the tune, though each may also have an air of its own.

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Scarborough (NFS), 220

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Scott (SA), 3-4

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Seeger (1), 149

XXVI, 180; XXVII,

Silverman, II, 402

249; XXVIII, 14; XXIX,

White, 261

400; XXXII, 505

Work (ANSS), 233

John Henry and the Hammer II A

Nine pound hammer killed John Henry!

Nine pound hammer killed John Henry!

Nine pound hammer killed John Henry!

But this ol' hammer won't kill me!

If I live to see december, (3)

Goin' back home, babe, goin' back home.

Big Big Tunnel killed John Henry, (3)

Somebody dyin' ev'ry day.

That ol' mountain over yonder, (3)
Killed him dead, babe, killed him dead!

Goin' back to live in Georgia, (3)
That's my home, babe, that's my home.

Nine pound hammer killed John Henry, (3)
Don't worry, babe, it won't kill me.

VERSION B

This ol' hammer swings real easy;
Workin' hard, boys, workin' hard.

Been a-workin' on this mountain
Seven years, boys, seven years.

Ain't no hammer on this mountain
Rings like mine, boys, rings like mine.

This ol' hammer earns my livin',
Drivin' steel, boys, drivin' steel.

Gave the captain my ol' hammer,
Goin' home, boys, goin' home.

Lay my body in this mountain,
When I die, boys, when I die.

My ol' hammer shines like silver,
In the sun, boys, in the sun.

VERSION C

If I could drive like John Henry,
I'd go home, babe, I'd go home.

If I had me fifty dollars,
We'd live good, babe, we'd live good.

This ol' hammer killed John Henry—
Can't kill me, babe, can't kill me.

When I come home with my money,
No more trials, babe, no more trials.

No. 899

JOHN HENRY AND THE HAMMER III

also known as

Chain-gang Hammer

Gone on Home

Round Bald Mountain

Take My Hammer

Take This Hammer

Tell the Captain

This song is much older than the story of John Henry, but we frequently find versions that mention him by name. The popular versions that circulated during the folk-song craze of the 1950s and '60s were usually rewritten by professional entertainers and did not, for the most part, mention John Henry at all.

Version A became extensively popular under the title, Take This Hammer. Version B is not as well-known but it retains John Henry's name in the text and is considered, by some, to be an independent song. Versions have been published in sheet music form under the title, Bald Mountain.

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Best, 26-27

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Brown, II, 626

Edwards (CHSB), 101, 102

Fowke (SWF), 80-81

Henry (FSSH), 443-445

Silverman, II, 360

Lomax (USA), 322-323

Warner, 87.

Scott (FSS), 22

White, 259

Siegmeister, 48-49

John Henry and the Hammer III A

Take my hammer, give it to the captain!
Take my hammer, give it to the captain!
Take my hammer, give it to the captain!
Tell 'im I'm gone, jus' gone on home!

Tell the captain how it killed John Henry, (3)
It won't kill me, it won't kill me.

If he ask you if I was a-runnin', (3)
Tell 'im I was flyin', a-flyin' on home.

I'm damn tired drillin' on this mountain, (3)
Don't want no more, don't want no more.

Got a letter, got it from my baby, (3)
Said, "Come on home, jus' come on home."

Tell the captain he can have my hammer, (3)
Don't need it no more, don't need it no more!

VERSION B

I been drivin' all around Bald Mountain, (3)
Now's my time, buddy, now's my time.

Say, Ol' Man, where'd you get your learnin', (3)
'Bout the world, buddy, 'bout the world?

Got my learnin' in the Big Bend Tunnel, (3)
Stay awhile, buddy, stay awhile.

This old hammer surely must be loaded, (3)
It don't ring, buddy, it don't ring.

I been drivin' since John Henry was a baby, (3)
He's a man, buddy, he's a man.

Everything that you see a-shinin', (3)
Ain't pure gold, buddy, ain't pure gold.

No. 900

JOHN HENRY AND THE HAMMER IV

also known as

Ashville Junction
Drivin' Steel
My Old Hammah

Swannanoa Town
Swannanoa Tunnel
Swan O Tunnel

If the tune and certain lines of this song are familiar, the explanation is simple: it is a compounded song, put together by materials belonging to various other songs. The tune is obviously a reworking of Irish Girl I B (see in this Master Book). For a song with distinct similarities in text and tune, see East Colorado Blues in Lomax (FSNA), 549.

According to Scarborough, the tune of her version "is the first part of Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing." Other collectors say the tune is derived from No Hiding Place I (see in this Master Book), which is an indication that the song has been sung to many tunes over the years.

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| Edwards (CHSB), 106 | Scarborough (NFS), 219-220 |
| Henry (FSSH), 448-449 | Sharp, II, 42-44 |
| | White, 261 |

John Henry and the Hammer IV

Swannanoa Town, O Swannanoa Town,
O that's my home, baby, that's my home.

I've got the hammer that killed John Henry,
Killed him dead, baby, killed him dead.

I'm goin' back to Swannanoa Town,
Before long, baby, before long.

O look for me till your eyes run water,
I'll be home, baby, I'll be home.

Don't you remember last November?
Wind blowed cold, baby, wind blowed cold.

I didn't come here to get learnin',
Cause I know, baby, cause I know.

No. 901

JOHNNY BOKER
also known as

Johnny Booker
Johnny Bowker
Johnny Polka

Johnny Poker
Jonny Boker
Knock John Booker

Versions of this song have been collected in shanty form on both sides of the Atlantic, but first it was a popular minstrel song. Apparently its land history was unknown to most collectors. According to Colcord, "Johnny Boker is one of the mysterious heroes of shantymen, about whom nothing much is known than his name." Linscott simply refers to it "as one of the oldest"

shanties known. Colcord does point out the melodic similarities between the shanty and a shore ballad called Aunt Jemima's Plaster (see in MB). A comparison of the shanty chorus with the minstrel chorus will suffice to show a relationship in words as well as in melody. The minstrel chorus begins:

O, Jonny Boker, helpt dat nigger,
Do, Jonny Boker, do!

For minstrel versions, see Nathan, 439, who reprints the version in The Ethiopian Glee Book, II (Boston, 1848), 80, where the title was misprinted as Jenny Boker, The Rose-Bud Songster (Richard Marsh, N. Y. C.), 95 and Trifet's Budget of Music No. 15 (March, 1892), 136.

For a derivative, see Mister Booger, or The Old Wagoner in Randolph, II, 344-345.

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| Colcord, 44 | Scarborough (NFS), 100 |
| Davis (SSC), 64 | Sharp (EFC-2), 45 |
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| Greenleaf, 339 | Shay (IMWS), 97 |
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Johnny Boker

Do, my Johnny Boker,
Come rock and roll me over,
Do, my Johnny Boker, do!

Do, my Johnny Boker,
From Wilmington to Dover,
Do, my Johnny Boker, do!

Do, my Johnny Boker,
The old man he's a-growlin',
Do, my Johnny Boker, do!

Do, my Johnny Boker,
The gale is now a-howlin',
Do, my Johnny Boker, do!

Do, my Johnny Boker,
The weather's thick and hazy,
Do, my Johnny Boker, do!

Do, my Johnny Boker,
It nearly drives me crazy,
Do, Johnny Boker, do!

Do, my Johnny Boker,
Let's haul and sway together,
Do, my Johnny Boker, do!

Do, my Johnny Boker,
We'll soon have finer weather,
Do, my Johnny Boker, do!

No. 902

JOHNNY BULL I

also known as

Johnny Bull, My Jo, John

This song, originally a broadside, was written shortly after the termination of the War of 1812, and it recapitulates the war from the imaginative American's point of view.

During the month of December, 1861, some 87 British ships-of-war were lying in the waters of the West Indies, an event that caused consternation in the North. This inspired a Southern author to parody the piece dealing with the War of 1812:

O Johnny Bull, my Jo, John,
I wonder what you mean
By sending all these fregates out,
Commissioned by the Queen!
You'll frighten off the Yankees, John,
And why should you do so?
But catch and sink, or burn them all,
O Johnny Bull, my Jo!

For an additional stanza of the Southern song, see Songster (10), 14-18 or Staton, 73-74.

The 1812 war broadside below does not, to my knowledge, appear in any of the recognized folk collections and is given here as a piece of interesting and important American musical history.

Johnny Bull I

Tune: John Anderson, My Jo

Oh, Johnny Bull, my jo, John, I wonder what you mean:
Are you on foreign conquest bent, or what ambitious
scheme?

Now heed your brother Jonathan, your fruitless plans
forego;

Remain on your fast-anchored isle, Oh, Johnny Bull,
my jo!

Oh, Johnny Bull, my jo, John, don't come across the main;
Our fathers bled and suffered, John, our freedom to
maintain.

And his who in the cradle, John, repelled the ruthless
foe,

Provoke not when to manhood grown, Oh, Johnny Bull,
my jo!

Oh, Johnny Bull, my jo, John, on Erie's distant shore,
See how the battle rages, and loud the cannons roar.
But Perry taught our seamen to crush the assailing foe;
He met and made them ours, Oh, Johnny Bull, my jo!

What though at Washington a bass marauding band,
Our monuments of art, John, destroyed with ruthless hand?
It was a savage warfare, beneath a generous foe,
And brings the more disgrace on you, Oh, Johnny Bull,
my jo!

Oh, Johnny Bull, my jo, John, when all your schemes have
failed,
To wipe away the stigmas, John, for New Orleans you
sailed.
Far heavier woes await thee, John, for Jackson meets
the foe,
Whose name and fame's immortal, Oh, Johnny Bull, my jo!

No. 903

JOHNNY BULL II

also known as

The Bold Benicia Boy

Heenan and Sayers

This song is so similar to Morrissey and the Russian (see in this Master Book) that some versions of it are in print under the title: Morrissey and the Benicia Boy. In fact, some versions are little more than Morrissey and the Russian with name changes for the two fighters. See and compare The Bold Irish Yankey Benicia Boy in Ashland (MSB), 71-74.

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Johnny Bull II

Over in old merry England,
The home of Johnny Bull,
All the Britains filled their glasses
And drank them brimming full.
The toast they were drinking,
'Twas e'er to Britain brave,
For we're the bully champions
On land and on wave.

Then up steps old Uncle Same
From across the raging main,
And he says, "Is that old England
A-bellowing again?
Or has she forgotten
How once we made her run,
Defeating all her armies
And liberty won?"

It was in old merry England,
All in the bloom of spring,
That they put an English bully
All naked in the ring,
To fight noble Heenan,
Our gallant son of Troy,
And try his English muscle
On our favorite boy.

All the coppers they were taken,
The minutes did begin;
It was two to one on Sayers
When bets came rushing in.

When round one was ended,
Our Heenan felt quite low,
And what a crimson tide
From his nose did flow.

Uncle Johnny then remembered
The fight at Bunker Hill,
Where the mighty English lion
Of terror got his fill.
We taught them a lesson,
Which caused them all to shy—
When you boast about your muscle,
John Bull, mind your eye!

The last round they fought, my boy,
The world did never see;
For the son of Uncle Sam
Rose a champion on his knee.
The followers did laugh
While he held them in the air,
When from his breast he threw them
The Englishman did stare.

How come all you Yankee heroes
From ev'ry clime and trade,
Look upon your lofty eagle
And never be a'raid.
May the Union live forever,
The flag be unfurled,
For Heenan is our champion
And king of the world!

No. 904

JOHNNY COOK

also known as

Fair John and the Seven

Foresters

James O' Broodies

Johnie Cock

Johnnie of Breadislee

Johnnie of Cockerslee

This ballad is No. 114 in the Francis Child collection, and he tells us: "The first notice in print of this precious specimen of the unspoiled traditional ballad is in Ritson's Scottish Song, 1794, I, xxxvi, note 25Scott, 1802, was the first to publish the ballad, selecting the stanzas of greatest merit from several copies which were in his hands." Although the ballad has been recovered from American tradition, it has not been recovered in its entirety.

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II, 276
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Quiller-Couch, 707-712
Scott (MSB), I, 59
Whiting (TBB), 111-114

Johnny Cook

Johnny Cook rose one May mornin'
And washed his face and hands;
He did not know his two bloodhounds
Were bound in iron bands, bands,
Were bound in iron bands.

Johnny's mother got word of that,
And fear for him to roam;
"O, Johnny, for my peace of mind,
I wish you'd stay at home, home, etc.

"They have got seven foresters,
At Bowan Fork they dwell,
And for a drop of your heart's blood,
They'll ride the fords of hell, hell, etc."

Johnny Cook was impressed by that,
For he knew what it did mean;
He took off his red scarlet shirt
And dressed himself in green, green, etc.

With his arrows and dear-skin sheaf,
And bent bow in his hand,
He mounted on his snow-white steed,
And rode across the land, land, etc.

Rode he in by the Bowan Fork,
The air was fresh and clean,
And there he spied a good dun deer
Upon the grass so green, green, etc.

Johnny shot and the dun deer leaped
With a death wound in its side;
Between the river and the woods,
The deer fell down and died, died, etc.

Johnny knifed and then carved the deer,
And then he ate his fill;
He fell asleep beneath a tree,
But forgot to hide his kill, kill, etc.

Seven foresters found him there,
And quietly gathered round;
But Johnny woke and quickly rose,
And struck them to the ground, ground, etc.

Six foresters had Johnny slain,
The seventh wounded sore;
He mounted on his snow-white steed
And said, "I'll kill no more, more, etc.

No. 905

JOHNNY DOYLE

also known as

Johnnie Dile

Johnny Dials

Johnny Dile

Johnny Dye

Johnny Dyers

Lost Johnny Doyle

This is an old Irish ballad that became popular in England and America; it deals with a familiar folk theme—a young girl who is forced to marry an older, richer man while in love with a young but poor one. The story is similar to that of The Bride's Death (see in MB) and The Plymouth Tragedy, a stall ballad issued by Pitt's. However, the details in the stories differ considerably.

Broadsides of the ballad are on file in the Harvard College Library, and these include: Bebbington, Manchester, No. 354; DeMarsan (List 11), No. 50; and Such, No. 310.

The more recent American versions of Johnny Doyle are different in text but similar in theme. For example, see Henry (FSSH), 162-163.

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Johnny Doyle

O here I am a fair maiden, all tangled in my love,
And my case I'll make known to the good Lord above.
I thought it a right thing but it caused much turmoil,
This roaming the world over with young Johnny Doyle.

It was last Saturday evening that we made up the plan,
On early Monday morning for to run away by land.
My waiting maid was standing by, as you can plainly see;
She slipped into my mama's room and told upon me.

Then my mama conducted me into the bedroom high,
Where no one else could hear me and have pity for my cry.
She bundled up my clothes, and she bade me be gone;
For she knew well, within her heart, I loved young
Johnny Doyle.

There was horse and side-saddle that my father did
provide,
In hopes that I would marry, that I'd be Tom Lindall's
bride.

A horse and side-saddle my dear father did prepare,
And with six noble footmen for to wait on me there.

So we rode all along till we came to Belfast town,
Our horses they were stabled and footmen settled down;
While they were at their merriment, I suffered deep
 turmoil,
For my heart did stay at home with my own Johnny Doyle.

By my handsome eldest brother I was conducted home;
My mother she then conducted me into my own bedroom.
My own bed being softest, my head I did lie down,
For to seek consoling sorrow—but peace could not be
 found.

"Now you close the door, dear mama, don't let Tom
 Lindall in!

O, marry him I cannot, for it would be a sin!
Tonight is the night, mama, that he comes to my side;
But he will never get the girl he wants for his bride!"

When she looked and saw the preacher a-coming through
 the door,
Her ear-rings they were bursted and they fell upon the
 floor;
The ring on her finger in a hundred pieces did fly,
Her corset stays came all undone, and death was drawing
 nigh.

"I will send for Johnny Doyle, dear, and fetch him here
 tonight;
I'll send for Johnny Doyle, and he'll bring you much
 delight."

"Yes, send for Johnny, mama, tho' I fear it is too late;
For I feel death a-coming now, and sad will be my fate."

"Death, I see you a-coming now, and welcome you will
be;
I'm sure from pain of love you will quickly set me
free!
There is trouble on my mind, far more than tongue
can tell,
But these are my dying words: Dear Johnny, fare you
well!"

No. 906

JOHNNY HAZELGREEN

also known as

Jock o' Hazeldean

John Over the Hazel Green

John of Hazelgreen

Willie of Hazel Green

This is an American version of the old Scottish song, Jock o' Hazeldean, which, according to Child, V, 160, was first printed "in Campbell's Albyn's Anthology, I, p. 18" in the year 1816. The text is much older, but was different from the words we have. Sir Walter Scott wrote three additional stanzas to match the one collected along the Scottish Border by Campbell, and it is Scott's text that became popular in North America. The tune was traced by William Chappell to the old English song, In January Last, and tells us it is one of the tunes known as Northern Nanny; or, The Loving Lasse's Lamentation.

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Johnny Hazelgreen

"Why are you weeping here, my girl,
Along the riverside?
Just come along and meet my son,
And you shall be his bride.
O, you shall be his bride, girl,
And live like some rich queen."
She said, "Kind sir, I'm weeping here
For Johnny Hazelgreen."

"Then dry your tears and weep no more,
And come along with me;
My son is young and handsome, too,
And lord of all you see.
He's lord of all you see, girl,
And you shall be his queen."
She said, "Kind sir, my heart belongs
To Johnny Hazelgreen."

He took her gently by the hand,
And took her into town;
He purchased there a wedding ring,
And bought a wedding gown.
"My son will ease your heart, girl,
And never treat you mean."
But still she let the tears fall down
For Johnny Hazelgreen.

He took her home to meet his son,
To drive away her fears;
"My name," he said, "is Hazelgreen,
And there's no need for tears.
No, there's no need for tears, girl—
My son shall have his queen.
I've brought you home to weep no more
For Johnny Hazelgreen."

No. 907

JOHNNY, I HARDLY KNEW YOU

This is an Irish adaptation of an American Civil War song. It was popular with balladeers and folk song fans, but seldom appeared in traditional-type folk song collections.

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Silverman, II, 292

Johnny, I Hardly Knew You

Tune: When Johnny Comes Marching Home

Where are your legs with which you run, Haroo, haroo?
Where are your legs with which you run, Haroo, haroo?
Where are you legs with which you run,
When first you went to carry a gun?
I fear your dancing days are done.
Johnny, I hardly knew you.

Chorus

With your guns and drums and drums and guns, Haroo, haroo,
With your guns and drums and drums and guns, Haroo, haroo,
With your guns and drums and drums and guns,
The enemy nearly slew you.
Oh, Johnny dear, you look so queer—
Johnny, I hardly knew you.

And where are your eyes that looked so mild, etc.
When you first my innocent heart beguiled?
And why did you run from me and the child?
Johnny, I hardly knew you.

You haven't an arm and you haven't a leg, etc.
Your're an eyeless, boneless, chickenless egg—
You'll have to be put with a bowl to beg!
Johnny, I hardly knew you.

'Tis glad I am to see you home, etc.
Safe from the war, no more to roam,
But low in the flesh and high in the bone—
Johnny, I hardly knew you.

No. 908

JOHNNY RINGO

This mellow little song about a one-time gunman and outlaw does not appear in any of the traditional collections. The version below is from Dickson Hall's Outlaws of the Old West, an MGM Records album issued in the late 1950s, and is reproduced here with Hall's permission. The tune is obviously an adaptation of one used for Cotton Eyed Joe I (see in MB).

Johnny Ringo (real name, John Ringgold) was a cousin of of the Younger Brothers (see Cole Younger in MB). When

Texas became legally uncomfortable for him, Ringo went to Arizona. There he joined forces with Old Man Clanton and his band of rustlers and gunmen (see Gun Fight at the O. K. Corral in MB). He also joined forces with Curly Bill Brocius, another notorious rustler who led a gang that operated around Tombstone, Arizona (see Curley Bill in MB).

It is generally agreed among scholars of Western history and folklore that Johnny Ringo was one of the most dangerous men with a six-gun that ever lived. His reputation for speed and accuracy was so great that even members of his won group were afraid of him. It is a matter of record that he once challenged Wyatt Earp to a "nose to nose, boot to boot" duel on the main street of Tombstone. The challenge came to nothing due to the interference of Doc Holliday (see in MB) who was friendly with both men. On July 14, 1882, Johnny Ringo's body was discovered near Turkey Creek, Arizona, in the foothills of the Chirichua mountains. He had been shot through the head and left lying against the trunk of a tree. It was later learned that his killer was John O'Rourke, a gambler whom Ringo had once wanted to hang "just for the fun of it."

Johnny Ringo

O, where do you come from, movin' so slow?
And why did you come here, Johnny Ringo?

Well, I came from somewhere—where I won't say,
But I came to your town expectin' to stay.

O, why do you wear guns, wear 'em so low?
And why do you need them, Johnny Ringo?

Well, I wear a six-gun, one on each side,
And I've notches to show for men who have died.

O, you'll never leave here, that you must know;
You'll die with your boots on, Johnny Ringo.

Well, when it's all over, I'll have no regret;
It'll be the first time I've been buried yet!

No. 909

JOHNNY SANDS AND BETTY HAGUE

also known as

Betty Hague

A Husband's Revenge

Johnny Sams

Johnnie Sands

Johnny Vands

Tied Hands

This song was written by a professional songwriter, John Sinclair, and was published around 1842. It was featured across by America by the famous Hutchinson Family singers, which probably accounts for its wide popularity in the decades prior to the Civil War.

The song is frequently confused with The Victim (see in MB), but not without good reason. John Sinclair merely rewrote the older English song but did not alter the subject or the theme.

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Levy, 33
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Owens (TFS), 207-209	Shay (PF-3), 158-160
	Stout, 65-68

Johnny Sands and Betty Hague

A man whose name was Johnny Sands had married Betty
Hague,
And tho' she brought him gold and lands, she proved a
terrible plague;
For oh! she was a scolding wife, full of caprice and
whim,
He said that he was tired of life, and she was tired
of him,
And she was tired of him, and she was tired of him.

Says he "Then I will drown myself—the river runs below."
Says she, "Pray do, you silly elf! I wished it long ago."
Says he "Upon the brink I'll stand, do you run down the
hill,

And push me in with all your might." Says she, "My
love I will!

Says she, "My love I will! Says she, My love I will!"

For fear that I should courage lack and try to save my
life,

Pray tie my hands behind my back." "I will," replied
his wife.

She tied them fast as you may think, and when securely
done,

"Now stand," she says, "upon the brink and I'll prepare to run.

And I'll prepared to run, and I'll prepared to run."

All down the hill his loving bride now ran with all her force,

To push him in. He stepped aside, and she fell in, of course.

Now splashing, dashing like a fish, "Oh save me, Johnny Sands!"

"I can't, my dear, tho' much I wish, for you have tied my hands!

For you have tied my hands! For you have tied my hands!"

No. 910

JOHNNY SCOTT

also known as

Bonnie Johnnie Scot	Lord Johnnie Scott
Jack the Little Scot	Love Johnny
Johnnie Scot	McNaughton
Lord John	Young Johnny Scott

The story told by this ballad is rooted deep in European history and tradition. According to Child, "The Rev. Andrew Hall, in his interesting Roman Antiquities, recently discovered in Fife, 1823, p. 216, relates the following:

James Macgill, of Lindorea, had killed Sir Robert Balfour...in a duel which he had wished to avoid, about the year 1679. Macgill immediately went up to London in order to procure his pardon, which it seems the king, Charles II, offered to grant him upon condition of his fighting an Italian gladiator or bravo, or, as he was then called, a bully; which, it is said

none could be found to do...Accordingly a large stage was erected for the exhibition before the king and the court. Sir James, it is said, stood on the defensive till the bully had spent himself a little, being a taller man than Sir James. In his mighty gascondading and brava-doing he actually leaped over the knight, but in attempting to do this a second time Sir James ran his sword up through him, and then called out, "I have spitted him; let them roast him who will." This not only procured his pardon, but he was knighted on the spot.

The same story is told about the Breton seigneur Les Aubrays, or Lizandre, of St. Brieux, who was ordered by the French king to undertake a combat with a wild Moor.

The version of the ballad given below has Johnny Scott fighting the Italian for love as well as for pardon.

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| Flanders (BMNE), 101-104 | 211, 213, 394 |
| Greig & Keith, 74-75 | Sharp, I, 215-218 |
| Henry (FSSH), 100-102 | |

Johnny Scott

Young Johnny Scott a-hunting went
Into the woods so wild;
With the fairest young lady in old Ireland,
Johnny Scott fell in love.

The word into the kitchen went,
Likewise into the hall;
And the word unto her father did go,
And that is the worst of all.

Her father was himself the king,
And soon the word he got—
That his daughter would a mother be,
Because of Johnny Scott.

The king wrote him a brief letter,
And stamped it with his ring;
He sent it straight to Johnny Scott,
Who knew nothing of the thing.

When Johnny saw the king's letter,
A sorry knight was he:
"It's to the palace I must go,
The king has sent for me."

Now with him was a brave young knight,
A worthy friend was he;
"Five hundred of my knights," says he,
"Shall keep you company."

Now when they reached the king's palace,
They rode it 'round about,
And there they saw the king himself
At the window looking out.

"Are you the Duke of Albandy,
Or James, the Scottish king?

Or are you some great foreign lord,
That's come a-visiting?"

"I'm not the Duke of Albany,
Nor James, the Scottish king;
But, Sire, I am a worthy knight—
Johnny Scott is my name."

"If Johnny Scott is your true name,
As I trust well it be,
Before I taste of morning food,
On yon scaffold you will be."

Up spoke the young and valiant knight:
"O listen unto me—
I have five hundred bowmen bold
Who'll die to set me free!"

The king was heard to speak again,
As scornful as could be,
"I have an Italian in my house,
Who'll fight you three by three."

"One favor grant," young Johnny cried,
"Bring your Italian here;
But if he falls beneath my sword,
I win your daughter dear."

The king sent his Italian out,
Agreeing to the deal,
And there the battle at once began
With swords of tempered steel.

Young Johnny Scott with courage stood,
And fought beneath the sky;
Upon the point of his gleaming sword,
This Italian did die.

He took his sword and took his sheath
And threw them on the plain,
Saying, "Do you have another dog
You wish to have slain?"

"O bring a knight," the king he cried,
"And set my daughter free!"
"A priest! a priest!" said young Johnny,
"To wed my love and me."

"I want none of your gold," he said,
"And soon will leave you here;
I'm only waiting for your daughter fair,
Whose love has cost me dear."

No. 911

JOHNNY'S SO LONG AT THE FAIR
also known as

Johnny, Oh Johnny
O Dear! What Can the
Matter Be?

To Tie Up My Bonny
Brown Hair
What Can the Matter Be?

This widely known song is quite old. William Chappell says it came into public favor through being sung at Harrison's concerts, in England. It is also, as Opie points out, an old Scottish favorite. Opie says there is a version in "a collection of Scots songs, compiled probably by Elizabeth St. Clair between 1770 and 1780." The song as we know it now was published in sheet music form by J. Dale, in 1792. Since then it has appeared in numerous song collections and currently shows no signs of diminishing in popularity. In America, it is published even in school song books.

The tune was used for the revival spiritual, Send Us a Blessing, which may be seen in Jackson (SFS), 209.

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| Brown, III, 170; V,
99-101 | Oberndorfer, 40 |
| Cazden, II, 6-7 | Opie, 248-250 |
| Chappell (PMOT), 202, 732 | Perrow, XXVIII, 167-169 |
| Chapple (HS), 140 | Pound (SFSN), XXXI, No. 2 |
| Creighton (FSNB), 179 | Quarterly (SFL), VI, 252 |
| Davis (FSV), 197 | Shoemaker (NPM), 69, 80 |
| Dearmer (ST), 34 | Silverman, I, 324 |
| Ford (TMA), 351-352 | Sullivan, II, 183 |
| Gilbert (100), 13 | Thomas (DD), 144-145 |
| Mackenzie (SH), 51-52 | Vinson, 110-111 |
| McCaskey, I, 43 | Wier (YAM), I, 100 |
| | Williams (FSUT), 201 |

Johnny's So Long At The Fair

O dear, what can the matter be?

O dear, what can the matter be?

O dear, what can the matter be?

! Johnny's so long at the Fair.

He promised to bring me a fairing to please me,
And then for a kiss, Oh! he vowed he would tease me;
He promised to bring me a bunch of blue ribbons
To tie up my bonnie brown hair.

O dear, what can the matter be? etc

He promised to bring me a basket of posies,
A garland of lilies, a garland of roses,
A little straw hat to set off the blue ribbons
That tie up my bonnie brown hair.

O dear, what can the matter be? etc

No. 912

JOHN PAULDING AND MAJOR ANDRÉ

also known as

Ballad of Major André	The Death of Major André
Brave Paulding and the Spy	Major André
The Capture of Major André	Major Andrew's Execution

This is a historical ballad from the American Revolution. John André (1751-1780) was a soldier in the British army, stationed in Canada. He was taken prisoner by rebel American forces in 1775 and exchanged a year later. He then became an aide-de-camp to Sir Henry Clinton, who promoted him to rank of Major and, later, assigned him the task of negotiating with Benedict Arnold.

André sailed under a flag of truce, negotiated the takeover of West Point with Arnold, but, unfortunately for him, his ship was fired upon before he could return to it. His ship took flight, leaving André stranded in enemy territory. He was captured the following day by three American militiamen, Paulding, Williams and Van Wert. André's attempt to bribe these men failed, and he was tried, found guilty and hanged October 2, 1780. His conduct and courage in face of death created universal sympathy and admiration for him.

The tune played at André's execution was The Blue Bird, a fife-and-drum piece. For an instrumental version, see Dolph, 490. For a version with both words and music, see The Hesperian Harp, 1848, 249.

The ballad below was first published during the final year of the Revolutionary War.

For an entirely different composition, André's Request to Washington, see Kennedy (TAB), 22.

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Lawrence, 87

Moore (BFSS), 269-271

Scott (BA), 84-87

Silber (SI), 104-106

John Paulding and Major André

Come, all you brave Americans, and unto me give ear;
I'll sing you now a ditty that will your spirits cheer:
Concerning a young gentleman who came from Tarrytown,
Where he met a British officer, a man of great renown.

Then up spoke this young hero—John Paulding was his
name—

"O tell us where you're going, sir, and also whence you
came."

"I bear the British flag, sir," Up answered bold André;
"I have a pass that takes me through, I have no time to
stay."

Then others came around him and bade him to dismount:
"Come, tell us where you're going, give us a strict
account."

Young Paulding said, "We are resolved that you shall
ne'er pass by."

And so the evidence did prove the prisoner was a spy.

He begged for his liberty, he pled for his discharge,
And oftentimes he told them if they'd set him at large,
"Of all the gold and silver I have laid up in store,
But when I reach the city I'll send you ten times more."

"We scorn this gold and silver you have laid up in
store,"

Van Wert and Paulding both did cry, "You need not send
us more."

He saw that his conspiracy would soon be brought to
light,
And begged for pen and paper, and asked if he might
write.

The story came to Arnold commanding at the Fort:
He called for the Vulture and sailed for New York.
Now Arnold to New York has gone, a-fighting for the
King,
And left poor Major André on the gallows for to swing.

André was executed, he looked both meek and mild;
His face was fair and handsome, and pleasantly he smiled.
It moved each eye with pity, and every heart there bled,
And everyone wished him released and Arnold in his stead.

He was a man of honor! In Britain he was born,
To die upon the gallows most highly he did scorn.
And now his life has reached its end so young and bloom-
ing still—
In Tappan's quiet countryside he sleeps upon the hill.

No. 913

JOHN PAUL JONES I

also known as

An American Frigate
Paul Jones

Paul Jones' Victory
Poor Richard

This is one of several ballads honoring America's first
great naval hero. Another, set to the tune of Anacreon
in Heaven and called Paul Jones, may be seen in Rabson,
p. 85. It begins:

A song unto Liberty's brave Buccaneer,
Ever bright be the fame of the patriot
Rover,

For our rights he first fought in his
 "black privateer,"
 And faced the proud foe ere our sea
 they crossed over.

On September 23, 1779, with three men-of-war, John Paul Jones sighted a British warship off the English coast. One of his vessels, under a French commander, turned and fled. With his two remaining vessels, the Bonhomme Richard and the Pallas, Jones fought and won a desperate engagement. His courage and daring off Flamborough Head that day established an American naval tradition and led to the writing of an immensely popular ballad, John Paul Jones I.

Broadsides were issued on both sides of the Atlantic, and the piece was almost as popular in England as in America. English broadsides were issued by Bebbington, Manchester, No. 287; T. Birt; Catnach; Forth, Pocklington, No. 114; Such, No. 10; John Ross, Newcastle-on-tyne, No. 119; and W. R. Walker, Newcastle, No. 119.

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| Brown, II, 523-524; IV, 272 | Logan, 32-38 |
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| Chappell (FSRA), 48 | Mackenzie, 205-207 |
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Songster (14), 159-161

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Songster (126), 24-25
Songster (152), 84-87

John Paul Jones I

An American frigate, a frigate of fame,
With guns mounting forty, The Richard by name,
Sailed to cruise in the channels of old England,
With a valiant commander, Paul Jones was his name.

Chorus Tag

Hurrah! Hurrah! Our country forever, Hurrah!

We had not cruised around long before he espies
A large "forty-four" and a "twenty" likewise
Well-manned with British seamen, well laid in with
stores,

And in consort to drive us from England's old shores.

Paul Jones then said to his men, each and every one:
"Let ev'ry true seaman stand firm to his gun!
We'll take a broadside from this bold Englishman,
And like true Yankee sailors, return it again."

Now to us they did strike and their colors haul down;
The fame of Paul Jones to the world shall be known.
And his name shall rank with the gallant and brave,
For he fought like a hero, our Freedom to save!

No. 914

JOHN PAUL JONES II

also known as

John Paul Jones, the
Privateer

Paul Jones
The Ranger

The Stately Southerner

The Yankee Man-of-War

Like the preceding song and many other ballads of early American history, this patriotic ballad was highly esteemed by seamen and very popular in the forecastle.

This ballad recounts an exploit of Jones off the Irish coast in his privateer, the Ranger, which was fitted out in Portsmouth, N. H., in 1777. The phrase "stately Southerner" in the text has been responsible for considerable comment from folk song collectors and editors, several of whom could find no logical reason for its use since the Ranger, outfitted in the North and entirely manned by Northerners, had no connection with the South whatsoever. They missed the point. The ballad was about a man as well as a ship, and John Paul Jones had been a Virginian since 1773; it should have been obvious to anyone that the man, not the ship, was the "stately Southerner."

The Yankee Man-of-War is a title used by several other songs, none of which are related.

The tune of this ballad is also used by other songs. For example, see The Ship Lord Wolseley in Harlow, 181-183.

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| Colcord, 126-127 | Rabson, 85 |
| Doerflinger, 131-133 | Rickaby, 156-160 |
| Eckstorm, 208-212 | Sampson, 62 |
| Harlow, 177-179 | Shay (ASSC), 153 |
| Hugill (2), 217-219 | Silber (SI), 130-131 |
| | Smith (MW), 41 |
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John Paul Jones II

It was the Stately Southerner
That flew the stars and bars,
And the whistling wind from west-nor'-west
Blew thro' her pitch-oine spars;
And with her tacks about me, boys,
She hung upon the gale.
'Twas an autumn night when she made the light
On the ol' Head of Kinsale.

It was a fine and cloudless night,
The wind blew fresh and strong,
As gaily o'er the bounding deep
Our good ship bowl'd along;
And the foam beneath her trampling bows
The rolling waves did spread,
And, as she stooped low, with her breast
 of snow,
She buried her lee cathead.

There was no talk of short'ning sail
By him who trod the poop,
And under the weight of the ponderous jib
Her boom bent like a hoop.
And the groaning chestrees told the strain
Held down by the stout main tack,
But he only laughed as he gazed abaft
At her bright and glittering track.

What looms upon our starboard bow,
What hangs upon the breeze?
'Tis time the packet hauled her wind
Abreast of the Saltees;
For by the mighty press of sail
That clothed each lofty spar,
The ship we spied on the misty tide
Was a British man-o'-war!

Out booms, on board the Southerner!
Out booms! and give her sheet!
The fastest keel that cuts the deep,
And the pride of the British fleet,
Comes bearing down upon us,
With a high foam at her bow.
Out booms, on board the Southerner,
Spread out your canvas now!

The nightly robe our frigate wore
Was her three topsails large,
Her flying jib and spanker
And her course had been furled.
"Come, lay aloft, my gallant tars!"
The words had scarce been passed
When royals and topgallant yards
Were crossed upon each mast.

Up spoke our hoble captain,
A cloud was on his brow,
He says "My gallant heroes,
Our great distress is now.
We carry aloft the Stars and Stripes
Against the royal host;"
Paul Jones, the terror of the sea,
Shall flog them on the coast.

The night fog had not cleared away,
That scarce obscured the shore;
A heavy mist hung o'er the land
From Erin to Kingshore;
With light sails set, and booms rigged out,
And stud sails hoisted away,
Paul Jones down in the North Channel did steer
Before the break of day.

No. 915

JOHN SAW THE HOLY NUMBER

also known as

Before the Lamb of God
The Golden Altar

John Done Saw Dat Numbuh
'Way In the Middle Of the
Air

This old spiritual has many relatives, some more apparent than others. John was a favorite with spiritual singers and we find him in many songs, such as John, John of the Holy Order in Allen (SSUS), 16 or 49 and John Saw de Hundred and Forty-Four Thousand in Brown, III, 597 & V, 337-338.

Versions of the song below vary from place to place, and some have familiar floating lines, such as "before the Lamb of God" and "'Way in the middle of the air." For an effective use of the latter, see Ezekiel Saw the Wheel in this Master Book.

An interesting version of John Saw the Holy Number, collected from Blacks in southern Kansas, is in Eva A. Jessye's My Spirituals (New York, 1927), pp. 44-45. Also see and compare the piece in Dett, 63 and another in Jour (AFL), XXV, 241.

The version below is partly compounded, but it has managed to survive on its own over the years.

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Dett, 63
Fisher (NSS), 63-64

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Johnson (BANS), 158-159
Jubilee (PS), 12
Lomax (OSC), 16-21

John Saw the Holy Number

John he saw the holy number
 Climbin' up the golden stair;
 John he saw the holy number
 'Way in the middle of the air.

A little while longer here below,
 Here below, here below,
 A little while longer here below,
 Before the Lamb of God.

O, it's home to Jesus we will go,
 We will go, we will go,
 O, it's home to Jesus we will go,
 Before the Lamb of God.

No. 916

JOIN THE BAND I

also known as

Chatter With the Angels	I Want to Join the Band
Gwineter Ride Up in de	Look Away in the Heaven
Chariot	Lord, Hope I'll Join the
Gwine to Ride Up in the	Band
Chariot	Lord, I Want to Join the
Hope I'll Join the Band	Band
I Hope I'll Join the Band	Ship Rock Ashore
I Wanter Jine de Ban'	Some of these Mornings
	Sonn-a in de Mornin'

This spiritual comes in versions so diverse as to warrant being independent pieces. Versions A, B & C may very well be independent songs, but they certainly share a common theme and common titles. Version A is from the singing of Wade and Zeke of J. E. Mainer's Mountaineers, Charlotte, N. C., 1938. Version B is from

the repertoire of the original Fisk Jubilee Singers, and version C is from Slave Songs of the United States. For yet another possible relative, see Join the Band II in MB.

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Fisher (NSS), 145	Randolph, II, 339-341
Greenway, 79	Scarborough (NFS), 16-17
Johnson (SBNS), 121-123	Work (FSAN), 47, 63-64

Join the Band I (Version A)

Listen, Moses, don't you get lost!
Stretch that rod and come on across!
Oh! I want to join the band!
I got an old mother in the Promised Land.
She went over there to feed God's lambs,
And I want to join the band!
Oh, I want to join the band!
Hear me singing:
Lord, I want to join the band!

Listen, Sinner, and hear the news:
You're the one with a soul to lose!
Oh! I want to join the band!
Argue with the Father, chatter with the Son,
Beg forgiveness for the things I've done,
For I want to join the band!
Oh, I want to join the band!
Hear me singing:
Lord, I want to join the band!

Version B

Gonna ride up in the chariot,
Sooner in the morning;
Ride up in the chariot,
Sooner in the morning;
Ride up in the chariot,
Sooner in the morning,
And I hope I'll join the band.

Chorus

O Lord, have mercy on me! (3)
And I hope I'll join the band!

Gonna meet my mother there,
Sooner in the morning;
Meet my mother there,
Sooner in the morning;
Meet my mother there,
Sooner in the morning,
And I jope I'll join the band.

Gonna chatter with the angels,
Sooner in the morning; etc

Gonna meet my loving Saviour,
Sooner in the morning; etc

Gonna walk and talk with Jesus,
Sooner in the morning; etc

Version C

What is that up yonder I see?
Two little angels comin' after me;
I want to join the band,
I want to join the band,
Up in heaven, I want to join the band!

No. 917

JOIN THE BAND II

also known as

I'm A-Going To Join the Band

This form of "I want to join the band" theme requires a leader and a chorus to be effective. The chorus is continuous, while the leader interjects whatever phrase or exclamation that seem to be appropriate.

The version below is from Work (ANSS), 196.

Join the Band II

I'm a-going to join the band,

Hallelujah!

I'm a-going to join the band,

Can't you sing it?

I'm a-going to join the band,

O Lord!

I'm a-going to join the band.

The more come in with a free good will,

Make the band seem sweeter still.

Jordan's stream is chilly and cold,

If you don't mind it'll chill your soul!

Watch that sun—how steady she runs!

Don't let her catch you with your work undone.

Joshua prayed for to stop the sun;

The sun did stop still the battle was won.

Going to hang my harp on the willow tree;

It'll sound way over in Galilee.

No. 918THE JOLLY BEGGAR I

also known as

The Beggar's Bride	The Jolly Beggars
The Begging Song	There Was a Wife in
The Dirty Beggarman	Yon Toun
The Jolly Beggar-Man	We'll Go No More A-roving

Beggars received much attention from early ballad composers, but few compositions achieved the popularity that this one attained on both sides of the Atlantic. Some collectors insist upon relating The Jolly Beggar to The Gaberlunzie-Man, probably because the two songs tell similar stories and both were printed by Child under the same number (279). But Child made a clear and precise distinction between the two songs, pointing out that differences far exceeded similarities. This song comes in many versions, some as a result of deliberate alteration. It first appeared in print in Herd (AMSS), p. 46, in 1769, but was known prior to its publication. Percy cited it in the second edition of Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, II, p. 59, issued in 1767.

Authorship was ascribed to James V of Scotland by many collectors, and this error was perpetuated by publishers who continued to repeat it. As recent as 1894, Oliver Ditson, Boston, attributed the ballad to the king in Gems of Scottish Song. There is not a single piece of evidence to support the claim and researchers no longer make it.

For a similar song, see Bibberly Town, or The Tinker Behind the Door in Karpeles (FSE), I, 703.

Also see Baring-Gould (SW), No. 110 and Peacock, I, 318.

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Johnson (SMM), No. 266	Sedley, 26-27

The Jolly Beggar I

There was a jolly beggar
And a-begging he was bound,
And he came to do his begging
In our little town.

Chorus

O, we'll go no more a-roving
So late in the night!
No, we'll go no more a-roving
When the moon is shining bright.
O, we'll go no more a-roving!

He would neither sleep in barn,
Nor would he go retire—
Unless behind a hall door,
Or else before a fire.

The beggar made his bed one night,
With lots of straw and hay;
And in a house, behind the door,
The beggar he did stay.

Up rose the daughter of the house,
And went to bar the door,
And there she saw the beggar
All naked on the floor.

He took the lassie in his arms,
Laid her against the wall;
"O sir!" she cried, "be civil,
You'll wake my pa an' all!"

He never minded what she said,
But carried on his stroke
Until he got his job all done—
Then he began to joke.

"Are there any dogs about,
To bark and carry on?"
"The devil take your dogs, sir,
My maidenhead is gone!"

The lassie she rose up again
Before the break of day,
To give the beggar breakfast
Before he went away.

She went into the cellar
To draw a pot of ale;
The beggar followed after,
To make her moan and wail.

He laid her on the ringle-tree,
He laid her on the stair;
And then they sat together
And did it in the chair.

At last, when he had finished,
As tired as he could be,

He gave her twenty dollars,
To ease her misery.

"Had you been an honest lass,
As I took you to be,
You might have rode in your carriage
And gone along with me."

He took a horn from his side
And blew both loud and shrill,
And four and twenty armored knights
Came ridin' o'er the hill.

Then out he took a little knife,
Let all his old clothes fall;
And he stood forth a gentleman,
The bravest of them all.

No. 919

THE JOLLY BEGGAR II

also known as

A-Begging We Will Go
The Beggar's Song

The Jovial Beggars
To Begging I Will Go

This old English song has been imitated and parodied many times. It is more widely known in American tradition than the preceding song, Jolly Beggar I. According to Chappell (OEPM), II, 42-43, a copy of The Jolly Beggar II, in black letter, is in the Bagford Collection as The Beggars' Chorus in The Jovial Crew. The song served as a prototype for such compositions as A-Bowling We Will Go, A-Fishing We Will Go, A-Hawking We Will Go and A-Hunting We Will Go (see latter in MB). The tune was borrowed and used for a religious-type

song known as We're Off For China's Shore (see in MB). Another religious song, To Glory I Will Go (also see in MB), which appeared in the Original Sacred Harp, was obviously patterned after Jolly Beggar II.

The song dates from at least the last quarter of the 17th century, because, as Chappell records, it appeared in the 1676 edition of Loyal Songs and in Choice Ayres, V, 1684.

For a single stanza version, see Beggar in Jackson (SFS), 29-30, who says that traces of the song reach back to 1611.

The Jolly Beggar II

O, I'm a jolly beggar, and I've got a wooden leg;
I've had it from my cradle, and that is why I beg.

Chorus

A-begging I will go, will go,
Will go, a-begging I will go!

A bag for my cornmeal, another for my salt,
And a crutch for leaning where e'er I chance to halt.

A bag for my wheat, and another for my rye,
And a little bottle for drink when I feel dry.

I live in the open, and so I pay no rent;
Providence provides for me and I'm quite content.

Of all the occupations a beggar's life is best;
For when e'er he feels weary, he simply stops to rest.

I fear no plots against me, I heed no clock or bell;
There is no king on this earth who lives half as well.

No. 920

THE JOLLY JESTER

also known as

I Love Sixpence

The Jolly Sixpence

The Jolly Shilling

The Jolly Tester

This nursery song has been traditional in both England and America for a long time. A modern rewrite, I've Got Sixpence, by Box, Cox and Hall, was published in the United States in 1941 and became a national hit. If there had been a Hit Parade in 1841 this song most certainly would have been on it. Actual date of origin has not been established, but we know the song was in print as early as 1810, for a version is in Gammer Gurton's Garland, or The Nursery Parnassus. Versions are also in Halliwell's Nursery Rhymes of England (1842), Mason's Nursery Rhymes and Country Songs (1877), Rim-bault's Nursery Rhymes (1846), and Baring-Gould's A Book of Nursery Songs and Rhymes (1895).

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Kidson (TT), 158-159

Williams (FSUT), 90

The Jolly Jester(Version A)

I love sixpence, pretty little sixpence,
I love sixpence better than my life.
I spent a penny of it, I lent another,
And I took four pence home to my wife.

O, my jolly fourpence, pretty little fourpence,
I love fourpence better than my life.
I spent a penny of it, I lent another,
And I took twopence home to my wife.

O, my jolly tuppence, pretty little tuppence,
I love tuppence better than my life.
I spent a penny of it, I lent the other,
And I took nothing home to my wife.

O, my jolly nothing, my pretty little nothing—
What will nothing buy for my wife?
I have nothing, I spend nothing,
I love nothing better than my wife.

Version B

I love a jolly shilling,
I love a jolly shilling,
I love a jolly shilling
As I love my life;
A penny for to spend,
A penny for to lend,
And tenpence carry home
To my wife, wife, wife.

A pint nor a quart won't grieve me,
Nor false young girl deceive me:
Here's to my wife who will kiss me
When I come rolling home.

No. 921

JOLLY OLD ROGER
also known as

Chee wang, Chee Wang

Johnie o' Rogers

Johnnie O'Rogers

The Tinker's Song

Roger the Tinker Man

The Tin Maker Man

This old English song is in the Percy Society's Early English Poetry and Ballads, I, 155 and Thomas D'Urfey's Songs Compleat, p. 9. Versions have been reported in the United States from various areas, such as New England, the Middle West and the Ozarks.

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Thomas (SG), 16-17

Young (SS), 88

Jolly Old Roger

There's jolly old Roger, the tin-maker man,
Who lived in a garret of New Amseterdam,
And showered down blessings like rain in the
spring.

Oh! gather and listen—of him I would sing.

There never was yet a boy or a man
Who could better mend tin kettle or pan,
Or bucket, or skimmer, or dipper or can,
Than jolly old Roger, the tin-maker man!

Chorus

Chee wang! Chee wang! Chee wang! Chee wang!
Te-rattle! Te-rattle! Te-rattle te-bang!

Now he had a bald head as smooth as your nose,
And buying his stockings he never bought hose;
He had just one leg so he wore just one shoe,
And stumped 'round his store 'til he wore the
floor through.

Now jolly old Roger was known as "four eyes,"
The "specs" he wore were of an uncommon size;
His nose, like a strawberry, rosy and red,
Was a "snuffer" all day and a bugle in bed.

But jolly old Roger he soon passed away,
The "nippers" of death nipped his life thread
 one day;
In yonder old churchyard they trampled him in—
Poor jolly old Roger, a mender of tin.

No. 922

THE JOLLY ROVER

also known as

Here Comes Someone A-Roving

This is an English game song that developed many versions and variations over the years. It is similar to several other well-known game songs, such as Knights A-Riding (see in MB).

Two versions (A & B) given below are representative of the much larger number in circulation and in print.

Version B is an American version of the English Here Comes a Lusty Wooer (see Gomme, I, 202-203), which begins:

Here comes a lusty wooer,
My a dildin, my a daldin;
Here comes a lusty wooer,
Lily bright and shine a'.

Other similar games are known as Here Comes One Virgin, the Jolly Hooper, and Three Dukes.

All these games are played in more or less the same manner, and to song texts that have quite a lot in common. The major differences are in the names of the principals,

such as Dukes, Virgin, Hooper, Wooper, Rover, etc.

As given here, Version A is English and Version B is American. For other versions, see Arnold, 150 and Gomme, I, 293-294.

The Jolly Rover (Version A)

Here comes a jolly rover, jolly rover, jolly rover,
Here comes a jolly rover, a-roving all day.

O what do you rove for, rove for, rove for,
O what do you rove for, all dressed up and smiling?

I rove for my pleasure, my pleasure, my pleasure,
I rove for my pleasure, all dressed up and smiling.

O what is your pleasure, your pleasure, your pleasure,
O what is your pleasure, with your eyes all smiling?

For you and I to marry, to marry, to marry,
For you and I to marry, my dear and my darling.

Version B

Here comes someone a-roving, a-roving, a-roving,
O who here comes a-roving, ransom, scamson, biddy dee-oh!

Why are you here a-roving, a-roving, a-roving,
Why are you here a-roving, ransom, scamson, biddy dee-oh?

I'm roving to get married, get married, get married,
I'm roving to get married, ransom, scamson, biddy dee-oh.

You'd better keep a-roving, a-roving, a-roving,
You'd better keep a-roving, ransom, scamson, biddy
dee-oh.

No. 923

THE JOLLY SAILORS

also known as

Here Comes Four Jolly	Jolly Sailor Girls
Sailor Boys	The Sailor Boys
Here Comes Our Jolly,	Tailor Boy
Jolly Sailors	There Came One Jolly,
Jolly Lads, Bold	Jolly Sailor Boy
	Three Jolly Sailors

An old English "ring" or "kissing" type game song that crossed the Atlantic during colonial times and became a play-party piece. Newell was of the opinion that this is "a relic of antiquity," perhaps derived from a round in Chappell (PMOT), I, 77 (reproduced from Deuteromelia, 1609), which begins:

We be three poor mariners,
Newly come from the seas;
We spend our lives in jeopardy,
While others live at ease.

Botkin found a play-party version called Jolly Sailor Girls, Babcock recovered a version called Tailor Boy, while other versions have anywhere from "one" to "four" sailor boys.

REFERENCES

Babcock, 253-254	Hamilton, 301-302
Botkin (APPS), 221-222	Heck, 24-25
Douglas, 81	Newell, 124
Gomme, I, 294-296	Northall, 369

The Jolly Sailors

Here comes some jolly, jolly sailor boys,
Who lately came ashore;

They spend their time in drinking wine,
As they have done before.

O, we will have a jolly, jolly whirl,
As long as we're ashore;
And he who wants a pretty girl
Must kiss her like before.

We will have a round, a round, a round,
We will have a round, a round, a round;
And he who loves a pretty girl
Must kiss her on the ground.

No. 924

JORDAN I

also known as

Jordan Am, or, Is a Hard Road to Travel

Source Song. Tune and form have served other songs, many of which are recognized folk songs. The tune was usually "borrowed" and new words were written to match it.

First published in 1852 as a Dan Emmett song, Jordan I became popular and financially successful. Later, the song was credited to other composers who could not have possibly written it.

An early adaptation, Slavery Is A Hard Foe To Battle, sung by the Hutchinson Family, may be seen in broadside form at the Baker Library, Dartmouth College. The tune was also used for California Bank Robbers and California Humbugs (see both in MB).

For a parody, see Jordan II immediately following the song below.

REFERENCES

Chapple (HS), 136-137

Keach, 21

Ford (TMA), 390

Levy, 130-131

Nathan, 335-339

Jordan I

I came down to old New York, to pass the time away,
I traveled o'er the Russ pavement accordin';
Dey gwine to have it finished when the City Hall bell
Sounds over the other side of Jordan.

Chorus

I took off my coat, and roll up my sleeve,
Jordan is a hard road to travel;
I took off my coat, and roll up my sleeve,
Jordan is a hard road to travel.

Then I look to the North, and I look to the East,
And I holler for the oxcart to come on,
With four gray horses a-driven on the lead,
To take us to the other side of Jordan.

Clem in the hayloft, try'n to get asleep,
Massa John went out to haul um;
He hit him on the head with a bar of soft soap,
And it sounded on the other side of Jordan.

I went and made a banjo, so well I kept it strung,
And ranged all my music now accordin';
I played up a tune call'd "Go it while you're young,"
And they sing it on the other side of Jordan.

No. 925

JORDAN II

also known as

The Other Side of Jordan

T'other Side of Jordan

This is a parody of the preceding song, Jordan I. For yet another parody, see Hoops, My Dears! in Ford (TMA), 447.

Other versions of this parody are in Ford (TMA), 82, 400 and Randolph, II, 390.

Jordan II

Tune: Jordan I

I just arrived in town to pass the time away,
And settle all my business accordin';
But the weather turned so cold I heard a fella say,
"I wish I was on t'other side of Jordan."

Chorus

Take off your coats, boys, and roll up your sleeves,
For Jordan is a hard road to travel;
So take off your coats, boys, and roll up your sleeves,
For Jordan is a hard road to travel.

I looked off to the East, I looked off to the West,
And I saw an old-time miser a-comin';
With his four bay horse hitched up to a chest,
To haul his money to t'other side of Jordan.

O, David and Goliath they both had a fight,
And the Devil he came and slipped up behind um;
David hit Goliath with all of his might,
And it sounded on t'other side of Jordan.

No. 926

JORDAN'S RIVER

also known as

'Tis Jordan's River

An American slave spiritual from the singing of the original Fisk Jubilee Singers. See Marsh (SJS), 214.

Jordan's River

Am I a soldier of the Cross? Yes, my Lord!
 Or must I count this soul as lost? Yes, my Lord!

Chorus

It's Jordan river, and I must go 'cross (3)
 Poor sinner, fare you well.

As I go down the stream of time, Yes, my Lord!
 I leave this sinful world behind, Yes, my Lord!

Old Satan thinks he'll get us all! Yes, my Lord!
 Because in Adam we did fall. Yes, my Lord!

If you wanna see old Satan run, Yes, my Lord!
 Just shoot him with a Gospel-gun! Yes, my Lord!

No. 927

JORDAN'S STORMY BANKS

also known as

Bound For the Promised Land	On Jordan's Stormy Banks
The Heavenly March	On the Other Side of
I Am Bound for the Promised	Jordan
Land	The Promised Land
I'm Bound for the Promised	Rivers of Delight
Land	Sweet Prospect
Jordan's Shore	To Welcome Trav'lers Home

The hymn On Jordan's Stormy Banks I Stand by Samuel Stennett (1727-1795) inspired many songwriters. The first stanza of Stennett's song shows up in at least four variations, combined with refrains contributed by as many writers. All four variations are given here as versions A, B, C & D, though each is a composition in its own right.

Variated versions are in many old-time hymn books, including Good Old Songs, p. 512; Gospel Hymns Consolidated, p. 303; Harp of Columbia, pp. 47, 56; Hesperian Harp, p. 154; Original Sacred Harp, p. 486; Sacred Harp, p. 128; Social Harp, p. 114; Southern Harmony, p. 51; and Western Psalmodist, p. 53.

As Jackson remarked, the tune of version A is similar to that of the English folk ballad, I'll Go and Enlist for a Sailor.

REFERENCES

- | | |
|------------------------------------|----------------------------|
| Arnett, 98 | Lloyd, 58-59 |
| Ballanta, 37 | Lomax (USA), 350 |
| Brown, III, 629-630; V,
367-368 | Mackenzie (SH), 250 |
| Chappell (FSRA), 152 | McCurry, 114 |
| Cobb (SH), 220 | McDowell, 59, 76 |
| Downes, 102-103, 120-121 | Pound (SFSN), XVIII, No. 1 |
| Glass (SW), 12-13 | Randolph, IV, 62 |
| Jackson (DES), 115-116 | Silverman, II, 85 |
| Jackson (SFS), 8, 238 | Thomas (DD), 116-117 |
| Jackson (WNS), 208 | White & King, 128. |
| Jackson (WSSU), 137 | |

Jordan's Stormy Banks (Version A)

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand
And cast a wishful eye,
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

Chorus

I am bound for the Promised Land,
I'm bound for the Promised Land!
O, who will come and go with me?
I'm bound for the Promised Land.

Soon will the Lord my soul prepare
For joys beyond the skies,
Where never-ceasing pleasures roll,
And praises never die.

VERSION B

also known as

Rivers of Delight

Sweet Prospect

This is a folk version of the hymn written
by Samuel Stennett and set to music by John
B. Dykes. Versions are in Davisson (SKH), 86;
Jackson (SFS), 113; McCurry, 166; Methodist (1),
435; Psalmist, 1173d Hymn; and White & King, 65.

On Jordan's Stormy banks I stand
And cast a wishful eye,
To Canaan's fair and happy land
Where my possessions lie.

Chorus

O, transporting rapt'rous scene
That rises to my sight,
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

There generous fruits that never fail
On trees immortal grow;
There rocks and hills and brooks and vales
With milk and honey flow.

When shall I reach that happy place
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face
And in His bosom rest?

VERSION C

This version appeared in the Baptist Harmony of 1834 under the title, The Heavenly March. It is also known as To Welcome Trav'lers Home.

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand
And cast a wishful eye,
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie—
To see the righteous marching home,
And the angels bid them come,
Where Jesus stands a-waiting
To welcome trav'lers home.

To welcome trav'lers home,
To welcome trav'lers home,
Where Jesus stands a-waiting
To welcome trav'lers home.

VERSION D

This version appeared in The Revivalist (1868, 1872), p. 465 under the title: On the Other Side of Jordan. It appeared in White & King, p. 117 as Jordan's Shore.

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand
And cast a wishful eye,
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie,
On the other side of Jordan, hallelujah!

Chorus

On the other side of Jordan, hallelujah!
On the other side of Jordan, hallelujah!

No chilling winds, no poisonous breath
Are on that healthy shore;
And sickness, sorrow, pain and death
Are felt and feared no more.

No. 928

JOSHUA EBENEZER FRY

also known as

Giddap, Napoleon! My Song Joshua Wal, I Swan!

This is an old song that has managed several spurts of popularity. During the 1920s and '30s it was country music performers who kept the song alive by featuring it on daily radio programs. During the late 1940s and early '50s it was revived by the new breed of "pop-folk" singers. A group called The Kingston Trio performed a version on Capitol Records that attained considerable popularity.

REFERENCES

Ford (TMA), 273-276
Kennedy (AB), 110-112
Kennedy (TAB), 338-340

Queries (2-5-39), 31
Roberts (IP), 299-301
Shay (PF-1), 117-119
Shay (PF-3), 64-65

Joshua Ebenezer Fry

I'm the Constibule of Pumpkinville,
Just traded horses at the mill;
My name's Joshua Ebenezer Fry.
I know a thing or two, you bet your life I do!
You can't fool me 'cause I'm too darn sly.

Chorus

Wal, I swan! I must be gettin' on.
Giddap, Napoleon! It looks like rain.
I'll shoot a hawk! If the critter didn't walk,
I'll lick Jed Hawkins, sure as Joshua's my
name.

I went to the County Fair
Met a city slicker there;
He says: "Gimme two tens for a five."
I says, "You dern'd fool, I be the Constibule!
Now you're arrested, just as sure as you're
alive."

Chorus

Wal, I swan! I must be gittin' on.
Giddap, Napoleon! It looks like rain.
I'll bet two bits the money's counterfit—
That the fella gimme comin' down on the train.

I hitched up the old mare,
Drove 'er to the County Fair,
Took first prize on a load of squash.
I got so darn'd full, I went and sold the red bull,
And give away the cow that wore the silver bell.

Chorus

Wal, I swan! I must be gittin' on.
Giddap, Napoleon! It looks like rain.
I'll be dern'd if the butter ain't churn'd!
Now we'll have some buttermilk, or Josh is not
my name.

I got home so dern'd late,
Couldn't find the barn gate.
Ma says: "Joshua! is it possible?
You are a disgrace. You ought to go and hide
your face!

I never seed such actions for to be a Constibule."

Chorus

Wal, I swan! I must be gittin' on.
Giddap, Napoleon! It looks like rain.
I'll be switched, and the hay ain't pitched!
Drop in when you're over to the farm again.

No. 929

JOSHUA FIT THE BATTLE OF JERICHO

This spiritual is still popular with singers and audiences of all kinds. It can be quite stirring when sung by three or more singers who know what they're doing.

The tune was borrowed and used for The Berlin Wall (see Carawn, 154) by the Selma, Alabama "Freedom Movement."

REFERENCES

Agay (1), 55	Leisy (SPS), 197
Chambers (TNS), 52-54	Lomax (USA), 374-375
Downes (1943), 194	Mackenzie (SH), 110
Johnson (BANS), 56-58	Seeger (6), 37
Leisy, 198	Silverman, II, 95
Leisy (LAS), 140-141	Whitman, 15

Joshua Fit the Battle of Jericho

You may talk about your kings of Gideon,
You may talk about your men of Saul,
But there's none like good old Joshua
At the battle of Jericho.

Chorus

Joshua fit the battle of Jericho,
Jericho, Jericho,
Joshua fit the battle of Jericho,
And the walls came tumblin' down!

Well, the good Lord told ol' Joshua,
 "You gotta do ev'ry thing I say:
 March around that city sev'n times,
 An' the walls will tumble away!"

Well-a up to the walls of Jericho,
 He marched with a spear in his hand;
 "Now-a go and blow them ram horns,
 And-a turn them walls to sand!"

Well-a them ram horns began to blow,
 And the trumpets began to sound,
 And the children started to shout,
 'Cause-a them walls came tumblin' down!

No. 930

THE JOYS OF MARY

also known as

The Seven Blessings of Mary	The Ten Joys of Mary
The Seven Joys of Mary	The Twelve Blessings of
The Ten Days of Mary	Mary
	The Twelve Joys

This is an old English carol of numbers that is widely known in America. The theme, however, is much older than the carol as we now know it. The number of blessings, or joys, has increased over the years from five to the current twelve, as author after author took up the theme.

REFERENCES

Bramley, 28-29	Cox (FSS), 409-410
Brown, II, 206-208; IV, 128	Creighton (MFS), 172-175
Bullen, 155	Creighton (TSNS), 275-278
	Flanders (BMNE), 211-213

Flanders (NGMS), 185-187	Quarterly (SFL), IV, 161
Husk, 87-88	Quiller-Couch, 443-445
Ives (SB), 16-17	Roberts (IP), 258-260
Jour (AFL), V, 325	Sandys, 157
Jour (FSS), V, 18-21, 319; XII, 24	Sharp (EFC-1), 33
Lloyd (FSE), 117-118	Sharp (FSFS), V, 65
Lomax (FSNA), 244	Shaw & Dearmer, 56
Newell (OES), 325	Silverman, I, 333
	Sylvester, 132-133
	Wells, 201

The Joys of Mary

The first great joy Mary had,
It was the joy of one—
To see her own son Jesus
To suck at her own breast bone;
To suck at her breast bone, good man,
How happy may you be—
O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
And Christ to eternity.

The next great joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of two—
To see her own son Jesus
To make the lame as new;
To make the lame as new, good man,
How happy may you be—etc.

The next great joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of three—
To see her own son Jesus
To make the blind to see;
To make the blind to see, good man,
How happy may you be—etc.

The next great joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of four—
To see her own son Jesus
To read the Bible o'er;
To read the Bible o'er, good man,
How happy may you be—etc.

The next great joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of five—
To see her own son Jesus
To bring the dead alive;
To bring the dead alive, good man,
How happy may you be—etc.

The next great joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of six—
To see her own son Jesus
To bear the crucifix;
To bear the crucifix, good man,
How happy may you be—etc.

The next great joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of seven—
To see her own son Jesus
To wear the crown of Heaven;
To wear the crown of Heaven, good man,
How happy may you be—etc.

The next great joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of eight—
To see her own son Jesus
To make the crooked straight;
To make the crooked straight, good man,
How happy may you be—etc.

The next great joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of nine—

To see her own son Jesus
Turn water in to wine;
Turn water into wine, good man,
How happy may you be—etc.

The next great joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of ten—
To see her own son Jesus
Bring up ten gentlemen;
Bring up ten gentlemen, good man,
How happy may you be—etc.

No. 931

JUBA

This minstrel-show song is more than likely a rewrite of a folk piece. A version is in White's New Illustrated Melodeon Song Book (New York, 1848). The same was reprinted in Christy and Wood's Melodies (c. 1854), p. 72. Southern blacks told Scarborough the original was an old African chant. For a folk variation, see Dinky in Randolph, II, 337. Also see Old Aunt Kate in this Master Book.

A modern version is in W. C. Handy's A Treasury of the Blues (New York, 1926), p. 44. For a "Freedom Movement" adaptation, see Carawan, p. 116.

REFERENCES

Botkin (SFL), 708	Scarborough (NFS), 98-99
Nathan, 443-446	Seeger (1), 91
Parrish, 116	Talley, 9
	White, 163

Juba

Juba this an' Juba that,
Juba chased a yellow cat.
Juba up an' Juba down,
Juba runnin' all thro' town.

Juba this an' Juba that,
Round the pot of possum fat;
Hoop a-hoy, a-hoop a-hoy,
Double step for girl and boy.

Make the fire an' make it hot,
Fotch along the water'n pot.
Don't you see ol' Granny Grace
Lookin' ugly in the face?

Bile the beef, give me the bone,
Give me a kick an' send me home.
Bake the bread, give me the crust,
Shuck the corn, give me the husk.

Peel the tater, eat the skin,
An' that's the way she sucks me in.
Juba this an' Juba that,
Juba chased the yellow cat.

No. 932

JUDAS AND JESUS

Most writings about Judas Iscariot are largely speculative. What we know of him is given in the New Testament, and that isn't very much. The ballad below came down from the 13th century; it gives many details not mentioned in the Scriptures, such as Judas' sister, the talk with Pilate, and the loss of the pieces of silver paid to him for betraying Jesus. It is interesting to note that Judas was the only disciple whose name was not changed

from native spelling to a Greek equivalent.

Judas is considered by some to be the oldest narrative "in English composed in the ballad manner." A copy is on file in a 13th century MS., at Trinity College, Cambridge, B. 13. 39.

The Judas piece in Henry (FSSH), 416 is a version of Were You There? (see in MB) and is not related to our two stanza fragment. There is no record of the 13th century ballad in its entirety in American tradition.

REFERENCES

Child, I, 242-244

Leach (BB), 108

Friedman, 56-58

Niles (BB), 90-97

Houseman, 67-70

Quiller-Couch, 425-426

Judas and Jesus

It was in the pleasant month of May,
When Easter time was near,
That Jesus to his followers said,
"I fear my time is near, is near,
I fear my time is near."

Then Judas said, "How near, my Lord,
How near your time, how near?"
"Thou knowest well, dear Judas,
Thou knowest well, I fear, I fear,
Thou knowest well, I fear."

No. 933

JUDGMENT DAY IS ROLLING ROUND

also known as

Oh, How I Long To Go

A spiritual sung by black slaves in the South, probably

adapted from a campground hymn. It circulated through the country as a result of being performed by the original Fisk Jubilee Singers. For a white campground version, see There Will Be Mourning in Jackson (SFS), 186.

REFERENCES

Dett, 158-159

Marsh (SJS), 149

Jubilee (PS), 34-35

Pike, 189, 231

Randolph, IV, 22

Judgment Day Is Rolling Round

I've a good old mother in heaven, My Lord;
How I long to go there too.

I've a good old mother in heaven, My Lord,
O, how I long to go.

Chorus

Judgment, Judgment

Judgment Day is rolling around.

Judgment, Judgment,

O, how I long to go.

There's no back sliding in heaven, my Lord;
How I long to go there too. -etc.

King Jesus sitting in heaven, my Lord;
How I long to go there too. -etc

There's a big camp meeting in heaven, my Lord;
How I long to go there too. -etc

Hear angels singing in heaven, my Lord;
How I long to go there too. -etc.

No. 934

JULIA GROVER

also known as

Gwine to the Mill

When this song was composed by Jay R. Jenkins and published by C. Bradlee & Company, Boston, in 1846, it was called Gwine to the Mill. Popular on mid-century minstrel stages, it took on folk coloration as the 19th century came to a close.

A variation, Miss Julie Ann Glover, is in Brown, III, 492 & V, 273.

REFERENCESJulia Grover

I drove my cart to the mill one day,
I met miss Julia on my way;
She said she wished that she might ride,
And up jumped Julia by my side.

Chorus

Sit down there, Miss Julia Grover!
Never you mind that I'm a rover;
Julia, the mill is not too far.

I tried to kiss her along the road,
And such a temper fit she throwed;
The mule she bolt, the cart turned over,
An' I lay sprawled with Julia Grover.

She knuckled me on the nose and chin,
And then she kicked me in the shin;
I bopped her one and she fell over,
And there I left miss Julia Grover.

The miller man wears a mealy hat,
 He keeps his hogs and his chickens fat;
 He used to sing "Hey! Get along!"
 But gave it up to sing my song.

No. 935

JULIANNA

also known as

Goodbye, Julie
 Juley

Juliana Brown
 Julie
 Miss Juley

It is suggested that this halyard and stevedore shanty derives from the preceding song, Julia Grover, but I fail to see any relationship. It is related, however, to the children's song, Julie Ann Johnson, which begins:

Julie Ann Johnson, don't you know,
 If you don't dress fine you can't
 catch a beau?

For versions of Julie Ann Johnson, see Lomax (ABFS), 244-245; Scarborough (NFS), 9; and Seeger (1), 60-61.
 For a version of this shanty, see Colcord, 59.

Julianna

O, Julianna, you're my lady!
 Oo-oo, Oo-oo, Julie, Julie, Julie,
 Here and gone, Miss Julianna Brown!
 Hey! sailor, who's your lady?, etc.
 Is her name Miss Julianna Brown?
 O, who you want to marry? etc.
 Walk along, Miss Julianna Brown.

No. 936

JUMP DOWN, WHIRL AROUND

also known as

Pick a Bale a Day Pick a Bale of Cotton Jump Down,
Spin Around

As known today, this song owes its popularity to Harry Belafonte and other professional folk-singers who sang it all over the country. For those who wouldn't ordinarily know, a full bale of cotton weighs close to fifteen hundred pounds and there is no record anywhere of anyone having picked a bale in a day's time.

REFERENCES

Agay (1), 53	Scott (BA), 303-304
Best, 46	Seeger (1), 148
Leisy, 265-266	Seeger (6), 54
Lomax (ABFS), 231-233	Silber (HSB), 17
Lomax (PB), 90	Silverman, II, 420
Lomax (USA), 234-235	Warner, 51
	Whitman, 66

Jump Down, Whirl Around

You gotta jump down, whirl around,
Pick a bale of cotton;
Well, you jump down, whirl around
And pick a bale a day!

Tag Chorus

O Lordy! Pick a bale of cotton.
O Lordy! Pick a bale aday!

Two ol' maids a-sittin' in the sand, etc.
Each one a-wishin' the other was a man, etc.

Two ol' maids a-layin' in a bed, etc.
One rolled over, the other one said, etc.

Well, me and my buddy can
Pick a bale of cotton,
And me and my buddy can
Pick a bale a day.

No. 937

JUMP JIM CROW

also known as

Jim Crow

This is a minstrel-show song credited to Thomas Dartmouth Rice, writer and performer, and it dates from 1828 or 1829. The story goes that Tom Rice "got it from Jim Crow, an old slave in Louisville, who used to execute a queer dance to the refrain." Rice rewrote and introduced it in a play called A Flight to America at the old Bowery Theatre, in 1832 or 1836 (depended upon the reporter), New York. Elliot Shapiro, co-author of Early American Sheet Music (1941), told me that the information on p. 52 of that book was correct: the first edition, containing 19 stanzas, was published in New York City around 1829 by E. Riley. The tune owes a clear debt to two other songs: (1) an English broadside of the 18th century, The Old One Outwitted, and (2) the Irish song, I Wish the Shepherd's Pet Were Mine (versions of which may be seen in Ashton's Modern Street Ballads and Joyce's Old Irish Folk Music and Songs).

A version by Rida Johnson and Sigmund Romberg was published by G. Schirmer, Inc., New York, in 1917. Dozens of rewritten and arranged versions have been published

in folios and songbooks over the years, but all versions have retained the text of the original refrain.

REFERENCES

- | | |
|-------------------------|----------------------------|
| Agay (2), 64 | Loesser, 105 |
| Ashton (MSB), 349-350 | Luther, 79-80 |
| Bass, 427-428 | Minstrel, 209 |
| Botkin (APPS), 222-223 | Nathan, 171 |
| Charters, 9-10 | Negro, 329 |
| Davis (NFSC), 250 | Paskman, 11-14 |
| Ford (TMA), 83, 424-425 | Randolph, II, 323 |
| Gaines (SP), 96 | Scarborough (NFS), 125-127 |
| Goldberg, 37-38 | Talley, 13 |
| Harris (URSS), 147 | White, 162-163, 452-453 |
| Keach, 58 | Whitman, 157-158 |
| Lair (SLL), 44 | |

Jump Jim Crow

Come listen all you gals and boys,
I'm just from Tuckyhoe;
I'm gonna sing a little song—
My name's Jim Crow.

Chorus

Turn about and twist about,
An' do jus' so;
And ev'ry time I turn about,
I jump Jim Crow.

One day I went to Louisville,
I didn't mean to stay,
But there I saw so many girls,
I couldn't get away!

And then I went to New Orleans,
And feel so full of fight,

They locked me in the calaboose
And kept me there all night!

No. 938

THE JUNIPER TREE

also known as

Oh! Sister Phoebe	Sister Phoebe
Old Mother Fibbe	That June Apple Tree
Old Sister Phoebe, How	Under the Juniper Tree
Happy Were We	The Widow with Daughters
Presenting a Hat to Phoebe	to Marry

This game song is derived from the English game song, The Poor Widow (see Gomme, II, 62 & 451). Gomme relates the game itself to Silly Old Man (see in MB), and accounts for the various versions by saying they "may have arisen by girls playing by themselves without boys."

Sometime during the early part of the 19th century, on the American frontier, this song was taken over as a play-party piece by young adults and used as a straight kissing game. In fact, it was a favorite of young Abe Lincoln, who was later to write: "A woman is the only thing I am afraid of that I know cannot hurt me." In time, the song became popular without the game.

REFERENCES

Ames (MPP), 305-306	Champlin, 447
Bell, 13-14	Gardner (SPPG), 107
Beckwith (FGJ), 59	Glass (SFRF), 52-53
Botkin (APPS), 312-313	Gomme, II, 452
Brown, I, 100	Halliwell (NRE), 116
Bulletin (TFLS), XI, 5	Hamilton, 292, 300

Hoke (listed), 118	Quarterly (SFL), VI, 244
Hudson (FSM), 298-299	Randolph, III, 339-342
Hudson (SMFL), 127-128	Randolph (OPP), 225-226
Jour (AFL), XX, 248; XLIX, 248-249; LX, 11	Ritchie (FS), 15
Lair (SLL), 23	Seeger (1), 82-83
Mahan, 43-44	Shearin (SKFS), 37
McDowell (FDT), 14-15	Talley, 140
McIntosh (FSSG), 63-64	Van Doren, 489-490
Morris, 218	Wedgwood, 272
Newell, 57-58	Whitney & Bullock, 152
Owens (ST), 67	Wilson (BA), 81-82
Piper (SPPG), 268-269	Wolford, 80-81

The Juniper Tree

Old Sister Phoebe, how happy were we
The day we sat under the Juniper tree.
The Juniper tree, hi, ho, hi, ho!
The Juniper tree, hi, ho!

I have a young daughter who sleeps upstairs,
And she is forever afraid of the bears.
Afraid of the bears, hi, ho, hi, ho,
Afraid of the bears, hi, ho!

When Bobby came out he brought his long gun,
And swore he would shoot if we did not run.
If we did not run, hi, ho, hi, ho!
If we did not run, hi, ho!

Take this old hat, it will keep your head warm;
And take a sweet kiss, it will do you no harm.
It will do you no harm, hi, ho, hi, ho!
It will do you no harm, hi, ho!

Rise up, dear daughter, and choose you a man!
And choose you the fairest there is in the land.
There is in the land, hi, ho, hi, ho!
There is in the land, hi, ho!

Rise up, young fella, and choose you a wife!
Choose only the fair to share your sweet life.
To share your sweet life, hi, ho, hi, ho!
To share your sweet life, hi, ho!

No. 939

JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER

This was one of the more popular songs during and following the American Civil War. Written by George F. Root, the song was sung by civilians and soldiers on both sides of the conflict. Until the 1940s, the song was a staple item in folios and music books of the sentimental variety. Its availability in print kept it out of most folk song collections, but it was encountered as often as any other song by the collectors.

Like most such songs from the North, this one was quickly parodied by Southerners (see version B below). As recently as World War I, American soldiers over-seas made yet another parody (see No. 941 below).

REFERENCES

Chapple (HS), 370-371
Cox (FSS), 277
Dolph, 331-333
Glass (SS-2), 247-248
Grand Army, 16-17
Kennedy (TAB), 165

Luther, 181
Mackenzie (SH), 104
Oberndorfer, 106-107
Pound (SFSN), X, No. 8
Silverman, II, 320
Staton, 51

Just Before the Battle, Mother(Version A)

Just before the battle, mother,
I am thinking most of you,
While upon the field we're watching,
With the enemy in view.
Comrades brave are round me lying,
Filled with thoughts of home and God;
For well they know that on the morrow
Some will sleep beneath the sod.

Chorus

Farewell, mother, you may never
Press me to your heart again;
But, oh, you'll not forget me, mother,
If I'm numbered with the slain.

Hark! I hear the bugles sounding,
'Tis the signal for the fight;
Now may God protect us, mother,
As He ever does the right.
Hear the "Battle Cry of Freedom,"
How it swells upon the air!
Oh, yes, we'll rally round the standard,
Or we'll perish nobly there.

Version B: Confederate Parody

Just before the battle, mother,
I was drinking mountain dew;
When I saw the Rebels marching,
To the rear I quickly flew.
Where the stragglers were flying,
Thinking of their homes and wives—
'Twas not the Rebs we feared, dear mother,
But our own dear precious lives.

Chorus

Farewell, mother! you will never
See my name among the slain.
For if I only can skedaddle,
Dear mother, I'll be home again!

I hear the bugle sounding, mother,
My soul is eager for the fray.
I guess I'll hide behind some cover,
And then I shall be O. K.
Discretion's the better part of valor,
At least I've often heard you say;
And he who loves his life, dear mother,
Won't fight if he can run away!

No. 940

JUST BEHIND THE BATTLE, MOTHER

World War I parody of the preceding song. Other versions are given in Dolph, 102-104 and Johnson (BBLL), 74, or 140.

Just Behind the Battle, Mother

Tune: Just Before the Battle, Mother

Just behind the battle, mother,
I am slinking back to you,
For the cannons' rattle, mother,
Makes me feel almighty blue.
I am not so fond of dying
As my comrades seem to be,
So from missiles round me flying
I am slinking back to thee.

Chorus

Mother, don't you hear the hissing
Of the bullets so plain?
I may be counted with the missing,
But never, never with the slain.

I regret that I resisted
Your entreaties long ago;
I was foolish when I 'listed,
But I'm much more flighty now.
When I'm safely back, dear mother,
From thy side I'll never roam;
I will fight my younger brother
In tranquillity at home!
